The Mystic Spring

And other Tales of Western life

D. W. Higgins

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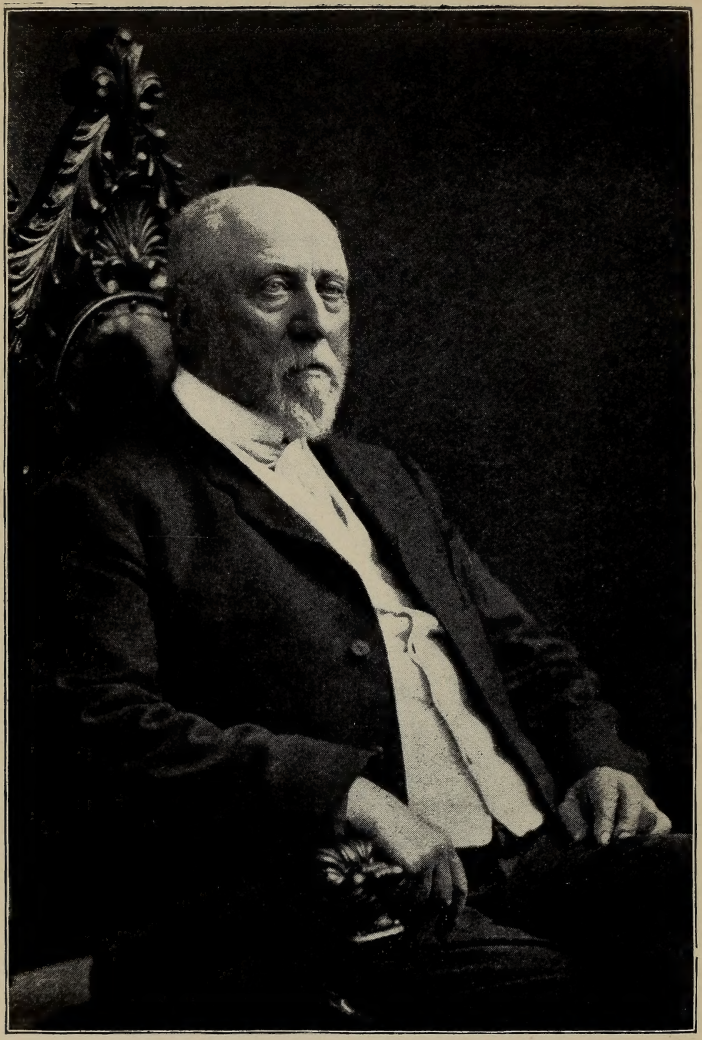

Yours faithfully
O. W. Higgins

The Mystic Spring

and OTHER TALES *of* WESTERN LIFE

By D. W. HIGGINS

Formerly Speaker *of* the British Columbia Legislature

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TO

Mrs. F. W. Powell

OF OAKDENE, VICTORIA, B.C.

TO WHOM I AM INDEBTED FOR VALUABLE INFORMATION AND WISE COUNSEL IN THE PREPARATION OF THESE TALES, I RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBE THIS FIRST EDITION OF

"THE MYSTIC SPRING."

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

IN 1856, being then very young, I went to reside in California, where I became interested in the *Morning Call* newspaper as part proprietor and editor. In 1858, disposing of my interest, I joined in a mad rush to the British possessions on the Pacific in search of gold. The country now known as British Columbia was then named New Caledonia. It was a wild and trackless section, inhabited by numerous tribes of savage red men, who were controlled and held in check with difficulty by the wise policy of the Hudson's Bay Co., the nominal rulers.

Through all the commercial, political and social changes incidental to pioneer life during the last forty-six years I have resided on the British Pacific Coast. My opportunities for collecting material for this volume have been excellent, for I have had a strangely adventurous and variant career. I have prospected, mined and traded; owned a theatre and managed theatrical companies; filled every position in a newspaper office from "devil" to editor and proprietor; and have been a politician and legislator, rounding off my public career by resignation after

presiding as Speaker for nine years over the British Columbia Legislature.

During the half century that I was in active life I made copious notes of events as they transpired. I carefully studied the peculiarities of speech, the habits and mode of life, and the frailties as well as the virtues of the early gold-seekers on the Pacific Coast, and now venture to lay some of the most startling incidents that came to my knowledge before the reading public for their information and verdict.

D. W. H.

Victoria, July 1st, 1904.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Mystic Spring	9
A Child that Found Its Father	22
Chasing the Golden Butterfly	44
"Seeing the Elephant"	63
A Fugitive From Justice	84
Sweet Marie	106
My First Christmas Dinner in Victoria	127
The Fight for the Standard	149
Lord Portman's Nephew	164
An Ill-fated Family	171
Into the Depths	186
The Saint and the Sinner	202
Happy Tom	218
The Duel	231
A Plot that Failed	245
The Premier Baron	256
England's Greatest Novelist	271
The Great Capsicum Plot	283
The Haunted Man	337
Deviled Sausages	356
Jem McLaughlin's Regeneration	368
The Mayoral Dinner	380
The Strange Story of James Moore, Druggist	394

ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

The Author - - - - - - - - *Frontispiece*

Yale in 1858 - - - - - - - - - - 23

"The boy turned his head and looked in my direction" 35

"Then the two men clinched" - - - - - 162

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" - - - - - 241

"At last someone brought a lantern" - - - - 286

"All this time the vessel was sinking" - - - - 327

"Drop her! she's dead" - - - - - - 365

THE MYSTIC SPRING, AND OTHER TALES OF WESTERN LIFE.

THE MYSTIC SPRING.

Queen. Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.
Laertes. Drown'd! O, where?
Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. —*Hamlet.*

MANY, many years ago, when Victoria was called Camoosun and the first settlers built their dwellings and warehouses behind tall palisades and mounted guns on bastions; when the aboriginal tribes were turbulent and not always amenable to the soothing influence of ship's bread and treacle; when painted savages, armed and fierce, swarmed in thousands in

and about the dense forests and sweet meadow-lands that surrounded the stockade; when Fort Street began in a swamp and goose pasture at Blanchard Street and ended abruptly at the fort gate, before which a big Indian patrolled as sentry, and Yates and the other pretty streets that now add to the convenience of the people and the beauty of the town were but trails that wound through a thick forest; when you, gentle reader, had not as yet left the ethereal blue to take up your sphere of action on the earth's surface—I say that many, many years ago there existed on the shores of Cadboro Bay a small but valiant tribe of Indians. It was at Cadboro that Sir James Douglas first landed on Vancouver Island from the brig *Cadboro*, a staunch Sunderland-built vessel of live oak, the property of the Hudson's Bay Company. He was well received by the natives, and having named the bay Cadboro (then spelt with its long termination, Cadborough) after the brig, he walked through a forest of oak, pine and spruce till he came in sight of Camoosun harbor. Here he planted the British flag, after naming the place Victoria, and reared dwellings and warehouses and palisades, and mounted guns for the protection of the infant settlement from a native foray. Victoria must have been an ideal place to live in at that time. There were no customs houses nor duties; neither taxes nor newspapers; no sidewalks and no streets; no policemen nor lawyers, nor trustees to vote away the civic revenue without check; and only one doctor; no mayor and alder-

men, no politicians, no drainage, no water supply except from wells, and no typhoid; when everything that a fellow ate or drank or wore was not said to be infected with the germs of disease, and when the only obstacles to a long life were a too free use of Hudson's Bay rum, or a sly bullet from a Siwash musket.

When the party landed at Cadboro they were struck with the beauty of the beach of white sand and the oval shape of the bay, which was as faultless in its lines as if it had been laid out by surveyors. Great trees raised their heads on every side and gigantic oaks almost brushed the clouds with their vernal crowns. A thousand years old if a day, alas! they have long since been converted into firewood at two or three dollars per cord, instead of having been allowed to stand as objects of majestic grandeur and forest pride forever. Sir James was a keen admirer and student of Nature, and when from the deck of his vessel he gazed on the picturesque scene before him his senses must have been captivated and charmed. As he stepped ashore and prepared to follow the Indian trail that led to Camoosun his attention was arrested by a huge maple tree, which, with spreading branches rich with bright green foliage, stood directly in his path. No historian has recorded the fact; but I feel sure Sir James questioned the chiefs as to this magnificent monarch of the forest, and applauded their forbearance in having preserved it from destruction, for it was very old, although it showed no signs of

decay. At the foot of the tree, so near that some of the roots extended into the water, was a spring as clear as crystal. It was fed by a rill that trickled from the side of the hill which overlooks Cadboro Bay, and its waters possessed the rare characteristic of being as cold as ice in summer as well as in winter. No matter how warm the weather the waters of the spring that nestled by the great maple tree were as cool as if they had flowed from a glacier. The Indians were proud of the spring and used its water freely. They said it possessed medicinal properties. They also claimed that it was bewitched. Said one of the chiefs in Chinook jargon to the new arrivals:

"If a woman should look into the water when the moon is at its full she'll see reflected in it the face of the man who loves her. If a man looks into the water he will see the woman who loves him and will marry him should he ask her. If a woman is childless this water will give her plenty. The tree is a god. It guards the spirit of the spring, and as long as the tree stands the water will creep to its foot for protection and shade; cut down the tree and the spring will be seen no more."

Such was the Indian tradition which had clung to the maple and the spring through many ages of savage occupation. When I first visited the bay in 1860 I reached it by means of a narrow and tortuous trail that led down the side of the hill and terminated at the foot of the big maple. I had heard the legend about the Mystic Spring, and rode out

to investigate. I drank of the waters, and they were sweet and cool, though the day was warm. My companions, who were young men and women from Victoria, knelt at the side of the water and tried, without success, to conjure up the faces of their future husbands or wives.

"The moon must be shining and at its full before you can see the spirit, and this is midday. You can't expect to see anything now," said one of the girls.

After that visit Cadboro Bay became a favorite resort. We put a rude table and a bench at the foot of the maple, which we christened "Father Time" because of a few sprays of "old man's beard" that hung from a branch. We called the spring Undine, after Lafontaine's famous water sprite, and nearly every fine Saturday afternoon we formed a small party and rode on Indian ponies to the spot. After luncheon we donned bathing suits and disported in the waters of the bay until the chill breeze and setting sun admonished us that the hour had arrived when we must seek our homes.

. . . . . .

The fame of "Father Time" and sweet Undine spread far and wide, and many were the trips made by the lovesick of both sexes to the spring. When the moon was at its full the visitors sought to conjure up their future partners. If they met with success I never heard of it. One lovely evening in August, 1862, I rode out to the spring. I wanted to test the truth of the pretty legend and did not

expect to meet any other person there. As I descended the hill I heard voices, and to my surprise soon saw that two ladies and two gentlemen had reached the spot before me. They rallied me as to the object of my visit at that untimely hour, and I frankly confessed that I was in search of the woman who was to be my wife. They were frank, too, and we found that all had come on the same errand. At eight o'clock the harvest moon rose in all its splendor, and before nine it shone full upon the enchanted spot. Its rays seemed to force themselves through the foliage of the grand old maple, and lighted up the placid waters of Undine, which glistened like molten silver.

"Come on, girls," cried one of the young fellows, "let's take a peep."

The girls advanced timidly and then fell back. They were afraid to look lest they should see something that would not be pleasant—the whole affair was so uncanny.

"Well," continued the young man, "if you won't, I will," and he gazed long and earnestly into the water and then rising, said:

"I saw only the reflection of my own ugly face—I saw that plainly."

I tried my luck next with a like result. The waters gave back only my own features. I squinted and the shadow squinted. I made a grimace and it grimaced. I raised my hand and the figure raised its hand.

"Pshaw!" I cried, "that Indian legend is a hum-

bug—there's no spirit here. Hurry up—try it and let's go home."

One of the young ladies who had gathered courage by this time advanced and knelt at the side of the pool. She was very nervous, but gazed long and earnestly into the depths. I had turned away to untie my horse, intending to mount him for home, in deep regret at the time lost on an errand so foolish.

"Thus," said I, "is another colossal Indian legend bubble pricked."

"I never did believe in the story," said the young man who had not yet tried his luck, "and I never knew an Indian legend that was not false all the way through."

I was about to make a remark in reply when my attention was arrested by a cry from the remaining young man.

"Look!—look at Annie!" he cried.

I looked. The girl had fallen forward and her face lay submerged in the ice-cold water. To leap forward and lift her from her position required but an instant. She was motionless. We laid her on the grass beneath "Father Time," and chafed her hands and temples. We at first feared that she was dead. The other girl had a small flask of sal volatile and used it, and in a few minutes the patient came to her senses and rose to her feet with assistance.

"Take—oh! take me home!" she murmured, and then she went into a fit of hysterics. Her screams

were fearful, and her peals of laughter were unearthly. It was a new experience for me. I had never before seen a woman in a state of hysteria, and all were at their wits' ends to know what to do to restore the girl. At last she ceased to shriek and laugh, and cried softly.

"Annie," asked the other girl, "what's the matter with you? Why do you cry? What did you see? You silly little thing to frighten us all so."

"Oh!" she moaned, "that face—that dreadful face—the face I saw in the spring."

"What was it?—tell us," we all cried.

"Oh!" the girl replied with a shudder and with symptoms of a relapse, "it was fearful—the most awful I ever saw. A low-browed, cunning face, deeply lined with wicked thoughts and evil designs, and such awful eyes. He raised his hand to clutch me and I fainted. And he's to be my future husband! No, I'd sooner die than marry him."

We rode as far as the farmhouse of Hon. John Tod, the nonogenarian, by which time the young lady had become so weak that she could not maintain her seat on the horse. Mr. Tod placed his horse and buggy at our service, and we reached town without further incident late in the evening. By common consent it was agreed that nothing should be said of the affair, but it leaked out—such things always do—and the fame of Undine spread far and near. For a long time the locality was a favorite resort for bathing and picnic parties and love-sick youths of both sexes. My visits after that night

were not frequent, and the two young ladies who were present that evening could not be induced to go there at all. I never learned with any degree of certainty that that presence or any other presence ever again appeared at the spring; but the pretty Indian legend clung to it, and the girls and boys continued to direct their footsteps to the shrine for several years.

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Late in the afternoon of the 21st April, 1868, Benjamin Evans, for many years Usher of the Supreme Court, and who owned a small property facing on Cadboro Bay, was at work in his garden. The day was beautiful. The sun shone warmly, and the new grass and the young foliage of the trees gave promise of an early and bountiful season. As Evans delved with his spade he saw descending the road that led down the hill to the bay a handsome young lady. She was stylishly dressed in a brightly-colored gown with voluminous skirts, and wore a turban or toque, about which was loosely coiled a bright green veil. The young woman inquired if she was on the right road to the bay. Evans replied, "Yes."

"And," said she, after a moment's hesitation, "where is the wonderful magic spring?"

Evans laughed good-naturedly as he said, "Ho! ho! Do you think you'll find him?"

"Find who?" asked the girl, archly.

"Why, your future husband," replied Evans. "Take care he doesn't jump out of the spring and hug you to death!"

It was the girl's turn to laugh, but she said nothing, and Evans directed her to the locality of the spring, and she continued on her way.

Some two hours later, and shortly before dark, an Indian lad who was walking along the trail saw a well-dressed young woman sitting on the rustic bench at the spring-side. Her face was buried in her hands, and her elbows rested on the table. The turban had fallen from her head and lay on the grass. The boy watched the woman for some time. She seemed in great distress and moaned and wept, sometimes rocking her body to and fro in her anguish. Nightfall was coming on and even to the mind of that untutored savage the impropriety of this young lady remaining in that lonely spot all night, exposed to the chill air or an attack from wild animals, with which the locality was infested at the time, was manifest, so he went and told his father and mother, who were encamped nearby. The old people watched the young stranger for some time, peeping through the underbrush. The lady seemed oblivious to her surroundings. Was she waiting for the moon to rise? If so, she had made an error, for there was no moon that night. Had she a tryst? There was no evidence of one, for no one had met her. She just seemed a young person to whom disappointment, sudden and keen, had come, and who had sought that lonesome spot to pour out her sorrows to the stars which sparkled brightly overhead.

At last her head reclined on her arms, and she appeared to fall fast asleep. The watchers left her there.

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In the middle of the night the boy awoke with a start and leaped to his feet. He listened, and a wail like that of a woman in deep distress fell on his ear. He called to his father, "That King George klootchman (Englishwoman) is crying for help. Listen!"

The old man bent his ear and listened for a few moments. All was still. Save for the waving of the mighty pines in the night wind and the lapping of the waves on the beach, no sound disturbed the stillness. "Go to sleep," he at last said, "you pilton (fool). It's only a panther calling to its mate." And the boy went back to his bed.

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In the morning, bright and early, the Indian lad was astir. He walked to where he could gain a view of the spring and its surroundings. The "klootchman" had disappeared. He drew nearer. There, lying on the ground where it had fallen, was the turban with the green veil tied about it. His practiced eye detected the marks of small footsteps on the sward. He traced them through a clump of bushes to the edge of the bank overlooking the bay. Lying on the bank he found a crinoline or hoop-skirt which had been unbuckled at the waist. He pressed forward to a spot where he commanded a better view of the water, and then he saw something that froze

his young blood, accustomed though he was to gruesome sights. He hastened back to the camp, aroused his father and mother, and the three returned to the spot and drew from the water the body of the strange girl, which was floating face downward. She had divested herself of a part of her raiment and fallen or flung herself from the bluff. Death came from drowning, and there were no marks of violence. The body was brought to town and identified as that of a most respectable young lady, named Julia Booth, who lived with her parents near Victoria. Beneath "Father Time" and near the Mystic Spring were found torn bits of paper upon which there had been words written; but the bits were too minute to be pieced. On the bench was a sheet of notepaper upon which were written the following words from a then popular song:

"Farewell, farewell, 'tis a solemn sound
And often brings a sigh,
But give to me that good old word
That comes from the heart—good-bye."

Miss Booth was a light-hearted and sensible girl and as pure as the virgin snow. Had she, with only the stars to light up the pool, seen the presence that so affrighted the girl six years before, had the spirit tried to seize her, and had she fled to the water to escape a supposed impending fate? or was her case one of disappointed love and suicide?

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Nearly twenty years later the vandal hand of man

seized upon "Father Time." The hand held an axe within its grasp and before its sharp strokes the monarch was laid low. It fell with a great crash that shook the earth. An old Indian witnessed the desecration. His forefathers had worshipped that tree and he wanted it saved. Could he have expressed himself in verse he probably would have wailed:

"Woodman, spare that tree,
Touch not a single bough,
In youth it sheltered me
And I'll protect it now."

With the tragic end of the old tree the Mystic Spring disappeared and was seen no more.

I almost forgot to say that the young lady who saw the spirit married a few months later, and that she got for a husband one of the best fellows on earth. She is still a resident of Victoria, and so are her children and her grandchildren.

A CHILD THAT FOUND ITS FATHER.

"Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter darkness,
But trailing clouds of glory, do we come
From God, who is our home;
Heaven lies above us in our infancy."

Wordsworth.

MANY years ago, as far back as 1858, there was great excitement along the Pacific Coast consequent upon the discovery of gold on the bars of Fraser River, in British Columbia. Miners and business men from California, Oregon and Washington Territory made their way in thousands to the new gold fields, and the tents of a multitude of gold-seekers lined the banks of that wild stream, while towns and villages sprang up as if by magic. Every available craft was engaged to bear the miners to the Promised Land, and for many weeks steamships, sailing vessels, and even tiny fishing smacks, left San Francisco with full lists of passengers and as much freight as could be crammed into their holds. The country washed by the Fraser River was then known as New Caledonia. It is now called British Columbia, and forms one of the richest and most important provinces of the Dominion of Canada.

In the year mentioned I was a vigorous youth,

VALE IN 1858.

full of hope and enthusiasm, and left San Francisco for the new gold mines. I built a shack on the flat or townsite at Yale and opened a general store, to which I added the agency of Ballou's express. I remained at Yale continuously until the month of May, 1859, when I had occasion to visit the capital, Victoria, on Vancouver Island. While on my way back on a stern-wheel steamer one of the strangest experiences in my life began.

On the first day out I made the acquaintance of a young American who called himself Thomas Eaton, and during a close acquaintanceship, which lasted for two years, I found him a thoroughly good chap and perfectly reliable on all occasions. There were several other young fellows on board who were going to try their luck at the new mines, and as all were about of an age we soon became very friendly and communicative as to our plans and prospects. One of these young men was of rather stout build and medium height. He had a refined look, spoke in a slow and guarded manner, and wore his dark hair cut short. The weather was warm, but the evenings were chilly and a top-coat was essential for comfort. This particular young man did not seem to be the possessor of a top-coat. He wore a long linen duster, and was accustomed to stand on the deck with his hands in his pockets as if to keep them warm.

"Why don't you put on an overcoat?" I asked him. "You'll catch cold."

"Oh," he shivered back, "I haven't any. I left

home in a hurry and forgot to buy one at Victoria," and his teeth chattered until I thought they would shake out of their sockets.

"Why, don't you get a blanket out of your stateroom and put it over your shoulders?" I asked.

"To tell you the truth," he replied, "I haven't a room or a berth, either."

"But you can get one easily enough," I cried.

"Here, Seymour," I called to the purser, "here's a young man who wants a berth. There's a spare one in my room. There are places for three, and only Eaton and I are in the room."

"All right," said the purser. "The lower berth, is it? Two dollars and a half, please."

"No, no," quickly responded the young fellow. "I couldn't think of inconveniencing you, sir. Two are enough in a room. I'll sit up till we get to Yale to-morrow night. I'm used to sitting up," he continued, "and don't mind it a bit."

The purser, busy man that he was, strode off with an impatient shrug of his shoulders.

"Well, at any rate," said I, "you shall have a covering," so, proceeding to the room, I drew a blanket from the lower bunk and handed it to the young fellow, who accepted it gratefully and put it about him. Then we stood near the smoke stack to enjoy the heat, and exchanged confidences. He told me that his name was Harry Collins; that his father and mother lived at San Francisco, and that he was on his way to join a brother, George Collins, who owned a rich claim somewhere on the Fraser River.

Did I know his brother? No; I had never met a man of that name, but among the many thousands engaged in gold hunting at that time he might easily be there and I not know him. About ten o'clock I turned in, leaving Harry Collins standing close as he could to the stack and with the blanket still about him.

In the morning I told Eaton about the young fellow and after breakfast we found him still standing near where I had left him during the night. No, he hadn't slept a wink, and indeed his face gave evidence of great fatigue. He looked really ill. Had he breakfasted yet? No, he didn't care for anything to eat. Would a cup of tea or coffee be appreciated?

"No, thank you; I am not thirsty," he said, but in spite of his refusal I thought I noticed a wistful look steal across his face. Drawing Eaton aside I told him I was afraid that what ailed the young man were pride and poverty. He had no money and was too proud to disclose his plight.

"Let's make him eat," cried Eaton. So together we went to the steward and arranged to have a substantial meal set in the saloon after all the others had left it. Then one of the waiters was sent to Mr. Collins with a message that he was wanted below. All unsuspecting, the young man followed the waiter and the steward told him his breakfast was getting cold.

"But I didn't order breakfast," he exclaimed, starting back.

"Cap'en's orders," returned the steward.

"But—but—I have no money to pay for it," he whispered in the steward's ear.

"You don't have to pay no money for it," replied the steward, who had been duly tipped. "It's all right. This is the Cap'en's birthday, and it's his treat."

Still doubting and protesting Collins was gently pushed by the steward into a seat, and the waiter asked: "Tea or coffee, sir?"

"Tea, please," he responded; then, turning to the steward, he said to him with a suspicious air, "Was no one charged for meals this morning?—Was everyone treated the same as I am being treated?"

"Yes," said the wicked steward. "Everybody, and you're the only man that objected. And I'll tell you more; if you don't eat that grub the cap'en will be real mad. He won't take a insult from no one. Did you ever see him mad? No? Well, you don't want to. If I were to tell him you refused to eat at his expense on his birthday the ship wouldn't hold you both. Why, if you and him was a-standin' at a bar and he asked you to jine him and you didn't the chances is that he'd shoot the top of your head off. So you'd better pitch in an' eat before he happens along."

A look of terror came into poor Collins's face. He surrendered and fell to, and the way the eatables and drinkables disappeared down his throat was a sight for epicures. Had Lucullus been at that table he would have laid down his knife and fork and acknowledged himself beaten at his favorite pas-

time. Half an hour later I peeped into the little saloon and there sat the young gentleman still at the table, with his head on his arms, fast asleep in the midst of the wreck of his breakfast. The good-hearted steward explained that he had dropped off quite suddenly, and that he hated to disturb him, as he seemed to need rest so badly. When the time came to spread the cloth for the mid-day meal he was gently awakened, and, apologizing for having turned the saloon into a bedroom, he went on deck, where he found Eaton and me awaiting, with appetites like those of young wolves, the first tinkle of the dinner bell. The pioneers ate dinner at the unconventional hour of twelve M. It was only after the dawn of civilization that British Columbians began dining at seven.

We reached Yale before dark and landed at once. I am sorry to say that I forgot all about Collins. Eaton went to an hotel, and I went to my own quarters back of the express office. My assistant at that time was Arthur Vann. He was expecting to hear any day of the death of his mother, with whom he had parted on bad terms, and said that when she died he would inherit a moderate fortune.

The next morning, while writing at my desk, I heard a footstep, and on looking up saw my fellow passenger of the day before. He looked wan and ill, and black half circles under his eyes gave evidence of great weariness, if not of want of sleep.

"Are there any letters for Harry Collins?" he asked, timidly.

"None," replied Vann.

"Any for George Collins?"

The same answer was returned, and he was walking slowly away when I arose and asked him where he was staying in town?

"Nowhere," he replied.

"Nowhere!" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to say —where did you stay last night?"

"I didn't stay anywhere. I just walked back and forth between here and the Indian village."

"Good gracious, man," I cried, "why did you not knock me up? I'd have given you a place to sleep. Have you had anything to eat to-day?"

"No, sir," he replied faintly. "And yesterday I had nothing but breakfast."

"Good God!" cried old Vann, as he seized him by the hand and fairly dragged him into the back room. "Starving in the midst of plenty, are ye? Not much, as long as my name's Vann, you won't, Here, set down, set down, boy; set down! We can't give you table-cloths or napkins or finger-bowls, and we can't feed you on mutton chops or beefsteaks, or fried oysters or sweetbreads, but by the living jingo we can make you grow fat on pork and beans and slapjacks—yes, and, by Jove! here's a can of roast turkey—what's left of it. Set right down, boy, and make yourself at home!"

The young fellow protested feebly; but it was of no use; Vann pushed him into a seat at the table and set before him the things he had enumerated in the verbal menu, and we soon had the satisfaction

of seeing our guest eating heartily. Between mouthfuls he would murmur his thanks, while tears stole silently down his cheeks. As he ate I recalled my own plight at San Francisco three years before, where I walked the streets hungry and friendless for many hours until I met a classmate who loaned me sufficient to buy a meal, and I felt thankful that I was enabled in a sense to repay that act of kindness by befriending this stranger.

The repast finished, Vann announced that he had fixed up a bed for the young fellow on a bale of blankets in the store, behind a screen of empty boxes, where he might sleep soundly till next day, and presently the grateful man stole off to bed, lying down with his clothes on. He slept all day, only awakening when Vann served him with a cup of tea and some buttered toast, and when I looked out before retiring our guest was again wrapped in a heavy slumber. In the morning he was still in bed and asleep, but while Vann was busily engaged in preparing our breakfast he rose and tried to steal off unobserved. Vann, however, was on the look-out for him, and made him wait for breakfast. After the meal Collins insisted on helping to wash the dishes—a task that I always abhorred—and he proved himself well versed in the art of keeping a kitchen and its utensils clean. Vann soon began calling him Harry and making harmless jests which he enjoyed keenly.

Now, there was resident in Yale at that time a woman who was known as Johanna Maguire. She

was a turbulent, noisy, spiteful character, and when intoxicated, as she often was, she was looked upon as dangerous. She was said to be well connected in Dublin, and was accustomed to call at the express office for her letters each week on the arrival of a letter bag from below. On this particular morning the Maguire woman entered the office just as young Collins was passing out.

"Who's that?" asked the woman, sharply.

"Oh, a friend of the boss," explained Vann.

"Who is he?" she asked me.

"A friend of mine," I replied in an indifferent tone.

"A friend, is it?" she said, mockingly. "Fot's his name?"

"Oh, never mind," said I, testily; "he's a good fellow, and that's enough for you to know."

"Good, is he? Good for what? Good for nothin'. Look out for him. I stared him square in the eye, and divil a bit would he look at me! There's somethin' wrong with him, I tell ye."

I saw that the woman was in one of her worst moods, and I knew that unless I conquered her then she would never again treat me with respect. So I prepared for a tussle.

"Johanna," I said, "listen to me. You never come here that you have not something to say that you ought not to say about someone. Sometimes I come under the the harrow of your tongue. At others it is a woman whose only misfortune is that she has to breathe the same air you do. And now

it's this friendless boy. You must stop the flow of your evil tongue or cease coming here at all."

The woman turned red and then white with rage. "Hould your own tongue or it'll be the wuss for ye. Things has come to a pretty pass when a brat the likes of you dares talk to a woman that's ould enough to be—to be—"

"His mother?" I cut in. I could not help it; the temptation was great.

I thought she would have brained me with a heavy weight that lay on the counter. She made a spring forward, but restrained herself with difficulty, and with white, quivering lips demanded to be told what I would do to her if she did not behave herself.

"Would I trow her into the strate?"

"No," I said, "but I'll write to Mr. Ballou and tell him to send no more of your letters by express. They will then come on a week later by mail, if they get here at all. You are not fit to come in contact with the decent men and women who come here."

To my surprise she turned her face towards the door and walked slowly out. Ten minutes later she came back, and extending her hand, said: "I want yez to fergive me; I'll be good as gowld after this. Sure, I meant no ha-r-r-m to the bye or to ye, but I have the divil's own timper, and that added to a dhrop of rum I took down the strate just upset me intirely."

So we shook hands. The woman never afterwards misbehaved herself while in my establishment, and I was not a little proud of my victory.

The next day I got work for Collins on a claim that I was interested in on Yale Bar. He continued to sleep in the outer office; and every morning he would light the fire, and get everything in readiness for Vann's cooking, besides helping to "rid up," as he called it. In the evening, after supper, after helping to "rid up," he retired to his rude couch. He neither smoked nor played cards. He did not drink or swear, and Vann, who did all four with the usual trimmings, suddenly dropped them, and when anything went wrong—for instance, when a cup or saucer fell on the floor and was smashed—instead of sending an oath after it, he took to whistling a favorite tune. One day Vann told me that on rising rather earlier than usual he had found Harry on his knees beside the bale of blankets, evidently praying.

"Now," said the old man. "He didn't know that I seen him, so I just sneaked away in my stocking feet. I go my pile on a man who prays by himself, and don't let anyone but God see or hear him. It's them Farosees that stands on street corners and blathers in your ears that don't count for much. Their prayers ain't worth shucks, and the Bible says so, leastwise it used to say so when I went to Sunday School, and I ain't heerd that's it been changed any, have you?"

Harry was never out of temper, and was always willing to do his share of the house-work; but he had a sad, pensive way about him which it quite baffled all my efforts to penetrate. Vann sized

him up as in love, and I resolved that when that big brother of his came down the trail I would ask him what was the matter with the boy.

One day, about a week after we had taken the young man in, Vann came to me with an open letter in his hand.

"My mother's dead," he said. "She's gone at last, and I'm rich. I resign my position at once, for I must go down the river to-morrow. I'll tell you what to do: put young Collins into my place. He's just the man for you."

I went at once down to the claim. There I saw Collins standing on top of a long range of sluice boxes, armed with a sluice fork, engaged in clearing the riffles of large stones and sticks which, unless removed, would obstruct the passage of the water and gravel and prevent the capture of the tiny specks of gold by the quicksilver with which the riffles were charged.

On the way I met the foreman. He was in a white rage because I had sent a "counter-jumper," a mere whipper-snapper, down to do a miner's work. He had tried him at the shovel and pick, and he was too weak to handle them, and so he had put him at the lightest job on the sluices. "He won't take off his coat like the other boys, and all the men are threatening to strike because they have to do harder work for the same pay that he's getting. There he stands, with his long duster flapping in the wind, like a pillow-case on a clothesline," concluded the foreman with a look of disgust on his face.

"Never mind, Bill," said I, "you won't be troubled with him any more. I have a better job for him."

"I pity the job," said Bill.

I passed down to where Collins was at work and told him of Vann's fortune and his own promotion. He was released at once, and accompanied me back to the office, where he was duly installed. Vann left the next day, and Collins proved to be an excellent cook, as neat as any housewife, and a fairly good bookkeeper. But I could never induce him to sleep in the bed that had been vacated by Vann until he had removed it into the outer office. He said the back room was too small for two people, and that the air was better in the larger room.

Of every miner who came into the office from above the canyon Collins made anxious inquiries about his brother. Did they know him by name, or had they met anyone who answered to the description which he gave them? The answers were always in the negative, but he never despaired and every failure seemed only to incite him to renewed inquiries.

The months of July and August, 1859, were unusually dry and the weather was sultry. Every evening, after Collins had "rid up" the kitchen, he would sit on a box in front of the store and listen to the wonderful tales of gold finds as they were narrated by miners and prospectors. He would never utter a word, but would listen, with his big blue eyes wide open, as if the tales astonished and

"The boy turned his head and looked in my direction"

entranced him. One night, I remember, the full moon shone brightly upon the group that had gathered near the door, and the rays seemed to rest like a halo of silver about the boy's head and face. His profile was delicate and expressive, and as I gazed I felt strongly and unaccountably drawn towards him. A strange emotion stirred my heart and a wave of tenderness such as I had never before experienced swept through every fibre of my being. What ails me? I asked myself. As if in answer to my mental question, the boy turned his head and looked in my direction. When he saw that I was observing him he dropped his eyes and, rising quickly, gazed long and anxiously in the direction of the canyon and at the sullen river which roared loudly on its way to the ocean. Then he sighed deeply, breathed a gentle "good-night," and retired to his bed in the corner.

Long after the company had departed I sat and mused, and the subject of my thought was young Collins. I could not understand my feelings. Why should I be attracted towards him more than to any other young man? Why was I always happy when he was near and depressed when he was absent? Why did I lie awake at night trying to work out some plan to send word to his brother? Why did the sound of his voice or his footstep send the hot young blood bounding through my veins? What was he to me that every sense should thrill, and my heart beat wildly at his approach? Were the mysterious forces of Nature making themselves

heard and felt? Presently I heard the door behind me softly open, and turning my head I saw a figure steal out into the moonlight. It was the boy, fully dressed. He held in one hand a small parcel. He did not see me as I sat on the bench, but passed noiselessly by towards the river. I was spellbound with astonishment. Where could he be going at that hour? I watched him as he descended the face of the bench and picked his way rapidly through the boulders towards the swift-rolling river. I tried to call to him, but terror had locked my tongue. I tried to rise and fly to him, but I was as if rooted to the spot. I could only look and wring my hands as I saw Harry reach the water's edge and plunge without a moment's pause into the seething torrent. He was swept away in an instant. For a moment he remained on the surface, and then disappeared in the foam. Next I became conscious that some one was speaking to me, and a rough voice said:

"Don't you know any better than to go to sleep in the moonlight. It's a wonder your face is not drawn out of shape. You'd better go to your room and bathe your head in cold water."

I looked up and saw standing by my side a neighbor. He said he had found me asleep, and took the liberty of awakening me. I thanked him and went inside. As I passed into my own room I heard Harry softly breathing, and then I knew that he was safe, and I had only dreamed that a tragedy had taken place.

I could not explain why, but from that night a

dark shadow seemed to have risen between the boy and me, and I felt that I no longer possessed his confidence or he mine.

I am not sure as to the precise date or the month when the circumstance I am about to relate took place. It was, however, either in the latter part of August or the early part of September, 1859, nearly four months after I had first met Collins on the steamer, that he came to me one afternoon and complained of feeling very sick, almost as if he would die. I told him to go into my room and lie down in my bunk, which he did. In the bustle and hurry of receiving and dispatching a letter and treasure express I forgot all about the boy and his troubles until two or three hours later, when, recalling his illness, I asked the Maguire woman, who had entered the office for a letter and who had lately taken to patronizing the boy, to see how he was getting on. She was inside for about five minutes, and then, coming out on tiptoe as softly as a cat in pursuit of a mouse, she asked me, in a whisper, to go at once for Dr. Fifer, the leading surgeon at the time, adding, "The bye's very sick. He's all of a shiver. I think he's got the cholery morbus."

I summoned Fifer, and was about to enter the room when Johanna barred my entrance, and requested me for "the good Lord's sake to shtay out. The bye must be kept quiet."

I rebelled at this treatment, and was preparing for another verbal conflict with the woman when the doctor came to her assistance and added his

entreaty to hers. So I remained out, but determined to have an explanation later on. As I was fuming and fretting over the impropriety of keeping a man from entering his own room the doctor came out with a puzzled look on his face.

"Really," he commenced, "this is a most remarkable case. It beats everything. In all my experience I never saw anything like it. How long have you known Collins?"

I told him about four months.

"Humph! Really this is extraordinary—most extraordinary."

What he would have said further will never be recorded, for at that moment the shrill voice of Johanna Maguire was heard.

"Docther, come quick! come quick!"

The doctor rushed inside, and in five or six minutes came out again. He put his hand on my shoulder and looking me full in the face said, "It's my duty to tell you that Harry Collins is no more!"

"Mercy!" I cried, shrinking back, "Not dead? not dead?"

"Well, no, not dead; but you'll never see him again."

"If he is not dead," I said greatly agitated, "tell me what has happened or why I shall never see him again. You should not keep me in suspense."

"Well," said the doctor, laughing heartily, "he is not dead. He's very much alive. That is to say, he is doubly alive. Harry Collins is gone, but in his place there is a comely young woman who

calls herself Harriet Collins, the wife of one George Collins, who is now above the canyon hunting for gold. She has just been delivered of a handsome girl baby that weighs at least seven pounds. That is all there is about it except that if any of your lady friends have any women's dresses or babies' clothes that they want to give away, the late Harry Collins and present Mrs. George Collins will be mighty glad to get them. With the exception of your blankets and your underwear, which Mrs. Maguire has appropriated for the purpose, she has nothing to wrap the baby in."

"Didn't I tell you," said Johanna the next day, "to watch that bye. I knowed there was something wrong about him, and I was roight. But I have looked out for yer charakther and mine, too. Before I'd do a hand's turn I made her show me the marriage lines, and here they are. She wants you to see them."

The "lines" were a certificate of the marriage by the Rev. Dr. Scott, of San Francisco, of George Collins and Harriet Hurst, less than a year before.

The ladies of Yale very liberally gave Mrs. Collins dresses and undergarments from their own wardrobes for herself and her baby. There was only one sewing machine in the town, and it was soon at work, altering and making garments for the mother and the little stranger. On the third day I was admitted to the presence of the young mother and her first-born. She asked my forgiveness for the deception she had practised, and pleaded that it

was a desire to be near her husband, and also the cruel treatment of a stepmother, that had induced her to seek him without money or friends and in male attire.

Tommy Eaton and I set our wits to work to find the husband, but were unsuccessful until one day, some four weeks after the arrival of the little girl, a tall, travel-stained young man entered the express office and asked if there was a letter for George Collins.

Eaton, who assisted me in place of the late Harry Collins, told him there was none for him.

"Are there any packages—I expect a valuable one from San Francisco?" he said.

"No, there are no packages of any kind for George Collins," was the reply. "But here's the agent, ask him," as I stepped into the office.

"Any package for George Collins?"

"Is that your name?"

"Yes," he said; and I am bound to say that he answered the late boy's description of his brother.

"Well, if you are the right George Collins, there are two most valuable packages awaiting you here, but you will have to be identified before you can get them," I said.

"I know no one in Yale," he replied.

"Then," said I, "come with me into the back room and see if they belong to you?"

As we walked towards the room the door was flung back and an apparition, clad in white, with outstretched hands and eyes wide open and staring, stood suddenly framed in the opening.

"George! George!" the apparition wildly cried. "Oh! I knew your voice. I would know it among a million. My dear, dear husband, God has answered my prayers and brought you back to me safe and sound. I am so tired, so tired," and she tottered and would have fallen had not the young man sprung forward and folded her in his great arms, and pressed her sweet head against his heart, while tears of joy and thankfulness chased each other down his face.

As they retired within the room I closed the door and was turning away when I heard a noise as of someone sobbing. I turned, and there stood Tommy Eaton with his handkerchief to his eyes, crying as if his heart would break.

"You big chump," I began. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. What business—?" I never finished the sentence. I couldn't; and it has not been finished to this day.

The great news spread rapidly. The town, which had begun to recover from the excitement consequent upon the arrival of the baby, was again thrown into a state of extreme agitation by the arrival of the father and husband. Collins proved to be a young man of some means, and in a little while he went about discharging certain liabilities that had been incurred by his wife. Mrs. Maguire declined any remuneration. In about a month it was announced that the pair with the baby would leave in a day or two for California. Before departing Mr. and Mrs. Collins—George carrying the

baby—went around and said good-bye to those who had befriended them. When they knocked at Johanna Maguire's door she came outside. "Sure," said she, "I'll not ask ye in; but I give ye me blessing, and a piece of gowld for the baby." She pressed a nugget into the proud mother's hand, and continued, "I want to ask one favor of ye. Let me kiss the baby's hand—sure I'm not good enough to kiss its lips." She raised the hand to her mouth and covered it with kisses. Then she lifted the hem of the mother's garment to her lips and was about to kiss it, when Mrs. Collins, tearing the garment from her grasp, threw her arms about the poor, lost one, and kissed her not once but a dozen times, saying that she was her own kindest and best friend, who had gone with her through the dark valley and shadow of death and wooed her back to life with motherly care and attention, and invoking Heaven's choicest blessings on her head. In the midst of a torrent of tears the woman tore herself away and, rushing into her house, slammed the door violently and was not seen again for several days.

Some weeks after Mr. and Mrs. Collins had gone away, engraved cards for the christening at San Francisco of a mite to be named Caledonia H. Collins were received by nearly everyone in Yale. Mine was accompanied by an explanatory note that the "H" stood for my surname, and that I was to be the godfather. Johanna's invitation was accompanied by a pretty gold watch and a loving letter from her late patient.

Nine years sped away before I was enabled to visit San Francisco, and diligent enquiries failed to discover any trace of the Collins family. They had moved away from the city, and I have never since heard of or from them. Somewhere on the face of this globe there should be a mature female who rejoices in the name of Caledonia H. Collins. If these lines should meet her eye I would be glad to learn her whereabouts, for I would travel many miles to meet the woman who under such extraordinary circumstances became my god-daughter.

CHASING THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY.

"I'd be a butterfly ; living a rover, dying when fair things are fading away."

LATE in the month of July, 1858, I embarked on the small stern-wheel steamer *Enterprise*, owned and commanded by Capt. Tom Wright, for the Fraser River Gold Mines. My destination was Yale, then the head of navigation. There was no wharf at Victoria at that time, the present wharf and warehouse of the Hudson Bay Company not having been built till a year later. The little craft was lying in a small slip, alongside the old log warehouse quite recently torn down, and the ruins of which may still be seen if you should cast your eye over your right shoulder as you pass down the driveway to the C. P. N. wharf on your way to the water-front. The vessel was crowded with freight and passengers, and I was lucky in finding a vacant spot on the hurricane deck upon which to spread my blankets and lie down to unpleasant dreams. In the morning early we entered Fraser River and by evening pulled in at Fort Langley, a Hudson Bay post, where we remained over night. New Westminster had then no existence, a dense forest of fir and cedar occupying the site of the future Royal

City. A mile or two below Langley some speculative spirits were booming a town which they named Derby, but it was only a name. When I saw "Derby" two years later its only inhabitant was a bilious-looking old man with frayed trousers, and its only building was a warehouse that was destitute of wares and occupants. At Langley several passengers left us and several came aboard. Among the latter were Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Power. They had been at Whatcom, and on the decay of that town had crossed by land to Langley and were now on their way to Yale to try their fortune there. Mr. and Mrs. Power and I soon became close friends. They were a most estimable couple and our intimacy lasted for many years.

The passage up the river has been so often described that I shall not attempt it now. The wild scenery, of course, charmed all, and incidents of travel were novel and exciting to those who had not been accustomed to life outside of a large city. All along the river, wherever there occurred a bench or bar, miners were encamped "waiting for the river to fall," when they expected to scoop up the gold by the handful and live at ease forevermore. The result was a practical exemplification of the larks one hopes to catch when the skies fall.

At Hope we left the *Enterprise*, saying goodbye to our bluff and genial captain with regret, and placing our effects in a large canoe, proceeded up the river towards Yale, where we arrived at nightfall the next day, tired, wet and blue, with clothes

and boots in tatters and appetites that would have been envied by a pack of young coyotes. We slept in our clothes on blankets spread on the sands of the beach that night. In the morning we cooked some bacon and boiled a pot of coffee at a neighboring camp fire, and I started out to take in the situation. The town of Yale must have contained at that time between five and six thousand people, mostly enterprising young miners and business men from California who had come in pursuit of the Golden Butterfly, which most of its devotees and admirers in the result found both elusive and disappointing.

One of the first men I ran against was Willis Bond, whom I dubbed the "Bronze Philosopher." I had known him at San Francisco, where, having bought his freedom and made some money at the mines, he established himself as an auctioneer. Bond was glad to see me and introduced me to his partner, a Yorkshireman named George Harrison. The two had built a ditch and were supplying water to the miners who were washing the bank and beach in front of Yale for gold. The next California acquaintance I saw was John Kurtz. When I last met Kurtz at San Francisco he was dressed in the height of fashion and was one of the leaders of society there—a club member, a poet, a noted wit, a contributor to the press, and one of the most popular and amiable young fellows in that big city. At Yale he wore a miner's gray shirt, his trousers

were tucked in his boots, a Colt's revolver was stuck in his waist-belt, and a slouched hat of large proportions half concealed his intellectual and handsome features. I was quite taken aback at the change; but it was not many days before I was similarly attired and considered myself well dressed, too. Kurtz introduced me to his partner, a Mr. Hugh Nelson, a young man from the North of Ireland, and in every respect and under all circumstances a gentleman. I pitched my tent close to theirs, and all three became quite chummy. The friendship thus formed was maintained for many years and until death carried off both Nelson and Kurtz. I often sit and wonder if the broken links in the chain of earthly friendship will be reunited in the other world; or shall we embark upon the new existence with new aspirations and new aims, into which no thought, no remembrance of our earthly career will enter. Shall we "know each other better when the clouds roll by," or shall we know each other at all?

All was bustle and excitement in the new mining town. Every race and every color and both sexes were represented in the population. There were Englishmen, Canadians, Americans, Australians, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Mexicans, Chinese and Negroes—all bent on winning gold from the Fraser sands, and all hopeful of a successful season. It was a lottery in which there were few prizes. The diggings proved mostly unproductive,

and at least 20,000 impoverished worshippers at the shrine of the Golden Butterfly left the river before the first snow fell.

In every saloon a faro-bank or a three-card-monte table was in full swing, and the hells were crowded to suffocation. A worse set of cut-throats and all-round scoundrels than those who flocked to Yale from all parts of the world never assembled anywhere. Decent people feared to go out after dark. Night assaults and robberies, varied by an occasional cold-blooded murder or a daylight theft, were common occurrences. Crime in every form stalked boldly through the town unchecked and unpunished. The good element was numerically large; but it was dominated and terrorized by those whose trade it was to bully, beat, rob and slay. Often men who had differences in California met at Yale and proceeded to fight it out on British soil by American methods. Here is a sample of many cases. A young man named Walton camped near my tent. He was apparently well disposed and quiet, and about the last person whom I should have thought would do anything wicked. He left his tent one morning and strolled to town—that is, to the bench which then overlooked and still overlooks the rushing Fraser. In about an hour he returned and, walking to the river bank, washed his hands. Then he took from a sheath attached to a belt that encircled his waist a knife and washed it, too. He dried the weapon on the sleeves of his gray shirt,

and returning it to the sheath, walked towards his tent. As he passed me he said, without the slightest tremor in his voice or the least excitement in his manner:

"I've had a fight up-town."

"Did you kill your man?" I asked, not for a moment imagining anything serious had occurred.

"No," he said, "I did better—I maimed him for life. It's just like this, you see: I had a row with a man named Dalton in the Calaveras mines a year ago. To-day he met me on the bench and drew a shotgun on me. I ran in and threw the gun up and the charge went into the air. Then I took my razor-edged bowie-knife and cut his right wrist, the tendons of it, clean across; then I reached down and cut the knee tendons of his right leg, and he will be a cripple for life. He won't shoot anyone else, I guess."

And so it proved. Dr. Fifer, the little German surgeon who dressed the arm and leg, told me the man might as well have had his hand and leg cut off for they would be useless for the remainder of his days. Dr. Fifer, I may as well remark here, was most foully murdered three years later. A man named Wall, who had been his patient, laboring under the belief that Fifer had ruined his health by malpractice, walked up to him one morning in 1861, and handed him a newspaper, saying:

"Read that, doctor."

Fifer, who was near-sighted, adjusted his spectacles and while reading the paragraph indicated

the wretch shot him dead. Wall was captured at Hope, tried and executed. In his dying confession he accused a Dr. Crain, a professional rival of Fifer, of inciting him to commit the crime. Crain lost his practice and finally went away to Salt Lake, where he perished miserably by his own hand, he having been imprisoned for some offence.

Hill's Bar, two miles below Yale, was the scene of busy mining operations at this time. A narrow streak of pay-dirt on the bar proved very rich in flour-gold. This gold was so fine that you could blow it away with your breath. It was caught with the aid of quicksilver in sluices and rockers. The yield was very remunerative and the streak extended into the bench where it ran out. All efforts to trace the source of this rich deposit have met failure. It has never been found. The discoverers of Hill's Bar were a party of men who had been driven away from San Francisco by a Vigilance Committee. When news of the Fraser River gold discovery reached California these men joined the rush and secured the richest placer claims on the river. The leader of the Hill's Bar roughs was a man named Ned McGowan. He had been a judge, a member of the legislature, a newspaper editor, and an all-round bad man in California. Had the Vigilance Committee caught him he would have been hanged, but he eluded them and came, as I have said, with many others of his class to New Caledonia, as the mainland of British Columbia was then called. One of his friends was John Bagley, a former leading

politician at San Francisco, who had also been driven away. These men gathered some of their kidney about them and proceeded to wreak their vengeance on such members of the Vigilance Committee as came in their way on the Fraser River. Many persons having been brutally assaulted and all but killed by the gang left the country lest worse things should befall them.

Now, it happened that the first Gold Commissioner at Yale was a man named Dicks, a weak and corrupt person, who proceeded at once to feather his nest by exacting blackmail from miners and others. Among other things he secured a 50-year lease of the best part of Yale and charged enormous ground rents. I exposed his conduct in a letter to *The Colonist,* signed "Puss-in-the-Corner," and Governor Douglas removed him from office. His successor was a bigger failure than Hicks. His name was Peter B. Channell. He laid claim to the title of Captain. He was wont to strut about in a uniform which he said he had worn in the Crimea, but several of the miners who had served in the Crimea declared that it was a sergeant's uniform. Another report said that he had been a private in the Australian Gold Escort, and that his uniform must have been stolen from that corps. Another report had it that he kept a livery-stable in California. All agreed that he was no gentleman, and therefore that he could not have been a captain in the British army. He had a wife, a fine, buxom Scotch woman, very attractive

and pleasant in her ways, but kept under by her husband, who seemed to recognize in every male visitor a possible rival. Whether the stories told about him reached Channell's ears or not I cannot say, but his arrogant and oppressive conduct soon made him the most unpopular man in Yale. Whenever any of the Hill's Bar roughs came to town, which was often, Channell would don his trappings, buckle on a sword, knit his brows and strut through the street with a threatening air that was well calculated to strike terror to the hearts of the timid, while in the ne'er-do-well's he only excited a feeling of contempt.

To give an idea of the sort of man he was: One night Nelson, Kurtz, Power, E. C. Johnson and myself and about twenty others were asked to the Court House by Channell to a reception. A nice little supper was served, and in the course of it Channell got drunk. At an evil moment some one called on the Captain for a speech, when to the amazement and alarm of his guests he suddenly sprang to his feet with a wild "Hoo-roo!" He then exclaimed in stentorian tones, "Me voice is in me sowrd," and drawing that weapon he proceeded to cut, thrust and slash the air about him in a most dangerous manner. One of his sweeps came perilously near my head. I ducked to avoid the stroke, and then ran for the door. The others followed in confusion and dismay, without hats, coats, canes, lanterns or goloshes. The snow was deep and as we plunged down the bank in our pre-

cipitous flight, the Captain fired volley after volley of his wild "hoo-roo!" and danced a war dance in front of his quarters, swinging his sword about and slashing at imaginary aerial foes. This added to our panic, and although the situation was so ludicrous that we screamed with laughter as we ran, it was thought wise to place as much space as possible between the Captain's sword and ourselves. The next morning we went up in twos and threes and recovered our property. The Captain was not in sight, but Mrs. Channell received us graciously, "stood treat," and apologized for "His 'Worship," as she always referred to him, by saying that his extraordinary antics were due to a sabre cut he had received on the head in the Crimea.

The glee of the Hill's Bar gang, who were not invited to the reception, and were at first inclined to be jealous of those who had been, was unbounded. They came up to town in a body and having got drunk their comments on the "swell" members of Yale society and their host and hostesses were rich and rare and racy. In a few days Channell again appeared on the street with his sword dangling at his side and his brow presided over by the regulation official frown; but no one trembled any more. He couldn't have frightened a sick pup. One Hill's Bar man who addressed him as "Sergeant" was given ten minutes in which to get out of town. He didn't go, but stood and laughed in the magistrate's face. Another fellow bawled out to him as he passed a gambling house, "Say, Cap., I see you've found your voice"—pointing to the sword.

Channell, who was greatly incensed, strutted on without reply, but he discussed with Kurtz, Nelson and myself the propriety of despatching a messenger to Victoria to ask Governor Douglis to send up a body of troops.

Humiliating as the situation had become for Channell, and gross as were the insults offered him whenever he appeared in public, there were worse in store.

It appeared that when Dicks was Commissioner at Yale, Governor Douglas paid a visit to Fraser River and while at Hill's Bar he was petitioned to appoint the only British subject on the Bar—a French-Canadian named Perrier—as police magistrate there. His limits were not defined, and so his warrants were served at Yale, although he always refused to recognize warrants issued by the magistrate of Yale on persons residing at Hill's Bar. McGowan and his friends "put up a job" on Channell. One of their friends had committed an assault and was confined in the Yale prison. A warrant for the man's arrest had previously been issued by Perrier, but disregarded by Channell, who insisted upon trying the culprit and sentencing him to jail for three months. Perrier immediately issued a warrant for Channell's arrest for contempt of court, and swore in McGowan, Bagley and twenty others as special constables, with orders to take the prisoner out of the jail and bring him and Channell (the latter dead or alive) to Hill's Bar. The posse, heavily armed, came to Yale in canoes, sur-

prised the jailer and locking him in one of the cells released the prisoner. They then seized Channell, by virtue of Perrier's warrant, and conducted him in triumph through the town to their canoes. Channell was frightened half to death, and his alarm was increased when he was told that he had been recognized as a member of the hated Vigilance Committee. Arrived at Hill's Bar, Channell was arraigned before Perrier. He was convicted of contempt, fined $20 and advised by his fellow-magistrate to leave the Bar instantly, as a matter of precaution. The posse reformed and conducting him back to the canoes landed him safely at Yale, firing their revolvers and rifles by way of a parting salute. On the return trip Channell and his guard fraternized and agreed to bury the hatchet, all was to be forgiven and forgotten and the two elements—virtue and vice—were to live together in peace and goodwill forever afterwards.

It had been previously arranged by the American miners that a grand ball should be given on the 22nd of February, 1859, in honor of the birth of Washington. Bennett's gambling house, the largest building in the town, had been hired for the occasion, and an orchestra of five fiddlers was engaged. The night before the ball was to be held Willis Bond's partner, Harrison, got into an altercation with a young man named Campbell, whose father was Attorney-General of Washington Territory, and shot and killed him in Bennett's hall. Harrison was taken to Victoria and while awaiting trial

escaped from the old Colonial jail, and was never seen again. The body of the murdered man was laid away after a hurried inquest, and preparations for the dance went on, uninterrupted by the gruesome event of the preceding night. Kurtz, Nelson, Power, Johnson and myself were placed on the Ball Committee, cheek by jowl with McGowan, Bagley and many others. All the married ladies in the town were invited. Mr. and Mrs. Channell were also asked. This lady was of huge proportions. The bosom of her dress was cut very, very low and her arms were bare to the shoulders. She was what would have been called a fine-looking woman anywhere. She wore, as was the fashion in those days, enormous hoops. All the ladies wore hoops at that ball, and how in the world they contrived to make their way through the crowded hall and retain their skirts will ever be a mystery to me.

Until midnight all went well. The few ladies present had no lack of partners, while most of the men were forced to dance with each other. Supper having been announced it occurred to the committee to invite Judge McGowan to preside at the first, or ladies' table. He consented, and I am bound to say he performed the duties with grace and gentlemanly courtesy—for he could be a gentleman when occasion required. Bagley, who laid claim to good looks, and was very much of a ladies' man, was furious at the selection of McGowan to preside, and when the ladies had left the table, fired a most offensive epithet at the chairman. The

latter, who had a plate of soup in his hand, brought it down with a resounding whack on Bagley's head. Quick as thought Bagley, who also held a plate of soup in his hand, responded with a whack on McGowan's head. The plates of heavy delf flew into pieces and streams of blood and hot soup, with an occasional length of macaroni, ran down the faces and necks of the combatants, saturating their clothing. The greasy fluid penetrated to their skins and more deplorable looking spectacles than these two men, who suddenly stood in need of baths, it would be difficult to conjure up. The adherents of the men yelled with rage. Pistols were drawn and flourished and a scene of carnage seemed imminent for a few moments. Curses filled the air and the crowd in the hall soon became a surging mass of excited men and screaming women—the men apparently bent on taking each other's lives. All but one of the ladies and the musicians fled the scene as quickly as they could get outside. The committee in their anxiety to prevent bloodshed, naturally turned to Channell as the representative of authority.

"Where's the magistrate?" was asked by one of the peaceably inclined.

"He was here a moment ago," said another. "There's his wife. Ask her."

The only woman who had not fled the scene was Mrs. Channell. She stood, pale and trembling, in one corner of the room, apparently motionless from fear. Even the excited rowdies respected the

presence of a lady and in their struggles left a space of several feet about her.

"Madam," said John Kurtz, "where's your husband? In God's name, tell me, or murder will be done."

"I haven't the slightest idea," replied Mrs. Channell, in a faltering voice.

"Allow me," said Kurtz, always polite and kind, "to escort you from this awful scene." As he spoke he extended his arm and half drew, half led the almost fainting woman from the spot. As she moved away a pair of boots, then a pair of long legs and finally a long body arrayed in the full panoply of war came into view. They all belonged to Channell, who, in a paroxysm of fear and laboring under a suspicion that the row had been raised for the purpose of potting him, had hidden behind his wife's ample hoop-skirt to get out of harm's way!

The rage of the combatants was changed to mirth. I verily believe that the spectacle of the magistrate rising from the floor and hurrying from the room and out into the darkness, pursued by the hoots and laughter of the crowd prevented a tragedy. The two leaders threatened to fight a duel over the affair of the soup, but they were laughed out of their wrath and nothing more was heard of a hostile meeting.

Two days after the ball a stalwart young Irishman named Barney Rice entered Bennett's saloon and called for a drink. When served he refused

to pay and walked out. The barkeeper, one Foster, followed him and as the miner moved off shot him dead. The body fell on the snow in the street and lay there for some hours. Foster fled and was seen no more at Yale, although several years later he was recognized in Arizona. This dreadful murder was the capsheaf of the huge pile of iniquity which the roughs had been heaping up for many months, and while a Vigilance Committee was forming to take charge of the town and drive the evil-doers out, Lieut.-Governor Moody, Chief Justice Begbie, and Attorney-General Cary, who had been quietly summoned from Victoria by Channell, arrived on the scene. They were accompanied by a detachment of sappers and marines, and I never felt happier in my life than when very early one morning I saw the redcoats trekking along on the opposite side of the river toward the ferry crossing.

Judge Begbie proceeded to open court in Bennett's Hall, some of the tables having been cleared away to make room for His Lordship. The table at which the Judge sat had the night before held a faro bank, and the table assigned to the Attorney-General and Col. Moody was commonly used for chuck-a-luck by a notorious gambler named Cherokee Bill.

Summonses had been issued for McGowan, Bagley, and other offenders and they appeared in court. Their defence was that they were the objects of persecution by Channell and other officials, that they had been driven from their own land and had come

to this country to reside as peaceable citizens. Judge Begbie acted with great discretion, and after a short address he dismissed all the prisoners with an expression of sympathy with their misfortune and confidence in their promise to be good. Channell was dismissed and went away and, Hill's Bar having been worked out, the rough element left the river and never came back. No one visiting Yale at this time would imagine that it was ever the scene of stormy events or the seat of a large and busy population. It is a good specimen of a deserted village, with its empty houses and its silent streets, and yet time was when it was the busiest town in the colony of British Columbia. "So passes away earthly glory."

Of the multitude I met at Yale few remain. It is appalling to think of the ravages death has made in the ranks of those hardy young men who sought for gold among the sands of Fraser River. I shall sketch the career of only a few.

Hugh Nelson caught the Golden Butterfly, and after leaving Yale became a member of the Legislative Council of British Columbia; next he was made a Senator of the Dominion, and then Lieutenant-Governor, discharging all his duties with honor and credit to himself and advantage to the country. At Ottawa he married Miss Stanton, a lady who brought to Government House a charming personality and a winsome manner, which captivated all who were so fortunate as to be entertained there. When his term of office was ended Mr.

Nelson, whose health was shattered, with Mrs. Nelson, went to England, and while on a visit to Ditchley Park, in Oxfordshire, the seat of Lord Dillon, his brother-in-law, he died and was laid to rest in the family mausoleum of that nobleman. It is recorded that Queen Elizabeth visited Ditchley, in 1592, and her successor, King James I., also stayed there. The heads of several red deer shot by that monarch and his eldest son, Henry, Prince of Wales, during their visits in 1608 and 1610, adorn the walls of Lord Dillon's billiard-room. Even in death Mr. Nelson's Butterfly did not desert him.

John Kurtz captured the Golden Butterfly at Yale and Cariboo. Took it to Nevada, whence it flew away, and he never found it again. He died in Victoria twelve years ago. His was a noble character. He loved his fellow man. His heart overflowed with the milk of human kindness, and his last dollar was ever at the call of charity. Where many of us had a hundred faults he had but one; and that fault dragged him to an untimely grave, wept over and regretted by those who had enjoyed his friendship, and by those who had been the recipients of his bounty. I recall that on the day of his funeral, and while his body lay in state in Pioneer Hall, a poor widow woman, worn, and wasted by illness and the pinching of poverty, entered the room, and after gazing on the placid features for a few moments, timidly laid a little bunch of violets on the coffin-lid, and withdrew, weeping silently. It was not much, but it was all she had—the widow's mite—a tribute to the good-

ness of the man by whose hand she and her little ones had been fed and clothed. There is room in the world for a few more men like John Kurtz.

Wm. Power caught his Butterfly at Yale, and carried it with him to New York and South America, where it escaped. He returned to British Columbia in 1881 and found his Butterfly again on the townsite of Vancouver. Retiring with an ample fortune he died in an Eastern city several years ago. Of his amiable wife, it should be stated that she is still alive in New York City.

I brought my Butterfly to Victoria, and for many years it was my good genius. I cherished and nourished it with the care and attention of a lover. It charmed me with its brilliant colors and its gossamer wings. My close companion by day, at night I locked it securely in a vault. Everything I touched prospered—wealth, position, influence, friends, all were at my command. It just seemed as if there was nothing beyond my reach, and I revelled in my good fortune. But one day a sad thing happened. My close companion, my good genius, left my hand as I opened the vault and flew out into the open air. I followed, hoping to recover it. It went up and up until it was almost lost to view. Then it came down and down and down, describing graceful circles as it descended, and alighted upon the tramway track on Government Street. I sprang forward to grasp it, but a tram-car rolled over the spot, and my Golden Butterfly must have been smashed to an unrecognizable mass, for I saw it no more, nor has any trace of it been since discovered so far as I know.

"SEEING THE ELEPHANT."

"Thus let me lie, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie."

—*Pope.*

It was at the close of a beautiful day in the month of July, 1858, when, having partaken of a sumptuous meal of pork and beans, and washed it down with a cup of English breakfast tea, H. B. Co.'s brand, that I lighted a pipe (I was a heavy smoker in those days) and strolled along the natural terrace or bench that overlooks the Fraser River at Yale. The water, which had been unusually high, was now subsiding, and the bar in front of the town, where hundreds of busy workers, when the water was at a low stage, had engaged in washing the gravel with rockers and sluices, in the hope of extracting the tiny specks of gold that were believed to be there, was again coming into view. I strolled along, enjoying the cool evening breeze which swept down the mountain side. The current was swift, and to relieve the tedium of my lonely walk I began to count the uprooted monarchs of the forest as they swept by. Next I thought of home and all its

delights and pleasures which I, a mere lad, had left behind me when I went to California. I recalled the friends I had met and the many pleasant events which made life joyous in San Francisco—the theatres, the balls, the parties, and the various exciting incidents that attached to "life in a boarding house," of which I had more than one man's share. It would be useless to deny, as Tom Moore would say, that as fond mem'ry brought the light of other days around me, a feeling of homesickness swept over me, and I heartily wished myself back again amidst the bright scenes and companions of my youth. My spirits continued to droop, the melancholy roar of the river as it lapped the huge boulders and the gathering darkness adding to the sombre hue of my mind and deepening my dejection. What might have happened had my thoughts led me further on it is impossible to say, but when a cheery voice in a rich Irish brogue broke the stillness with, "Good evening, sir; I hope you are enjoying your walk," the face I turned in the direction of the voice must have borne a stamp of intense unhappiness. My interlocutor was a stout, full-bearded man of about forty-five years. He was very neatly dressed in some black stuff, wore a full brown beard, and was very stout. In his hand he carried a heavy walking-stick.

"Thank you," I replied, "but I am not enjoying my walk a bit. I was just wishing myself well out of the place."

"Tut, tut," replied the man, "you are suffering

from nostalgia. Come along with me, my lad, and I'll give you something that'll drive dull care away."

Before I could utter a word of remonstrance he had linked an arm in one of mine and led me off towards a little cabin or shack that stood not far from the trail on which I had been pursuing my walk. There, having lighted a candle, he produced a bottle of brandy and a pitcher of water, and insisted on my joining in a glass. He soon became very communicative, and after telling me that his name was William Kelly, a Trinity College man and a barrister, who had passed several years in Australia, and having been attracted to the Fraser River by the reported gold finds on the bars, had decided to try his fortune there. He had also written a book on Australian gold mining adventures, which had been printed in London with the title of "Seeing the Elephant," the title I have adopted for the heading of this tale. On the occasion of our first interview it did not strike me that Mr. Kelly was of a high order of intellect, and this opinion was not changed as our acquaintance grew. But he had a fund of anecdote and could tell a good story, of which I was and still am passionately fond. He knew a great many prominent men who had emigrated to Australia, and was a great admirer of Robert Lowe ("Bob Logic"), afterwards Lord Sherbrooke, who acquired in Australia a vast fortune by the practice of law and land investments, and who, having returned to England and secured

a seat in Parliament, was just then attracting wide attention by his able speeches and his logical utterances. He mentioned the names of many other young men in colonial politics who afterwards rose to great distinction. Some of these men he admired, others he detested, for it must be admitted that he was a bit of a cynic, and while he praised a few he was fierce in his denunciation of the many.

"But," he said, "there is one man out there for whom I predict a great future if he have but a chance. Unfortunately he is a younger son, and, still more unfortunately, he has quarrelled with his father and his elder brother, so he has not the half a chance necessary for success. Although he is the son of a marquis who has vast entailed estates and a heavy rental, he has cut loose from home influence, lives in a cabin and works a mining claim near Ballarat. He has great ability. An evening passed in his company is a treat indeed. His days are devoted to gold-washing, like any other miner, and his evenings to the study of political problems. For some time I did not know his name or connections, but when I found them out I was more than surprised."

"What is his name?" I asked.

"Lord Robert Cecil," Kelly replied. "He is the second son of the Marquis of Salisbury. His brother, the heir to the title and estate, is Lord Cranborne."

Little did either Kelly or I imagine at that moment that before many years had fled the elder

brother would have died and the younger son—the whilom gold miner at Ballarat—would be summoned home to make his peace with his father and assume the title of Lord Cranborne, or that on the death of his father he should first become Marquis of Salisbury, and then Great Britain's greatest War Secretary, dying only a few months ago, full of years and honors, after having devoted a third of his life to the service of his sovereign and country. Kelly was right. His Australian friend justified his prediction.

Before leaving my new-found friend lent me a copy of his Australian work. I found it very interesting, but I can only recall one incident that is worthy of narration here. It was the story of a party of young English gentlemen who had gone to the Australian diggings and invested their means in a claim. They erected a windlass and proceeded to sink a shaft to bedrock. Day after day they toiled faithfully, taking turns in going down the shaft and in working the windlass. One day it came the turn of a young fellow named Murray to descend. He went down full of hope and courage, and sent up bucket after bucket of dirt to his mates on the surface. The shaft was now down about one hundred feet, and must soon be "bottomed." Towards evening the customary signal to hoist away was given. The men on top found the load unusually heavy, and one remarked to the other, "By Jove, Murray must be sending up a bucketful of gold."

Presently, when the "load" reached the top it

proved to be the dead body of Murray. He reached bedrock and finding nothing there placed the end of the rope about his neck and his companions had unwittingly strangled him while hoisting what they supposed to be the bucket from the depths.

Here I may mention an extraordinary tragedy, somewhat similar in its outcome, that occurred in Victoria less than twenty years ago. One dark winter's evening a cry of "Man overboard!" rose from one of the wharves on the city front. Those who hurried to the spot saw the dim outline of a man in the water clinging to one of the piles and lustily shouting for aid. A ladder was suggested, but none was handy. Then a sailor came with a rope, and, putting a running noose in it, lowered it down to the man, who still held on to the pile and never ceased to appeal for help.

"Put the noose over your shoulders and under your arm," shouted the sailorman.

"Aye, aye, sir," came back from the water.

"Are you ready?" was next asked.

"All ready—pull away," came back the answer.

Willing hands grasped the rope, and the man was quickly raised to the surface; but instead of a living being the noose held a corpse. The man had placed the rope about his neck instead of under his armpits. An examination showed that his Adam's apple had burst, and he died on the way between the water and the surface of the dock. If it was a mistake it was a serious one, for it cost him his life. If it was a suicide the man in Australia was entitled to the patent for originality.

After our first encounter Mr. Kelly and I often took long walks along the bench, and discussed various matters, mostly pertaining to the government of the country, which was then under Hudson's Bay rule. Kelly I found intensely radical, but thoroughly loyal to Queen and country. At one time, he said, he felt inclined to join the Smith O'Brien rebellion, but good counsels prevailed and he remained true to the crown.

About this time William Ballou, who maintained an express line between Victoria and Yale, moved his safe into my place of business, and I consented to act as his agent until other arrangements could be made. As there was but an indifferent postal delivery, nearly all the letters and all the treasure were carried by Ballou. One morning a tall, dissipated-looking woman, very plainly draped, entered the place and enquired if there were any letters for Johanna Maguire. The clerk examined the "M" pigeon-hole, and handed her out a letter. He told me afterwards that it bore the Dublin postmark. She opened the letter, and, after reading it, asked me if I would change a £5 Bank of England note. I referred her to the Gold Commissioner, and she left the place. After that, nearly every week the woman applied at the office for a letter addressed as before. Sometimes she was rewarded with a missive, but oftener there was nothing for her. However, the letters she did receive always contained a £5 note, which she hurriedly exchanged at the Gold Commissioner's and hastened back to her home at the upper end of the village.

The woman always spoke with a broad Irish accent, and there was nothing about her language and appearance to indicate that she belonged to other than the peasant or uneducated class. Sometimes she would be in a quarrelsome mood; then she would "swear like a trooper" on the street, and there were stories told of her having on two occasions, in the midst of wild orgies, worn out a chair on the heads and bodies of some miners who had misbehaved themselves while in her house. She was habitually profane, and it seemed to me that she must have sprung from the lowest of the low. Had I been asked to point out a thoroughly depraved and worthless person I should have indicated the Maguire woman. Such characters bob up in nearly every new mining camp, but before the civilizing influence of respectable women, families and churches they soon disappear. Rossland was full of them a few years ago.

Dr. Fifer (whose sad fate I have referred to in another sketch) asked me one evening to accompany him to a little cabin just back of the town. He said there was a girl of about 14 there who had been stricken with pneumonia, and of whose recovery he was very doubtful. We went to the shack. At the door we met the girl's father. His name was Durant, or Durand, or some such name, and he was very much under the influence of liquor.

"Doctor," he began, "Allie is dyin', shore. There ain't no hope for her," and he began to sob.

"Nonsense," said the doctor, "she'll be all right

in a few days. All you've got to do is to leave her alone and not bother or frighten her."

The man put his face in his hands and turned away. There was only one room in the house—that is, there was a kitchen, or living room, divided in the middle by a piece of unbleached muslin that stretched from side to side of the shack. Behind this curtain the stricken girl lay.

As the good doctor was about to draw back the curtain his hand was arrested by the sound of a person praying. In a soft, sweet woman's voice the Lord's Prayer was recited, and a feeble, stammering voice seemed to respond. Then the woman's voice gently said: "Dearie, say this after me: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand in the latter day upon the earth.'"

Then there followed a sound as of a woman weeping, in the midst of which Dr. Fifer parted the muslin and entered.

"Ah, docthor, sure I'm glad ye've came. The pore child is very sick, indade. Sure, I think she'll not be long wid us." It was Johanna Maguire's voice.

"Where's the other woman who was here—the woman who prayed? Tell me, Johanna, where is she?"

"Faith," replied Johanna, for she it was, "she hopped out of the windey as ye come in."

"Nonsense! where is she?"

"Go find her," replied the woman with a savage oath, as she flung past the doctor and ran from the room and house.

The girl was very low indeed; but some of the ladies became interested in her and nursed her back to health, and in the course of two or three weeks she was able to travel down the river in a canoe with her father, and I saw her no more.

Johanna continued her weekly calls for letters, and was both abusive and profane when she found none.

About three weeks after the departure of the girl Kelly and I were taking our customary evening walk. The day had been warm. There was a slight rise in the river, and numerous floating trees began to make their appearance. The sun was just sinking behind the high hills back of Yale, and the chill evening breeze had come up when we heard a scream—a woman's scream, as if the utterer was in mortal agony or fear. We turned and saw Johanna Maguire running along the trail towards us. At every step she uttered a wild shriek and beat the air and her breasts alternately with her hands. As she drew nearer she pointed with one hand towards the river and screamed rather than spoke:

"There is a man afloat on a tree. See him! Get a boat! Get a boat!"

I looked towards the boiling, surging stream, and saw a man seated on the trunk of a huge tree, waving his arms and apparently shouting for aid. I could not hear his voice above the raging of the wild torrent, but I saw his head and the upper part of his body, his arms waving in a frantic appeal for assistance. Kelly saw him, too. We at once

ran down to the beach, shouting the alarm as we went. Some men manned a boat and put off to intercept the tree. But the night closes in quickly at Yale, encircled as it is by high mountains, and darkness intervened before any intelligent effort could be made to save the man, and he must have passed from earth to eternity at the first riffle below Yale, for tree and man had swept out of sight before the boat got well under way.

Johanna, who was still greatly excited, continued her lamentations, but what struck us all as peculiar was that in her excitement she spoke the most perfect English. There was not a trace of the brogue, and her language gave every evidence of good breeding. As her excitement wore off she seemed to recollect herself, and presently she lapsed into the brogue and with an oath in condemnation of the fruitless effort to save, she passed up the face of the bench and disappeared.

"Kelly," said I, as we walked home, "that woman wears a mask. She is not what she wants us to believe she is." I told him of the incident at the sick girl's bedside and the mysterious woman's gentle voice from the inner room that recited the prayers. He agreed with me that there was a mystery about Johanna that needed an explanation.

The summer passed away, and winter with its frost and snow and short days settled down on the little town. Soon after the dawn of the New Year (1859) Chief Justice Begbie and suite arrived to try the Hill's Bar rioters. I have already told of

how these cases were disposed of. Now, if Kelly had applied for the position of Chief Justice and failed to get it I never knew, but he had imbibed a most intense dislike for the new judge. He seemed to maintain a regular correspondence with some officials at Downing Street, and the amount of Imperial political gossip he retailed was astounding.

"Begbie," said Kelly one night, "never held a brief in his life. He was a reporter on the *Law Times,* and a good one, too. He laid himself out to please the Lord Chancellor by reporting all his decisions and comments *in extenso* and with accuracy. One day the Lord Chancellor asked, "Who is the reporter who so faithfully does my remarks?" He was told. An acquaintance sprang up between the two, and when the British Columbia appointment came on the *tapis* Begbie's name was pressed upon the Lord Chancellor, and he carried off the prize."

In the first case that Kelly had before the Chief Justice there was a clash. It was a suit for trespass. I forget the point on which they differed, but the Chief Justice threw out the case and merry war was declared by Kelly. There was constant friction. The Chief Justice was supreme. There was no appeal from his decisions, and his word was law. Whenever Kelly rose to address the bench the impatience of the Judge was marked and his interruptions were constant. Kelly's wrath knew no bounds, and at last he did or said something which

exasperated the Judge, who roared at him like a hungry lion and tore him to pieces with his tongue. Kelly was struck from the rolls of the mainland courts, as was Mr. McCreight (afterwards a justice of the Supreme Court) a few years later, and Mr. Rocke Robertson, also a judge later on, who espoused McCreight's cause, was similarly treated at his own request. It was the arbitrary conduct of the Chief Justice that induced the Legislature, after Confederation, to remove from the judges the power to strike lawyers from the rolls and placed it in the hands of the benchers. There are many who are of opinion that under the altered conditions the power should go back to the judges.

. . . . . .

At Williams Lake, in 1862, an extraordinary thing happened. A man named Gilchrist, a politician from California, shot at one man and killed another. He was tried before the Chief Justice, convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to prison for life. Several other malefactors were convicted at the same assizes. A posse of special constables was sworn in to convey the convicts to Victoria for incarceration. The friends of Gilchrist armed themselves and threatened to liberate him on the way down country. Addressing the posse, the Chief Justice said: "If you are attacked you will shoot the prisoners at once."

This instruction had the desired effect. No rescue was attempted. But the Chief Justice was perhaps unaware that a similar instruction to con-

stables in Ireland one hundred years ago cost a committing judge his life. The guard having been instructed to kill their prisoners if a rescue were attempted, upon being attacked slew them off-hand. The judge was tried, convicted, and hanged for murder. The Chief Justice was a brave and able man, but he had more power than should be entrusted to one pair of hands. For years he held in his grasp the issues of life and death, and no person short of the Queen had a check upon him. Small wonder that, by nature imperious and forceful, he grew arbitrary, and that in his anxiety to do right he often did wrong, and would never acknowledge an error. One of the present justices, although a member of the Canadian bar and an excellent lawyer, was prevented for some time from practising before the courts for the only reason that he had not been admitted in the Old Country.

. . . . . .

The Chief Justice had a high sense of duty, and it was that sense that carried him to extremes on many occasions. Instance the case of Regina *v.* Lavin, tried at the Victoria Assizes some twenty-five years ago. Lavin was a deserter from the American Army. He ran a bar on Johnson Street. One night a man named Johnstone Robertson, who had at one time been a wealthy contractor, entered the bar and got into an altercation with Lavin. He was thrown to the floor, and Lavin, seizing him by the ears, actually pounded Robertson's head against the floor until he fractured his skull. Robertson

was taken to his room, where he shortly died. Lavin was tried at the next assizes before the Chief Justice on an indictment for murder. The Chief Justice took strong grounds against the prisoner. Somehow or another the Chief Justice had got it into his head that the murdered man was struck on the head with a sandbag, which caused his death. He charged strongly in favor of a capital conviction. The jury, to the astonishment of court and spectators, returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

The Chief Justice was speechless with rage. His face grew red and pale by turns. He rose in his chair as if to rush from the room. He made no effort to conceal his feelings. When he had recovered sufficiently to speak, he shouted:

"Is that your verdict, gentlemen?"

"Yes, my lord," replied the foreman.

"So say you all?"

"So say we all."

The Judge smote the desk with his clenched hand, and again shouted:

"Remember, gentlemen, that is your verdict, not mine. You may go—you may go!" Then, turning to Lavin: "You are discharged, prisoner. You are discharged. Get out of my sight as quickly as you can, or I will not be responsible for what I may do or say."

As Lavin was scuttling out of the dock the Chief Justice thundered at him in tones that sounded more like the growl of a wild animal than the voice of a human being:

"Stay, you—you miscreant! My advice to you is that you get a sandbag and sandbag that jury!"

There were many scandalous reasons assigned for the acquittal. It was asserted that a notorious woman named Bridget Gallagher, from Portland, was married to Lavin, and that she came to Victoria and spent money freely to clear her husband. John George Taylor, who was one of the jurymen, subsequently told me that he voted for an acquittal for two reasons—first, because the Chief Justice rested his charge on a belief of his own creation that a sandbag had been used, when the evidence pointed to the fact that the man's brains were beaten out on the floor; and, second, because, although the man should have been convicted of manslaughter, the jury were afraid that, had that verdict been returned, the Chief Justice would have given him a life sentence, which they did not think he deserved, because Robertson was the aggressor and there was no evidence of premeditation.

But I have wandered away from my Yale acquaintance, and after one more anecdote of the Chief Justice shall find my way back to the right trail. Some fifteen years ago Rev. J. E. Starr was pastor of the Metropolitan Methodist Church in Victoria. He was called to give evidence in some case before the Chief Justice, and, being a tall man and the witness box being very low, he sprawled over the side in a very awkward manner. The Chief Justice at last exclaimed:

"Stand up, sir! You act like a sausage-skin filled with water."

The insult was not resented at the time, but everyone predicted and bets were made that on the following Sunday Mr. Starr would deliver a sermon that would make the Chief Justice's punishment fit his crime. On Sunday morning Rev. Mr. McLeod, of the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, delivered a powerful sermon in denunciation of the Chief Justice's remark, charging that he had fired his insult from the porthole of the Coward's Castle, knowing well that he could not be replied to.

On Sunday evening everyone flocked to Mr. Starr's church. The edifice was densely packed, and the sermon was awaited with manifestations of unfeigned interest. The clergyman gave out the text, and then proceeded to deliver a very clear and able discourse, in which he touched upon nearly every subject except the court incident. Not a word was uttered about the sausage or the water. But when the closing prayer was offered, Mr. Starr asked a blessing on everything that he could think of, and concluded thus: "And, finally, God bless those who have lost their bets this night. Amen."

. . . . . .

Early in the year 1860 I left Yale to accept a position on the staff of the *Colonist* at Victoria. It was then printed three times a week, and the work not being arduous I had ample time on my hands to indulge my propensity for taking notes of men and things for use in after life. One day I received a call from Mr. Kelly. He informed me that the tyranny of "that man Begbie" had driven

him from the Mainland, and that unless he could get into practice here he should return to England, and as he had ample means he would not lose any more time in exploiting new countries. He added that he had complained of his treatment to the British Government, and would await an answer. I think this man with a grievance remained here for a year before finally taking his departure.

One morning in the summer of 1861 my duties called me to the Police Court at the barracks, then presided over by the late A. F. Pemberton. To my surprise, who should I see seated on the bench usually allotted to witnesses but Johanna Maguire. She was in a fearful state. Her face was battered and bruised, her eyes were blackened, and she was almost doubled up with bodily stiffness. A bloody rag was tied about the lower part of her face, and a more deplorable spectacle it would be hard to imagine. In the prisoner's dock stood another former acquaintance, "Ned" Whitney. When I knew him at San Francisco he was a fine, steady young fellow, a graduate of one of the great American colleges, sang in one of the church choirs, and was as regular and reliable as a good watch. When he joined the rush to Fraser River he fell in with the Hill's Bar crowd and they spoiled him, as they spoiled everything and everyone with whom they came in contact. Whitney, I learned, had accompanied Johanna to Victoria, and they occupied a small cabin on Humboldt Street, where both got drunk, and after a wordy altercation he beat and blackened his consort until she became the

spectacle I have described. As the court had not yet assembled, I entered into conversation with the woman, who told me that she did not wish to prosecute Whitney. Mr. Kelly, I found, had been engaged for the defence. The woman gave evidence in the prisoner's behalf, saying that she was alone to blame, and he was let off with a light fine, which the woman paid.

In the evening I received a note in a neat female hand asking me to inquire for Mrs. Maguire at a small house on Humboldt Street, near the foot of Douglas. I went there and found the woman alone and in a high fever. Dr. Trimble, after some persuasion, was induced to see her professionally, and he pronounced her in a very low state indeed. Among other injuries, three ribs had been fractured. A search was made for Whitney, but he had left the country and was never captured. The woman, thinking she was about to die, sent for Kelly, and, as her legal adviser, confided to him her early history. Kelly, of course, never repeated what she told him. All he would say was that in early life she was a welcome visitor at Dublin Castle, and that she was connected with one of the highest families in Dublin, a family with an historical record and a lineage that dated back several centuries. He also told me her brogue and rude manners were assumed to conceal her identity, and that she was really a cultivated woman who had had superior advantages in youth. Once, she told him, she met Gold Commissioner Ball face to face and was fearful lest he should recognize her as an early friend

in Dublin society; but he did not, and she then became convinced that her disguise was impenetrable, and continued it. She confided to Kelly a mass of correspondence and some jewellery of antique design, and directed that in case of her death they should be sent to a given address in Dublin. When she had sufficiently recovered she sailed for San Francisco, and I never heard what became of her.

. . . . . .

Of Kelly it remains to be written that, failing to get justice or recognition of his grievance, he sailed for England early in 1862. Before leaving he had a difficulty with Captain R. W. Torrens, then clerk of the Vancouver Assembly, and caned him. Torrens challenged him, and the police got wind of the affair. The matter was ventilated in the Police Court. It appears that Torrens had made slighting remarks about a lady, the wife of a banker. Kelly, much to his discredit, told the husband, and when confronted with the charge, Torrens said Kelly lied. Hence the assault. The pair were put under bonds to keep the peace towards each other—that is, not to fight a duel—and the matter ended there.

On reaching Europe, Kelly, still bent on "Seeing the Elephant," took up his residence at Paris, and there became enamored of a beautiful blonde with a wonderful head of long yellow hair that reached to her heels, and with no morals worth speaking of. In his infatuation he proposed matrimony to the woman and, after settling a round sum in cash upon her, he was accepted and they were married. As the

couple were entering a carriage at the door of the church to drive to their rooms a process-server tapped the bridegroom on the shoulder and handed him a court paper, and he was placed under arrest for debt—his wife's debts, contracted before marriage! Of course, he was furious, but he was taken to the debtors' prison and incarcerated, his bride driving away in the carriage her husband had hired to take them to the nuptial chamber. They never met again. Kelly, with the obdurateness of a true Briton, wrote to the *Times,* and appealed to the British ambassador in Paris and to the British Government. He was informed that he must discharge the liabilities, which were enormous. He refused to do so, and as all his property was located in England and Ireland, it could not be touched. The artful woman had apparently arranged to have her husband arrested immediately after the marriage, so that she might make off with another of her admirers, and the money Kelly had given her. I never heard what became of Kelly. I fear he died in prison. If alive now he would be well over 90 years of age, but his wife had a terrible end. She was strangled in the Bois de Boulogne by a female companion for the money and jewels she had on her person. The body was found by the police, and upon examination the glorious head of yellow hair which had attracted my former Yale friend and captivated many other human moths was found to be a wig, so cleverly arranged as to defy even a close scrutiny. The story of Kelly's plight and his wife's murder was narrated in the English papers in 1865.

A FUGITIVE FROM JUSTICE.

"Alas, how many years and hours have pass'd
Since human forms have round this table sate,
Or lamp, or taper, on its surface gleamed!
Methinks I hear the sound of time long pass'd
Still murmuring o'er us, in the lofty void
Of these dark arches, like the ling'ring voices
Of those who long within their graves have slept."

—"*Orra: a Tragedy.*"

In the month of August, 1858, there came to Yale a young man and his wife. The couple were genteel-looking, had evidently been accustomed to good society and spoke like people of culture, and, what was better than all in some eyes, they had much money. They had with them a girl of about seven —sweet, pretty and petite, a perfect fairy, with lovely blue eyes and light hair, and such winsome ways! The mother was a most engaging conversationalist. She had travelled in Europe with her father and mother and had a wealth of Old Country anecdote and scenery to tell and describe. They gave the name of Gregory, and claimed to have come from a small city in the interior of New York State. Gregory bought a cabin on the second bench back of Yale which belonged to Mr. McRoberts, a Scotch gentleman, who, with his wife, occu-

pied a larger and better cottage near the Court House. The Gregorys furnished their home neatly and comfortably with such articles as they were able to procure at the Hudson's Bay store, then managed by Mr. Allard, chief trader. He was a French-Canadian and one of the best friends I ever had. John Kurtz, Hugh Nelson, Walter Gladwin and myself, all former San Franciscans, had naturally crystallized and formed a little club or set of our own, to which we admitted Mr. Kelly, the lawyer from Australia, and a few other kindred spirits.

The Gregorys, when they first came to the camp, were reserved and "offish" in manner, and seemed to shrink from observation. I became acquainted with them in rather an odd manner. The water supply of the inhabitants was conveyed from the river to the houses and stores in buckets. The Indians were found very useful as water-carriers, and every morning and evening a bucket-brigade of natives was engaged in packing water from the river to the people who lived on the benches. One morning, very early, I was busy outside my place when I saw Mrs. Gregory, in a loose wrapper and without her crinoline, carrying a huge pitcher in her hands, pass down towards the river brink. With no object save the gratification of a natural interest which a pretty woman usually arouses in a young fellow just out of his teens, I watched her as she carefully picked her way over and around the boulders on the bar, and when she had filled the pitcher and started back I still kept her in view.

Now, I would gladly have asked her permission to get the water for her, but as we were not acquainted I feared that the offer might be regarded as an impertinence. The lady was threading her way along the rock-beset path when suddenly her foot slipped and down she went on her knees, the pitcher breaking and the water splashing over her. I ran into the tent and, seizing a towel and a bucket, flew down the trail to where the lady, who had risen to her feet, stood drenched and looking very woebegone as she gazed at the wreck of the pitcher and ruefully surveyed her drenched form. I handed her the towel as I passed, and running on to the river filled the bucket. When I returned she had used the towel to some effect, but the dress of thin material, wet through and through, clung closely to and set off her shapely figure. She blushed like a red, red rose, and as I approached she stammered forth a few words of thankfulness, adding, "What shall I do for some water? Charley is too sick to come himself for it, and the Indian carrier did not call last night."

"Why," I said, "I filled this bucket for you, and if you will permit me and will walk behind me (I did not think she would be pleased, with the wet dress hanging closely to her form, to walk in front) I will carry it to your house."

"Oh! thank you," she said; "I am more than obliged for your kindness."

At the time of which I write a lady who should have appeared in public in a habit that fitted closely

to her figure and a shirt waist would have been looked upon with suspicion, at least. The aim of fashion was to hide as much of the female "form divine" as possible. The women of that period actually walked about in wire cages, which hung suspended from their waists and concealed the outlines of their bodies and limbs. Remove the pan of a circular birdcage and retain the wire part and you will have a very fair idea of the article our mothers and sweethearts moved about in in 1858. To-day the object would seem to be to show as much of the figure as possible by drawing the skirts closely about the hips and wearing a waist or short jacket. I never took kindly to the crinoline—you had to take too much on trust. Give me the close-fitting garments and the short jacket or waist in preference. Had the present style prevailed when the charming Mrs. Gregory upset the water over herself she would have had no reason to blush or walk behind me up the slope. Fashion's dictates would have silenced Mrs. Grundy. I often wonder what the old lady has to say now.

In a few minutes we reached the cabin. The little girl, with her hair in curl-papers, was in the kitchen and immediately came up and put her hand confidingly in mine. We were friends in an instant. I inquired if I could do anything else to assist, but Mrs. Gregory declined any further aid and I withdrew.

That afternoon the little girl came to my cabin with a note from her mother asking me if I would

summon a doctor, as her husband seemed very ill. I called in Dr. Fifer, a near neighbor, and in a day or two the patient was about again, apparently as well as ever. When the couple called with the little girl to thank me for my assistance, we had a good laugh over the broken pitcher incident.

Of course, the Gregorys joined our little club and, equally of course, they proved to be among its most valuable and interesting members. Both could recite very well. Kurtz could sing and play the violin. Nelson was the poetaster, and got off some very clever things. Kelly and the few remaining members did little parts, while I was expected to contribute the Joe Millerisms. When winter evenings set in and snow lay on the ground, and the cold blasts roared through the deep recesses of the canyons and moaned and shrieked about our frail habitations like a thousand demons loosed from the infernal regions bent on devouring us, we only piled higher the logs in the fire-place, and, as the ruddy flames cast a warm glow over the little party of friends, we bade defiance to the fuming and raging of the Storm King. Ah! those were pleasant evenings. They were not the pleasantest I ever spent, for there was in store for me almost a lifetime of sweet companionship with one who, though gone before, is not lost, and who only passed from earth to heaven a brief while ago.

The winter of 1858-59 slipped rapidly away, and the spring found us all alive and as happy as possible under the circumstances of remoteness

from the outer world and a sometimes short supply of wholesome food. The Gregorys had become the most popular people in the village, and the little girl—Mae Judith—was welcomed everywhere. I named one of my claims "Little Judy" in her honor.

One evening Nelson and I were seated on a rude bench in front of the Gregory cabin, conversing upon some topic of local interest—perhaps it was the latest murder, or the last robbery, or the most recent gold "find." Whatever the subject may have been matters nothing now, but as we talked I observed an old gentleman advancing up the bank. When he reached the top he halted for a moment to gaze upon the magnificent panorama of snow-clad hills which stretched far away into space on all sides. Then he strolled along until he came opposite to us. Addressing Mr. Nelson, he asked if he would direct him to Yale Creek. Mr. Nelson pointed in the direction and the old gentleman, bowing politely, passed on. The next day I met him on the main street walking listlessly along, gazing at the stores, the cabins and the rushing river alternately. An hour or so afterwards I found myself seated at the same table with him at Wm. Power's hotel. We soon struck up an acquaintance, and my *vis-à-vis* told me that his name was Merrill, that he was a resident of Philadelphia, and sufficiently well-to-do to travel for pleasure. "I am not rich," he added, "but I have enough."

Let me describe Mr. Merrill for a moment. He was tall and apparently sixty years of age. His hair was snow-white and he wore a full white beard close cut. He was dressed as a gentleman of the period in clothes of fashionable make. Taken all in all, he was what the ladies would call "a nice-looking old gentleman." He explained that he was travelling for his health, and being an ardent fisherman had already made a slight acquaintance with the trout in Yale Creek. The following afternoon found us both casting the fly in the creek. Merrill caught two fish to my one, and when the shades of evening began to gather we counted our catch and found that we had a dozen plump trout. On our way in I proposed that we should present Mrs. Gregory with the catch, and the proposition was unanimously adopted. Merrill was not acquainted with the Gregorys, but when I made the presentation Mr. Gregory invited us inside, and the ice being thus broken the newcomer was immediately accepted as a welcome guest. From that time on the intimacy grew, and it was an almost daily occurrence for the couple to receive a few trout or a brace of grouse from Mr. Merrill or myself. Our little club continued to meet at the different homes and had a good time generally. Mr. Merrill, having joined us, added much to our enjoyment and pleasure by his exquisite playing on the flute and his rendition of some of the old songs in a low and sweet tenor voice. We became very much attached to him, and although each week he would

announce that next week he would leave for home, he lingered on and on and became more and more intimate at the Gregorys'.

"Can't you see what's the matter?" asked Kurtz one day, as we were discussing Merrill's prolonged stay.

"I'm sure I can't," said I.

"Well, I'll tell you, then. He's gone on Mrs. Gregory."

"Nonsense," I returned. "He's an old man and she's not more than twenty-two or three."

"I don't care. He's gone on her," insisted Kurtz.

In a day or two I became convinced that the dainty little lady had really captivated Mr. Merrill, and that, perhaps all unconsciously to herself, he was being drawn more and more to her side. In fact, he did not seem happy except when loitering about the Gregory house, where he was now a daily guest and almost appeared to have established himself as one of the family.

I didn't like the aspect of things at all. Really, it was none of my business; but I felt somewhat indignant at the turn affairs had taken—indignant to think that Merrill, whom I had introduced to the family, had displaced me, as it were, in their regard. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written "that the chivalry of a man consists in protecting a woman from every other man but himself." Was that the brand of chivalry that had awakened my indignation?

About this time I noticed that a great change had come over my lawyer friend Kelly. He seldom went to the Gregorys now and he seldom attended the club meetings. When I met him he seemed to wish to avoid me, grew abstracted and moody in his manner, and took to walking by himself. Was he, too, the least bit jealous? Once I encountered Kelly and Merrill engaged in deep conversation at Power's, but I thought nothing of that. And so the weeks wore on and Merrill remained, without giving any sign, except the oft repeated assertion, that he intended ever to go away. The club gradually became demoralized; its meetings fell off and then ceased altogether.

"Do you know," I said to Nelson one day, "I believe that that man Merrill is no good? Who knows anything about him? Why, he may be the biggest rascal unhung for all we know. What's he doing here, anyhow?"

Nelson just laughed loud and long. "Don't be a fool," he said. "The old man's too many for you young chaps, and that's all there is about it. You're jealous and so is Kurtz, and so are all the rest. What business is it of ours if the Gregorys like him?"

Next I tried Kelly. He said nothing, but shook his head and walked off with a pensive and dejected air. So I discontinued my visits to the Gregorys and ceased to talk about them and Merrill, although whenever I met them the lady and gentleman urged me to call and evidently wondered at my continued absence.

One afternoon the Gregorys left Yale by the trail for Texas Bar, a few miles down the river. They announced that they would return late the same evening. Merrill was much concerned at their proposed absence and accompanied them some two miles on their journey. He got back late in the afternoon and after dining went to his room. After dark a light was seen in their cabin. The next morning Gregory complained that during their absence the cabin had been entered and although everything had been turned topsy-turvy, nothing had been taken except a few papers. The affair created a little interest for a day or two, and was then forgotten.

One dismal, stormy night I sat at my desk inditing a letter for a San Francisco newspaper. The candle had burned low in its socket, so I blew the flickering light out and rose to procure a fresh candle. As I groped towards the box I became aware, by a gentle tapping on the window-pane, of the presence of someone on the outside who wished to come in.

"Who's there?" I demanded.

The deep voice of Lawyer Kelly responded in a hoarse whisper, "Let me in, H., I want to speak to you. Don't light your candle. I must talk to you in the dark, or not at all. I've something to tell you. Let me in, quick, by the back door."

I didn't like the proposition a bit. There had been several murderous assaults and robberies in town quite recently. I wasn't afraid of Kelly, of

course; but suppose the person now seeking admittance should prove not to be Kelly? What if one of the many desperadoes with whom Yale was infested at that time had assumed his voice and under that guise should gain admittance, and finding me unarmed and off my guard should slay and rob me? I lighted a match and searched till I found a "black-jack," with which a New Zealand miner had presented me a while before, and then groped my way to the back door and opened it. In the gloom, which was slightly relieved by the light of the stars, I beheld the substantial outlines of the Kelly figure. The lawyer stumbled rather than walked inside, closed and bolted the door and took me by the hand. I noticed that the hand he placed in mine trembled like an aspen-leaf, and his breath came and went in great puffs like that of a man who had ascended a pair of stairs rapidly and was exhausted when he reached the top.

"Look here, H.," he exclaimed, "I come to you for advice. I'm in a devil of a fix. I've done a most despicable thing. For money I have consented to betray a man who never did me any harm, whose hospitality I have enjoyed and whom I love like a brother. The Eastern matron who drove the nail into the head of a fugitive ally, who had just fed at her board and who was sleeping beneath the shadow of her tent, was no meaner than I feel myself to be. I was tempted and I fell—fell like Lucifer."

I was shocked; frightened by his agitation and

his words. Was I the friend whom he had consented to betray? By a strong effort I controlled my feelings and managed to ask:

"Kelly, what in the name of all that is good and great and holy do you mean?"

"I mean that I'm a villain—that I have taken a retainer of $100 in gold to entrap and betray a friend. I'm a Judas, the only difference between me and Iscariot being that where he took silver I took gold. The principle—or rather the want of it—is the same. I wish I had died before I ever saw Yale. I've taken blood-money—blood-money!"

"Come, now," I said, soothingly, "tell me all about it—that's a good chap."

"Oh!" he groaned, "how can I tell the story of my shame, my disgrace, my fall."

"If you don't tell me," I urged, "how can I help and advise you."

"That's right," he said. "I must tell you. Well, that Merrill's a devil."

Instantly it occurred to me that there had been trouble at the Gregory household and that the old man had either flown with the pretty little woman or had insulted her, and that Kelly had been retained to defend Merrill, and now repented of having taken the fee.

"I knew it, I knew it!" I eagerly exclaimed. "He's no good, and I said so weeks ago."

"Oh!" broke in Kelly, "you're wrong—at least it's not in the way you think. Gregory is a defaulter. He was cashier in a New York bank, and

was short in his accounts to an enormous amount. He came here to hide. Merrill is a great detective —the greatest in America—and he followed him here and has stayed ever since, accepting his hospitality, eating his salt, and awaiting an opportunity to take him back. But the extradition treaty is so lame and faulty that it does not cover this case, and Merrill has been awaiting a chance for months to induce Gregory to set his foot on American soil where he can be seized. The detective consulted me and I told him he could not take his quarry back legally, but that if he could get him across the line he might kidnap him. I consented to act as a spy on my friend and entrap him, and leave his dear wife and that sweet little Mae unprotected. My God!" (beating his brow with his clenched fist) "I am the most miserable wretch in Yale to-night. I have been most wretched ever since I yielded to temptation. The meanest hanger-on about the faro-bank at Bennett's is a moral king to me. What shall I do?"

"Pay back the money and retire from the case," I cried.

"Oh! but the worst is not yet told. To-morrow morning Gregory and Merrill will leave for Point Roberts, where, the detective has told him, he has a gold mine, but where the defaulter will be laid hold of as a criminal. A canoe with an Indian crew has been engaged and the supplies are on board. It lies on the river bank and at daybreak they will be off. At the last moment I have come

to you. My conscience is awakened. Just think of my aiding a scheme to rob that woman and her child of their protector and send him to prison. I have eaten of his salt. An Arab of the desert would never betray a man whose salt he had eaten. What can be done to save him and make me a decent white man again?"

I thought for a few moments and then said, "We must tell others and get their assistance to counteract this infamous scheme."

"But," said Kelly, "what becomes of my honor, my sworn pledge as a barrister? How can I save my friend without betraying my client? and if I betray my client Begbie will strike me off the rolls."

"The detective had no right to ask you to assist him in an infamous transaction, and it is not professional in you to retain a fee for doing dirty work. Throw the fee back and let me tell Kurtz and Nelson all about the plot."

"You are right," said Kelly, after a pause. "Do as you wish."

"Wait here till I return," I said, and I opened the door cautiously and peered out. No one was in sight, and I soon found myself in the room with John Kurtz and Hugh Nelson.

Seated in a chair was Frank Way, who conducted the Spuzzum ferry, where the Trutch Suspension Bridge was afterwards erected and where it still spans the Fraser. Frank was a droll character. He was an American and not a man of much education;

but he was as bright as a new sovereign, and as keen-witted as a Fox razor. To this day old Yaleites relate stories of his pranks and practical jokes. Some of these were not nice, and could not be safely printed or told to ears polite, but he was the soul of wit and humor. He was a man of great resource and bodily and mental activity. During the gold rush he made barrels of money by ferrying miners and their effects across the Fraser River at fifty cents a head. He told me that one day he earned in fares a tin bucket full of silver and gold. Once, he said, he started across with ten men in his boat. The craft ran into a riffle and was upset. All were precipitated into the water, and all were drowned save him.

"You were out their fares," I said.

"No, I wasn't," he answered. "I always collected in advance for fear of just such an accident.

"And how were you saved?" I asked.

"By diving and swimming under the rough surface of the water as long as I could hold my breath. When I came up all my late companions had disappeared; but I found myself in an eddy and so got ashore. Whenever you are in business trouble, young fellow," he continued, "and see no road open for escape, just risk a little more—take a header—and in nine cases out of ten you'll come up all right."

Some of my business readers will be able to say if this is sound philosophy or not.

I laid Kelly's trouble before the three friends, and

we all agreed that the situation was a serious one and that if Gregory was to be saved immediate action must be taken. Several plans were suggested and abandoned, because they involved the telling to the woman the story of her husband's shame, for we assumed that she did not know of it, and we wished to spare her that trial.

At last Frank Way asked:

"Where did Kelly say the canoe is moored?"

"In front of the bar, and the supplies are already on board. The party will leave at the first glimmer of daylight."

"Humph!" said Frank, thoughtfully. Then rising and yawning as if weary of the whole business, he beckoned to me and we took our leave. Way remained outside of my house while I went in and told Kelly that all were of the opinion that the retainer should be returned, and that if at daybreak no other solution could be found, Mrs. Gregory must be told and the plot exposed. The lawyer eagerly accepted the proposition to return the fee, but he shrank from the publicity that would attach to the transaction, and as there was bad blood between himself and Chief Justice Begbie, he dreaded the outcome should the matter reach the Chief Justice's ears.

Aurora's rosy fingers had just pinned back the sable curtains of night, and the eastern sky showed signs of the approach of another day, when Gregory left his cabin and threaded his way towards the beach. As he walked on the unsuspecting man

hummed a popular air, happy in the anticipation of sudden wealth and assured prosperity. As he neared the river he saw the tall form of Merrill running excitedly up and down in the dim light, as he berated the crew of Indians who had been employed to navigate the boat to the mouth of the river. When he saw Gregory, Merrill cried:

"Come here, quick!"

Gregory hastened his steps and soon saw the cause of Merrill's anger. During the night some one with an ax had cut and hacked the canoe until it was practically destroyed, and the supplies that were laid in overnight must have been thrown into the river, for they were nowhere to be seen.

Merrill was in a fearful rage. All his gentlemanly reserve was gone and his mouth emitted the most frightful profanity and vulgarity. He called down the curses of Heaven on the perpetrators of the deed and consigned them to the infernal regions. He abused the Indian crew and fiercely turned on Gregory and accused him of being in the plot to destroy the canoe.

Gregory denied all knowledge of the affair.

"I never knew a thief who was not a liar," exclaimed Merrill.

"What do you mean?" hotly asked Gregory.

"I mean that you are a thief—and you know it, and I know it!"

Gregory fell back as if struck a hard blow.

"Yes," screamed the detective, his anger growing hotter and hotter; "you robbed the ———

Bank in New York City. Your name is no more Gregory than my name's Merrill, and if you were on the American side I would arrest you as a common thief. You are safe here, but I'll get you yet, —— you!"

Gregory, crushed and broken by the tirade of abuse and the knowledge of his crime so unexpectedly launched at him by the dectective, whom up to that morning he had regarded as a gentleman and a warm personal friend, walked slowly away in one direction, while Merrill started to walk rapidly off in another. In his excitement the detective had not remembered the Indian crew. They, four in number, and armed with paddles, ran after him and demanded pay for their wrecked vessel. He tried to pass on, but they obstructed his path and loudly demanded compensation, which at last he relucantly gave them.

When Merrill and Gregory had passed out of sight two heads were raised above the level of a great boulder. After a careful survey the heads were followed by the bodies of two young white men, who walked to the beach and gazed at the wreck and expressed sympathy for the owners of the craft. Then the two walked slowly back to town, chuckling and laughing as they went, and sought their respective couches. They had been out all night and needed a little rest.

At noon hour Merrill, Kurtz and I met at Power's. Merrill had calmed down by this time, and his manner was as placid and serene as usual.

He had no reason to think that we knew aught of the affair of the early morning.

"Mr. Merrill," Kurtz said, "I am commissioned by a gentleman who says he is indebted to you to give you one hundred dollars in gold."

Merrill started slightly and then said, "I was not aware I had a debtor in the camp. What is his name?"

"Kelly," I broke in, excitedly. "He says you employed him to do some legal business for you, but instead you tried to convert him into a detective. He declines to degrade the legal profession in that manner and returns your retainer."

Merrill, who saw that his disguise had been penetrated and his designs were known, took the money without another word and gave a receipt. In the body of the receipt I was careful to introduce words which made it clear that Kelly had taken the retainer under a misapprehension, so, should Begbie hear of the affair (which he never did), no harm could have resulted to my friend. Merrill, unable to secure his prey, the following day left the river and Yale knew him no more. The papers stolen from Gregory's house were never recovered. The Gregorys were at Yale when I came away early in 1860.

. . . . . .

In the month of July, 1868, I found myself walking along an up-town street in New York City. I had landed two days before from a steamer from Central America, and the rush and crush and bustle

of the metropolis of the New World confused and almost stunned me. As I strolled on I gazed like a hayseed or cheechako at the people, the noisy vehicles and the displays in the store windows. I had just made a sale of $4,000 in gold coin, for which I received the sum of $5,600 in greenbacks, gold being at a premium of 40, and I felt both rich and generous. "An easy way to make money," I exclaimed to myself. "Why, it's like a touch of Aladdin's lamp; I shall spend the $1,600 and take back the same amount with which I started out. My trip won't cost me a cent. But in a short time I found out my error. I had to pay double and treble prices for everything. For a fifty cent pair of braces I was asked two dollars, and for two suits of underwear of poor quality I paid nine dollars. Everything else was equally high, so that when, six months later, I was again in Victoria I found that not only had the $1,600 premium vanished, but a good part of the $4,000 besides.

But to return to that particular July morning in 1868. As I walked along I suddenly became conscious that my name had been called by some person behind me. I turned and there saw a lady and gentleman, dressed in the extreme of fashion, and at their side was a tall, elegant-looking young lady of about eighteen years.

"How do you do?" asked the lady.

"I'm well, thank you," I replied suspiciously, for I had heard of the confidence men and women of New York who pick up and swindle greenies by pretending to have known them in other parts.

"Do you not recognize us?" asked the gentleman.

"I certainly do not," I rejoined, still suspicious.

"Do you not remember the Gregorys at Yale?"

"Yes, indeed I do," and then a light dawned upon me. These were my old-time friends. We shook hands, but the Gregorys' grasp was anything but cordial. Their hands lay in mine like dead fish. Then the maiden came forward and bowed distantly.

"And this, I suppose, is my dear little friend, Mae Judith—little Judy," I exclaimed joyously.

"I am Miss Gregory," she said, with an emphasis on the Miss.

Yes, she was the same girl whom I often held on my knee, and for whom I had invented appalling stories of fire and shipwreck and fairies and hobgoblins in the days of old, the days of gold; grown tall and graceful, with the same lovely eyes and the fair hair turned a little darker, but still a beautiful sun-kissed blonde. How many, many times we two had ridden the cockhorse to Banbury Cross, gone fishing with Simple Simon in a bucket of water, recited "Ba-ba, Black Sheep," and pitied Mother Hubbard with an empty cupboard and her hungry dog.

"I remember you very well," she continued. "I shall never forget the nice trout you used to bring us."

"And I," said Mrs. Gregory, "always recall the pitcher of water that splashed over me when I think of you."

"Yes," I said, "those were occasions to be remembered."

I turned to Gregory. I wondered if he could recall anything more substantial that I had done for him and his. All he had to say was, "What could I get for my two lots at Yale?" Not a word of gratitude or thanks for the man who, with Frank Way, had imperilled his own safety and committed an offence under the law to prevent him falling into the hands of justice. I told them the latest news about their former neighbors and then with a sort of cold-storage air we parted forever. I was disenchanted. To be remembered only for a few trout and a broken pitcher, after the tremendous sacrifice I had made for them, was too much for my sensitive nature, and I dropped the curtain on the episode only to raise it again to-day after a lapse of thirty-six years. What Gregory's right name was, or how the man got out of the financial stress, I did not know, nor did I care to inquire. I never heard of them again, and have managed to survive the estrangement.

SWEET MARIE.

> "He was perfumed like a milliner,—
> And 'twixt his finger and his thumb held
> A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
> He gave his nose, and took 'tway again."

EARLY in 1862 the United States Government appointed Hon. Allen Francis to be its Consul at Victoria. He was the first of a long line of Consuls at this port, which began with Mr. Francis and is continued in the person of Hon. A. E. Smith, the present able and popular guardian of the interests of American citizens here. Mr. Francis was an urbane and kindly dispositioned man. His loyalty was unquestioned and, as this narrative will show, he was sufficiently skilled in the arts of diplomacy to successfully cope with the many clever minds that gathered at Victoria in that year with the avowed purpose of plotting against the government of their country and making this port the basis of operations for aiding the Southern rebels in their effort to destroy the Union. At the time of which I write a bloody war was raging between the Northern and the Southern States, and thousands of lives were daily lost in the struggle. The Northern armies had suffered many severe reverses, and

the outcome of the war, which lasted through four long, weary years, and cost five billions of dollars and two millions of lives, was extremely doubtful.

In 1862 General Grant, whose skill was destined to save his country from disruption, was unborn as a great commander, and a rebel army had invaded the Northern State of Pennsylvania, leaving a train of death, desolation and misery in its track. The period was one of great anxiety for the friends of the Abraham Lincoln Government, and as news of successive rebel victories was flashed over the wires the friends of the South resident here became noisily jubilant and the friends of the Union correspondingly depressed.

Shortly after the outbreak of the war many sympathizers with the Slave States came to reside in Victoria. Some leased residences, others took apartments at hotels, still others went into business, while a fourth class proceeded to Cariboo and engaged in gold mining and trading.

Amongst the most prominent Southerners who went to Cariboo were Jerome and Thaddeus Harper and John and Oliver Jeffries. These men drove large bands of cattle from California and Oregon into Cariboo, and as beef was sold there at $1.50 a pound they realized large fortunes in a single season. The Harpers, who were from Virginia, took up land on the Mainland and became the cattle kings of the interior. The two Jeffries, who were from the Slave State of Alabama, joined the Southern colony at Victoria, and having heaps

of money were soon the leading spirits in an enterprise which, for audacity of conception, was unsurpassed by the most daring achievements of the Southerners during the whole of that awful contest.

The Mathieson brothers, two German caterers, built a new brick hotel, naming it the St. Nicholas, on Government Street, across the road from the New England. They opened it early in the fall of 1862, and did a roaring business. I took a room on the second flat and ate my meals at the Hotel de France, owned by John Sere, now of Richmond Road, and Pierre Manciot, afterwards of Portland. Spencer's Arcade stands partly on the site of the Hotel de France, which was destroyed by fire on the 6th of November, 1868. The Jeffries engaged apartments on the upper flat of the St. Nicholas, rooms 23 and 24, and fitted them up handsomely. They entertained their Southern and Victoria friends liberally. A Mr. and Mrs. Pusey, also Southerners, had a room on the second flat just opposite mine. At Ringo's Hotel on Yates Street resided a handsome young American, claiming to be a Southerner, named Richard Lovell. He was a great favorite of the Jeffries, as, indeed, he was of everyone who came in contact with him. He dressed well and his only fault was a habit of sprinkling his handkerchiefs and garments with a powerful and pungent perfume. Now, it happens that I have a natural repugnance for perfumery, and I apprised Lovell of that fact when we had become well acquainted. He laughed and said that

it was a habit into which he had fallen and could not break off. "Besides," he added, "it keeps down the smell of tobacco after I have smoked."

"Of the two," I rejoined, "I prefer the weed. In fact, I'd prefer a whiff of sewer-gas any day to the odor of perfumery."

"Every man to his taste or smell," rejoined Dick good-naturedly, and the conversation ended. He little thought, nor did I, that his fondness for scent would prove his undoing.

The St. Nicholas Hotel has passed through many phases and hands since the Mathieson brothers failed and went away and died. It is now known as the Savoy, and in company with Mr. Stevenson, the present proprietor, I not long since ascended to the upper floor and entered rooms No. 23 and 24 for the first time in forty-one years. Except in the furnishings few changes have been made in that long interval. But ah! if those walls could speak what tales they would narrate of the scenes that have transpired within the compass of their four corners since I last sat and talked and smoked and drank toasts and sang therein!

Mr. Pusey was a slim, gray man of about fifty years. His wife was a large and forceful personage, stout and large-limbed. She had a passion for loading her pretty fingers—for she had small, lovely hands—with costly diamonds, and her earrings, if genuine stones, were worth much. Mr. Pusey's face wore a tired, shrinking look—a sort of excuse-me-for-being-alive expression; his wife, on the other

hand, was self-assertive. She was emotional and intensely Southern in her ideas, and claimed that a white man had as much right to buy and sell niggers as he had to buy and sell cattle or merchandise. I did not agree with her, but I thought it unwise to say so, therefore I simply acquiesced and let the idea that I was a Southern sympathizer take hold of the lady's mind and remain there undisturbed. So we became good friends.

The Jeffries and Puseys often gave little "evenings," to which Dick Lovell and I and many others were invited. Mrs. Pusey could sing a little, and one night she brought with her to the Jeffries' room a young lady whom she introduced as "Miss Jackson, a niece of Stonewall Jackson, the famous Southern general." Miss Jackson was about thirty years of age and rather nice looking, but she did not strike me as being at all girlish in her figure or ways. As a matter of fact, I addressed her as "Mrs." Jackson until corrected by Mrs. Pusey. Miss Jackson had a guitar and Oliver Jeffries could blow through the hole of a flute and make a loud noise, which, in his conceit, he thought was music. All the gentlemen could join in the choruses, and cigars having been passed round (the ladies said they liked the smell of tobacco), and a decanter of dark brandy and another of Hudson's Bay rum having gone the rounds "with the sun," and the ladies having had their share, the singing of patriotic songs was commenced. The notes of "Way Down South in Dixie" and "My Maryland" floated out into the night air or filled the corridors with

uncertain harmony, but the evenings were jolly and all were extremely happy.

On one occasion we became exceedingly boisterous. News had come across the Sound by boat of a great rebel victory, and the company excelled all previous efforts in singing Confederate airs, while their rebel hearts, bursting with enthusiasm, found frequent vent in loud cheering. The two rooms were crowded and the rejoicing was kept up until early morning. Lovell was especially enthusiastic. He excelled all others present in the exuberance of his language and the extravagance of his actions. The ladies—there were several present—were delighted with Dick, and when at last he staggered away for his hotel he was voted a jolly good fellow and an uncompromising rebel. When, later on, I left rooms 23 and 24 John Jeffries insisted upon accompanying me. As I unlocked my door he entered, uninvited, and, turning the key on the inside, put it in his pocket. I made a mental note that it was a rather cheeky proceeding to make a man a prisoner in his own room, but I said nothing and calmly awaited results. Jeffries examined the window; it was secure. He looked at the transom; it was closed. He tried the door; it was fast. He looked beneath the bed; no one was there. He opened the wardrobe and felt among the clothes. Then he turned sharply around and regarded me closely for a full minute. I did not enjoy the scrutiny and said so; moreover, I told him curtly that I wished to go to bed. Then he spoke:

"H.," he began, "pardon me, but I have some-

thing to say to you of vast importance. It is a close secret, and of the company present to-night known only to George Coe, book-keeper at Goldstone & Co.'s, Jerome Harper, Dick Lovell, Mrs. Pusey, Oliver and myself. We want your help and have decided to take you into the scheme. Should you decline you must take an oath never to repeat what I am about to tell you."

I told him I had a decided objection to making a promise before I knew what was required of me.

He begged hard, and I finally gave the pledge. He then said:

"We intend to fit out a privateer at Victoria to prey on American shipping. A treasure ship leaves San Francisco twice a month with from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 in gold dust for the East. With a good boat we can intercept and rob and burn two of those steamers on the lonely Mexican coast and return to Victoria with five million dollars before the Washington Government will have heard of the incident."

"But," I urged, "you'll be caught and handed over to the American authorities for piracy, and then you'll be hanged."

"Not at all. Look at the privateers *Alabama* and *Shenandoah*. They have destroyed millions of dollars' worth of American shipping and they sail in and out of French and British ports unmolested. They hold letters of marque from the Confederate Government, and England and France have recognized the Southern States as belligerents."

"But," I said, "without letters of marque you will be pirates all the same."

"Well," he replied, "I have them in my room, signed by Jeff Davis and sealed by Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State. We have officers here and a strong crew. All we want is a suitable vessel. The *Otter,* and the more ancient *Beaver,* of the Hudson's Bay Company, can be bought, but they are not suitable—too slow and frail. We have got our eyes at last on a good ship and can get her for the business. But we require outside help and we have selected you to do a certain thing for us.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"You know the Consul well. He is clever, but a man in whom he has confidence can fool him. You and he are close friends. An article will be prepared by Coe for your paper which will mislead him and put him and his detectives on the wrong scent. While they are following that scent we shall get away in our ship, and without railroads or telegraphs anywhere on the coast, and with no warship convenient to follow, we shall be back with the treasure in six weeks."

I confess that while this bold man (who believed implicitly in the justice of his cause and purpose) spoke I felt a creepy feeling come over me. I wished he had kept his secret. I had no intention of doing as he wished, but I was afraid, actually afraid, to tell him so. He looked so earnest and fiendish and I had reason to think he carried a knife and revolver ready for use, while I was unarmed.

He awaited my answer and I asked for time—a couple of days. After pressing very hard for an immediate decision, he consented to give the time, adding significantly that he thought I had better agree. He then unlocked the door, bade me good night and passed along the hall and up the stairs leading to his rooms. I watched him until he disappeared and then I became sensible of a strong odor that filled the passage.

"If I did not know that Dick Lovell has been abed for the last hour I'd be ready to swear that he's not far from this room now. Ugh! that awful smell. I'd detect it anywhere. If that man should commit a crime he could be tracked from Victoria to Halifax by his scent." Thus soliloquizing I locked my door and fell asleep.

In the morning H. M. S. *Clio,* Capt. Turnour commanding, dropped anchor in Esquimalt harbor. She had come from Honolulu. Among her midshipmen was Lord Charles Beresford, now a British admiral, and one of the bravest of the many brave sailors in our service. The *Clio* brought the information that Lord Charles, while ashore at Honolulu, had torn the American coat-of-arms from its position over the entrance to the Consulate, taken it aboard the *Clio* and hung it up in his cabin as a trophy. The published account proceeded to say that Captain Turnour, when informed of the outrage, manned a launch and conducted the young midshipman to the Consulate, where, after offering an humble apology to the Consul and the United

States Government, Lord Charles ascended a ladder and restored the emblem to its former position. The action of Captain Turnour was everywhere commended by right-thinking people, and Lord Charles, considerably crestfallen and very penitent, was not long in disgrace. While the ship remained on this station he made many warm friends, and was really a fine young fellow, but as full of fun and practical jokes as all Beresfords are historically reputed to be.

The news of the insult to the United States Government at Honolulu gave the greatest satisfaction to the secessionist colony at Victoria, and some graceless rebels went at night to the Consulate, then on Wharf Street, and painted a "plug" hat on the head and a pipe in the mouth of the eagle that forms the central figure of the American arms. A liberal reward was offered, but the perpetrators were never discovered. The following day two English bootblacks, who kept a little shop where the Senate saloon is now, were paid $10 to allow a small Confederate flag to be raised over their establishment. The Unionists were indignant and appealed to the police, who, of course, could do nothing. They therefore proceeded in a body to tear down the offensive emblem, but twenty or thirty determined-looking men formed a solid phalanx in front of the shop and the flag waved till noon, when it was voluntarily lowered. Mrs. Pusey was on springs during all this excitement. Her husband, who had not the least control over her, was always referred

to contemptuously as "Mrs. Pusey's husband." She actually proposed that a public reception be tendered Lord Charles for his act in removing the arms, and went so far as to order printed some cards of invitation. She was finally persuaded out of the notion by John Jeffries, who recognized the absurdity and unwisdom of the proposition.

While these things were happening the time when I must decide to accept or reject Jeffries' proposition was drawing near. I was extremely nervous. I blamed myself for having had anything to do in a social way with a body of men and women with whose principles and ideas I had no sympathy; and I saw that my duplicity in making them think that I approved of their cause, merely for the sake of having "a good time," was about to bring upon me a righteous punishment. Happen what might, I was determined not to deceive the Consul. He was a warm personal friend, and I was always a welcome visitor at his home. He had trusted me and told me some things in confidence which I could not reveal. Jeffries had done the same, and altogether I was in a pretty fix. Finally, I hit upon a plan which I hoped would bring me out of my difficulty.

I decided to keep away from the conspirators, to tell no one of the proposition, and return no answer to Jeffries if I could help it. I left the St. Nicholas and engaged a room at the Hotel de France.

About two hours after the time set for my answer had expired I was walking along Government street,

near the corner of Broughton, when Oliver Jeffries tapped me on the shoulder and said:

"John is awaiting your answer."

"Tell him I've no answer to give him," I replied.

"You promised."

"Yes, but I've changed my mind. I'll have nothing to do with the plot; but I won't betray him."

Oliver regarded me with a ferocious glare and then turned and walked abruptly away. Towards evening George Coe entered my office and handed me a note. It was a challenge to fight John Jeffries. He proposed that we should go to San Juan Island, then in joint occupation of the American and British Governments, both maintaining a small garrison there, and engage in a duel. I must have turned as pale as death, but I managed to say that I would consult a friend, and the gentleman went away. It took me fully half an hour to pull myself together, and then I walked over to the Hotel de France, not that I had any appetite, but I wanted time to think the matter over. I took a seat at one of the tables and buried my face in my hands, cursing myself for all sorts of a fool for having got into such a mess.

As I sat there a cheery voice exclaimed: "Halloa, H., what's the matter with you? Are you ill?"

I looked up and saw standing at the table Augustine Hibbard, a native of Montreal, but who had become an American citizen, with whom I was on

most intimate terms and whose company I much enjoyed.

He sat down and I told him that I had been challenged to fight a duel by an American rebel. Now Hibbard, who was a strong friend of the Union, was as brave as a lion, and seemed to enjoy my confusion.

"Accept the challenge and I'll be your second," he cried.

"Hibbard," I pleaded. "I just can't fight. I've turned over a new leaf. I intend to lead another and better life. To tell you the truth, last night I proposed to one of the sweetest, dearest and loveliest of her sex and was accepted. It is too bad, just when I have the sum of human happiness within my grasp to have to drop all and fight a duel about nothing! No, I won't meet him. She would never speak to me again, even if I should escape with my life, which isn't likely."

"By heavens," cried Hibbard, "you shall either fight or I'll fight for you. I'll go and see these men —wait here till I return," and he started for the St. Nicholas on a half run.

He was back in half an hour and reported that he had seen both Jeffries and Coe and told them I was eager for the fray; that I was a dead shot with a revolver and had chosen that weapon; that I had fought and winged my man in Texas (a place I was never in).

"Hibbard," I groaned, "you know all this is untrue."

"My dear lad," he cut in, "I am a second. A second is a diplomat. A diplomat is an official liar. Ergo, I am an unofficial liar."

I smiled at his syllogism and he rattled on, saying that if he hadn't scared my opponents he had at least made them believe that I was a most dangerous ruffian who was thirsting for Jeffries' blood. "I've set them thinking," he added. As we conversed, Mr. and Mrs. Pusey entered the hotel, having seen us seated there. They were much excited. Mrs. Pusey was hysterical, speaking loudly, laughing and crying alternately. I forgot to say that I was afterwards told that Mrs. Pusey had sided with me in my quarrel with Jeffries, declaring that she believed me right, before she knew anything about the affair.

"What do you think?" she began, "I have just ascertained that my room has been entered, my drawers searched and valuable papers stolen. There was money there, but the thieves did not touch it, and, strange to say, there was the strongest odor of perfume in the room when I first entered. I cannot account for it, for I never use perfumery. The room smelt just like Lovell, who has never been in the room, to my knowledge."

After expressing my regret I left the Puseys and Hibbard and walked down to the Consulate to consult with Mr. Francis. He retired with me into a little den back of the main office. As he closed the door I detected a strong smell of Lovell's peculiar perfume. I sniffed and said: "That smells like Dick Lovell."

"Lovell? Lovell?" asked the old gentleman. "Who is he?"

"Oh!" I replied, "he is a rebel friend of mine."

I then told him that I had been challenged because I had expressed hostility to the Confederacy. I uttered not a word as to the true reason. He expressed sympathy, promised secrecy, and I went away. The reader may be sure that I passed several anxious hours thinking over the affair in which I was to engage as a principal. Four years before I had seen the body of Sloane, an unfortunate youth who was shot on Church Hill in a duel, and a vision of that dreadful scene haunted me as I walked on. What if I should share the same fate? What if I should escape with my life, but lose my right hand, as my friend Racey Biven did, in a duel with Jim Dorsey at Oakland, California, in 1855? How could I earn my bread with only the left hand? Suppose I lost a leg? or my lungs were perforated and I lived on for years a public burthen? Better be dead than a cripple or a hopeless invalid. As I strolled on I imagined the sun never seemed so bright and the sky so blue as they appeared just when I believed death, in a hideous form, was imminent. A canary, singing in a cage, poured forth melodious notes. "Surely," I said, "that bird never sang so sweetly before." A little white dog bounded and leaped on the sidewalk and barked a joyous welcome as I entered his master's shop. I imagined that the people I met on the street regarded me with deep interest, as though they

knew all about it and were looking at a man who was either going to commit a murder or had received a death sentence. When I got inside the shop a lady at the counter seemed to stare at me with an expression of keen interest on her face, and a little girl (now a grandmother), put her hand in mine and said: "You look 'ick." I bought some trifling articles, and as I hurried from the shop I ran against Willis Bond, who had once been a slave, and now was a house-mover, an orator and a politician. He was one of the cleverest men, white or black, that I have ever met.

"Say, boss," said Bond, "Youse looks pale. Is you sick?"

"No," I replied, "I am quite well."

"Well," persisted Bond, after a long stare, "I'd like to be white, but I don't want to look so much like Mr. Hamblet's father's ghost as you does."

I went to my office and tried to write, but no use; I could not form a sentence. I went outside again and met Dick Lovell—the man was as debonaire as ever and bitter in his denunciation of the United States Government. Evidently he had not heard of my quarrel with Jeffries, or if he had he chose to ignore it. I was in no mood for talking. I met Hibbard by appointment at the Hotel de France. He informed me, much to my disappointment and disgust, that the duel would come off on San Juan Island near his limekiln, and that he had suggested a glade close to his house for the contest. Boats would be ready the next morning to take us across.

I suppose there was never a more miserable man in the world than I was at that moment. I was utterly prostrated, not so much from a feeling of fear (although I was really scared), as from a knowledge that I was about to die a thoroughly innocent man. I had not even told the dearest friend I ever had on earth—indeed, I had not seen her since the quarrel with Jeffries, nor did I intend to until the meeting was over; and if I fell—well, that would end all.

As we conversed Oliver Jeffries entered the hotel bar and, walking rapidly towards me, reached out his hand. I think I grasped it convulsively, for I had a feeling that there was to be a reconciliation. I know that I felt a great lump rise in my throat.

"H.," he exclaimed, and his eyes shone with a kindly light, "we've done you a great wrong. We've caught the traitor, and you're absolved."

"What do you mean?" I asked, eagerly.

"An hour ago, while John and I were breakfasting, our room was entered and a tin box stolen. It contained papers of great value. As in the Puseys' case, no money was taken, but the room smelt just like Lovell. So we went at once to Ringo's and bounded up the stairs. The door was locked. John kicked it in and there stood Lovell with our box in his hand, open, and the papers scattered on the bed. I seized the papers and John knocked the sweet-scented —— —— —— down and nearly kicked the life out of him. We left him lying on the floor and John sent me here to apologize for his mean opinion of you."

I was nearly beside myself with joy, and the flowing bowl was filled and emptied and refilled and emptied again before the young rebel was allowed to depart with a blessing and a kind message for his brother. Hibbard was greatly disappointed; he said he would have enjoyed seeing a rebel shot or shooting one himself.

I reminded him of the letter a British officer wrote home from India, in which he said it is "rare fun when you hunt a tiger, but when a tiger hunts you—"

Dear old Hibbard! The grass in the Quadra Street Cemetery has sprung up and withered and grown again these many years upon your gory grave since you were laid away to rest near the pioneer friends who had gone before you to that "bourne whence no traveller returns." "Green grow the turf above you, friend of my better days!"

The evening of the day on which the duel had been declared off and Lovell exposed as a spy, the United States steamer *Shubrick,* a well-armed and manned vessel, carrying four guns, and at the time doing customs as well as guard duty on Puget Sound, arrived from across the Sound and was brought alongside the Hudson's Bay Company's wharf. On board was Mr. Victor Smith, collector of customs for Puget Sound District. Mr. Smith was a man of large information and of great courage and ability. He was a personal friend of Abraham Lincoln, and was an unswerving loyalist. Immediately after tying the *Shubrick* to the wharf Mr. Smith proceeded to discharge all the officers,

save Captain Selden, the commander, and Mr. Winship, the chief engineer, and all the crew. All except these two officers were more than suspected of disloyalty and of an intention to seize the ship, convert her into a privateer, and capture the San Francisco steamers referred to by Jeffries in his conversation with me. Lovell, who was in the secret, had kept Mr. Francis and Smith informed of the plot. "Miss Jackson" was also a spy in the pay of the Consul. In a day or two a fresh crew joined the *Shubrick,* and the conspirators went out of business.

A few days later I called on Consul Francis and proceeded to tell my story. The kind old gentleman laid his hand on my shoulder and said: "I know all that you are about to say. I knew what was going on all the time. My detectives kept me well informed. I knew how sorely you were tempted to do me an injury, and how you refused, and I was determined that not a hair of your head should be hurt. Had the party reached San Juan Island your antagonist and his friends would have been taken to the guardhouse by our soldiers there. Lovell is a grand detective. He overheard Jeffries tempting you in your room that night, and did all his work well."

"But," I said, "the windows and transom were tightly closed by Jeffries."

"Yes," interposed the Consul, "but he forgot the keyhole. Lovell has phenomenal hearing and can see in the dark!"

"Ah!" I said, "I scented him when I went into the hall."

"Hibbard also told me about the duel, and his part in the plot was to induce the gang to go to San Juan Island and so get them into the hands of the American garrison," said the Consul.

Mr. Francis was a man with a soul and a heart, and as he spoke his voice quivered with emotion, and something like a tear glistened in his eye. "Thank God," he concluded, "the long strain is over. The rebel camp at Victoria is broken up and dispersed at last. Victor Smith and I can now take a much-needed rest."

Nearly all the chief actors in the stirring scenes I have narrated above are dead, and strange to relate, with one or two exceptions, all died from violence. Victor Smith perished in the wreck of the steamship *Brother Jonathan*, in 1865, while on his way to the Sound after having attended the obsequies of Abraham Lincoln. Consul Francis was killed by a fire engine at St. Thomas, Ont., and in pursuance of his dying request his body was brought to Victoria and interred at Ross Bay. Augustine Hibbard was shot by his partner, a man named Watt, at the San Juan Island lime kiln in 1869, and his body was laid away in the Quadra Street Cemetery. Oliver Jeffries dropped dead at Portland, Oregon. George Coe died of consumption in Idaho. John Jeffries was killed in a runaway accident at Walla Walla. Jerome Harper went mad and drowned himself in a bath tub at San

Jose, California, and Thaddeus Harper, after suffering for several years from the effects of a kick by a horse on the head, died at the Jubilee Hospital here three years ago. Dick Lovell went back East and accompanied the Union Army to the battlefield of Gettysburg, and was killed there. What became of the rest of the conspirators I never learned, but so far as I know I am the only one left of the merry party that forty-two years ago used to assemble at 23 and 24 St. Nicholas Hotel, to celebrate Confederate victories.

But, the reader will say, you headed the story "Sweet Marie." Who and what was she? You have not mentioned her once in the whole reminiscence. To which I reply that she trickles like a fragrant essence through the whole story. "Sweet Marie" was the brand of powerful perfume that Dick Lovell used on his handkerchiefs and clothing.

MY FIRST CHRISTMAS DINNER IN VICTORIA.

"Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock and it shall be opened unto you. For every one that asketh receiveth ; and he that seeketh findeth ; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."—*Matthew vii. 7, 8.*

On the 22nd day of December, 1860, nearly forty-four years ago, I sat in the editorial room of the *Colonist* office on Wharf Street preparing a leading article. Mr. DeCosmos, the editor and owner, had contracted a severe cold and was confined to his room at Wilcox's Royal Hotel, so the entire work of writing up the paper for that issue devolved upon me. The office was a rude one-story affair of wood. It had been erected for a merchant early in 1858, and when he failed or went away the building fell into Mr. DeCosmos's hands. On the 11th of December, 1858, Mr. DeCosmos established the *Colonist,* which has ever since filled a prominent and honorable position in colonial journalism. Our office, as I have remarked, was a rude affair. The editorial room was a small space partitioned off from the composing-room, which contained also the little hand-press on which the paper was printed. A person who might wish to see the editor was

forced to pick his way through a line of stands and cases, at which stood the coatless printers who set the type and prepared the forms for the press.

The day was chill and raw. A heavy wind from the southwest stirred the waters of the harbor and hurling itself with fury against the front of the building made the timbers crack and groan as if in paroxysms of pain. A driving rain fell in sheets on the roof, and drops of water which leaked through the shingles fell on the editorial table, swelled into little rivulets, and leaping to the floor chased each other across the room, making existence therein uncomfortably damp. As I wrote away in spite of these obstacles I was made aware by a shadow that fell across my table of the presence of someone in the doorway. I raised my eyes and there stood a female—a rare object in those days, when women and children were as scarce as hen's teeth and were hardly ever met upon the streets, much less in an editorial sanctum. I rose to my feet at once and removing my hat awaited events. In the brief space of time that elapsed before the lady spoke I took her all in. She was a woman of scarcely forty, I thought; of medium height, a brunette, with large coal-black eyes, a pretty mouth—a perfect Cupid's bow—and olive-hued cheeks. She was richly dressed in bright colors, with heavy broad stripes and space-encircling hoops after the fashion of the day. When she spoke it was in a rich, well-rounded tone. Taken all in all, I sized the lady up as a very presentable person. When I explained to her in

response to an enquiry that the editor was ill, she said that she would call again, and went away after leaving her card. Two days later, on the 4th of December, the lady came again.

"Is the editor still ill?" she asked.

"Yes; but he will be here in the course of a day or two."

"Ah! well, that is too bad," she said. "My business is of importance and cannot bear delay. But I am told that you will do as well."

I assured the lady that I should be glad to assist her in any way. Thanking me, she began:

"My name is Madame Fabre. My husband, who was French, is dead—died in California. I am a Russian. In Russia I am a princess." (She paused as if to watch the impression her announcement had made.) "Here I am a mere nobobdy—only Madame Fabre. I married my husband in France. We came to California. We had much money and my husband went into quartz mining at Grass Valley. He did not understand the business at all. We lost everything. Then he died" (and she drew a lace handkerchief from her reticule and pressing it to her eyes sighed deeply.) "Alas! yes, Emil passed from me and is now, I trust, in heaven. He left me a mountain of debts and one son, Bertrand, a good child, as good as gold, very thoughtful and obedient. May I call him in? He awaits your permission without."

I replied, "Certainly," and stepping to the door she called, "Bertrand! Bertrand! my child, come here, and speak to the gentleman."

I expected to see a curly haired boy of five or six years, in short trausers, a beaded jacket and fancy cap, whom I would take on my knee, toy with his curls, ask his name and age and give him a "bit" with which to stuff his youthful stomach with indigestible sweetmeats. Judge of my surprise when, preceded by the noise of a heavy tread, a huge youth of about seventeen, bigger and taller than myself, and smoking a cigar, appeared at the opening and in a deep, gruff voice that a sea captain or a militia commander would have envied, asked—

"Did you call, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear child," she sweetly responded, "I wish to introduce you to this gentleman."

The "child" removed his hat, and I noticed that his hair was cut close to the scalp. Having been duly introduced, at my request he sat down in my chair, while I took a seat on the edge of the editorial table, which was very rickety, and would scarcely bear my weight at the present day.

The mother gazed at her son fondly for a moment and then proceeded:

"Bertrand's fortune was swallowed up in the quartz wreck, but he is very sweet and very patient, and never complains. Poor lad, it was hard upon him, but he forgives all—do you not, dear?"

stomach; but the expression that flitted across his

"Yes," rumbled the "child" from the pit of his visage made me think that he would rather have said "No" had he dared.

"That being the case I will now explain the

object of my visit. As I have said, we have lost everything—that is to say, our income is so greatly reduced that it is now a matter of not more than $1,000 a month. Upon that meagre sum my dear boy and I contrive to get along by practising the strictest economy consistent with our position in life. Naturally we wish to do better and then go back to Russia and live with the nobility. Do we not, Bertrand?"

"Yes," rumbled the "child" from his stomach again, as he lighted a fresh cigar.

"Well, now, Mr. H.," the lady went on, "I want an adviser. I ask Pierre Manciot at the French Hotel and he tells me to see his partner, John Sere; and Mr. Sere tells me to go to the editor of the *Colonist*. I come here. The editor is ill. I go back to Mr. Sere and he says, 'See D. W. H.; he will set you all right.' So I come to you to tell you what I want."

She paused for a moment to take a newspaper from her reticule and then continued:

"After my husband died and left the debts and this precious child" (the "child" gazed abstractedly at the ceiling while he blew rings of smoke from his mouth) "we make a grand discovery. Our foreman, working in the mine, strikes rich quartz, covers it up again, and tells no one but me. All the shareholders have gone—what you called 'busted,' I believe? We get hold of many shares cheap, and now I come here to get the rest. An Englishman owns enough shares to give him control—I mean

that out of 200,000 shares I have got 95,000 and the rest this Englishman holds. We have traced him through Oregon to this place, and we lose all sign of him here." (Up to this moment I had not been particularly interested in the narration.) She paused, and laying a neatly-gloved hand on my arm proceeded:

"You are a man of affairs."

I modestly intimated that I was nothing of the kind, only a reporter.

"Ah! yes. You cannot deceive me. I see it in your eye, your face, your movements. You are a man of large experience and keen judgment. Your conversation is charming."

As she had spoken for ten minutes without giving me an opportunity to say a word, I could not quite understand how she arrived at an estimate of my conversational powers. However, I felt flattered, but said nothing.

Pressing my arm with her hand, she went on:

"I come to you as a man of the world. (I made a gesture of dissent, but it was very feeble, for I was already caught in the web.) "I rely upon you. I ask you to help me. Bertrand—poor, dear Bertie—has no head for business. He is too young, too confiding, too—too—what you English people call simple—no, too good—too noble—he takes after my family—to know anything about such affairs, so I come to you."

Was it possible that because I was considered unredeemably bad I was selected for this woman's

purpose? As I mused, half disposed to get angry, I raised my head and my eyes encountered the burning orbs of Madame, gazing full into mine. They seemed to bore like gimlets into my very soul. A thrill ran through me like the shock from an electric battery, and in an instant I seemed bound hand and foot to the fortunes of this strange woman. I felt myself being dragged along as the Roman Emperors were wont to draw their captives through the streets of their capital. I have only a hazy recollection of what passed between us after that, but I call to mind that she asked me to insert as an advertisement a paragraph from a Grass Valley newspaper to the effect that the mine (the name of which I forget) was a failure and that shares could be bought for two cents. When she took her leave I promised to call upon her at the hotel. When the "child" extended a cold, clammy hand in farewell I felt like giving him a kick—he looked so grim and ugly and patronizing. I gazed into his eyes sternly and read there deceit, hypocrisy and moral degeneration. How I hated him!

The pair had been gone several minutes before I recovered my mental balance and awoke to a realization of the fact that I was a young fool who had sold himself (perhaps to the devil) for a few empty compliments and a peep into the deep well of an artful woman's blazing eyes. I was inwardly cursing my stupidity while pacing up and down the floor of the "den" when I heard a timid knock at the door. In response to my invitation to "come in"

a young lady entered. She was pretty and about twenty years of age, fair, with dark blue eyes and light brown hair. A blush suffused her face as she asked for the editor. I returned the usual answer.

"Perhaps you will do for my purpose," she said, timidly. "I have here a piece of poetry."

I gasped as I thought, "It's an ode on winter. Oh, Cæsar!"

"A piece of poetry," she continued, "on 'Britain's Queen.' If you will read it and find it worthy a place in your paper I shall be glad to write more. If it is worth paying for I shall be glad to get anything."

Her hand trembled as she produced the paper.

I thank her, telling her that I would look it over and she withdrew. I could not help contrasting the first with the last visitor. The one had attracted me by her artful and flattering tongue, the skillful use of her beautiful eyes and the pressure of her hand on my coat sleeve; the other by the modesty of her demeanor. The timid shyness with which she presented her poem had caught my fancy. I looked at the piece. It was poor; not but what the sentiment was there—the ideas were good, but they were not well put. As prose it would have been acceptable, but as verse it was impossible and not worth anything.

The next was Christmas Day. It was my first Christmas in Victoria. Business was suspended. All the stores were closed. At that time in front of every business house there was a wooden verandah

or shed that extended from the front of the building to the outer edge of the sidewalk. One might walk along any of the down-town streets and be under cover all the way. They were ugly, unsightly constructions, and I waged constant warfare against them until I joined the aldermanic board and secured the passage of an ordinance that compelled their removal. Along these verandahs on this particular Christmas morning evergreen boughs were placed, and the little town really presented a very pretty and sylvan appearance. After church I went to the office and from the office to the Hotel de France for luncheon. The only other guest in the room was a tall, florid-faced young man somewhat older than myself. He occupied a table on the opposite side of the room. When I gave my order M. Sere remarked, "All the regular boarders but you have gone to luncheon and dinner with their friends. Why not you?"

"Why," I replied, with a quaver in my voice, "the only families that I know are dining with friends of their own whom I do not know. I feel more homesick to-day than ever before in my life and the idea of eating my Christmas dinner alone fills me with melancholy thoughts."

The man on the other side of the room must have overheard what I said, for he ejaculated:

"There's two of a kind. I'm in a similar fix. I have no friends here—at least none with whom I can dine. Suppose we double up?"

"What's that?" I asked.

"Why, let us eat our Christmas dinner together and have a good time. Here's my card and here's a letter of credit on Mr. Pendergast—Wells, Fargo's agent—to show that I am not without visible means of support."

The card read, "Mr. George Barclay, Grass Valley."

"Why," I said, "you are from Grass Valley. How strange! I saw two people yesterday—a lady and her 'child'—who claimed to have come from Grass Valley."

"Indeed," he asked, "what are they like?"

"The mother says she is a Russian princess. She calls herself Mme. Fabre and says she is a widow. She is very handsome and intelligent, and," I added with a shudder, "has the loveliest eyes—they bored me through and through."

My new-found friend faintly smiled and said, "I know them. By-and-bye, when we get better acquainted, I shall tell you all about them. Meantime, be on your guard."

After luncheon we walked along Government to Yates Street and then to the *Colonist* shack. As I placed the key in the lock I saw the young lady who had submitted the poetry walking rapidly towards us. My companion flushed slightly and ing his hat extended his hand, which the lady accepted with hesitation. They exchanged some words and then the lady, addressing me, asked, "Was my poem acceptable?"

"To tell you the truth, Miss—Miss—"

"Forbes," she interjected.

"I have not had time to read it carefully." (As a matter of fact I had not bestowed a second thought upon the poem, but was ashamed to acknowledge it.)

"When—oh! when can you decide?" she asked with much earnestness.

"To-morrow, I think"—for I fully intended to decline it.

She seemed deeply disappointed. Her lip quivered as she held down her head, and her form trembled with agitation. I could not understand her emotion, but, of course, said nothing to show that I observed it.

"Could you not give me an answer to-day—this afternoon," the girl eagerly urged.

"Yes," I said, "as you seem so very anxious, if you will give me your address I shall take or send an answer before four o'clock. Where do you reside?"

"Do you know Forshay's cottages? They are a long way up Yates Street. We occupy No. 4."

Forshay's cottages were a collection of little cabins that had been erected on a lot at the corner of Cook and Yates Streets. They have long since disappeared. They were of one story, and each cottage contained three rooms—a kitchen and two other rooms. I could scarcely imagine a refined person such as the lady before me occupying those miserable quarters; but then, you know, necessity knows no law.

The girl thanked me, and Barclay accompanied her to the corner of Yates Street. He seemed to be trying to induce her to do something she did not approve of, for she shook her head with an air of determination and resolve and hurried away.

Barclay came back to the office and said: "I am English myself, but the silliest creature in the world is an Englishman who, having once been well off, finds himself stranded. His pride will not allow him to accept favors. I knew that girl's father and mother in Grass Valley. The old gentleman lost a fortune at quartz mining. His partner, a Mr. Maloney, a Dublin man and graduate of Trinity College, having sunk his own and his wife's money in the mine, poisoned his wife, three children and himself with strychnine three years ago. By the way, I met a Grass Valley man this morning. His name is Robert Homfray, a civil engineer. He tells me he is located here permanently. He and his brother lost a great deal of money in the Grass Valley mines, and we talked over the Maloney tragedy, with the circumstances of which he was familiar; but the strangest part of the story is that three months ago the property was reopened and the very first shot that was fired in the tunnel laid bare a rich vein. Had Maloney fired one more charge he would have been rich. As it was he died a murderer and a suicide. Poor fellow! In a day or two I will tell you more. But let us return to the poetry. What will you do with it?"

"I fear I shall have to reject it."

"No! no!" he cried. "Accept it! This morning I went to the home of the family, which consists of Mr. Forbes, who is crippled with rheumatism, his excellent wife, the young lady from whom we have just parted, and a little boy of seven. They are in actual want. I offered to lend them money to buy common necessaries, and Forbes rejected the offer in language that was insulting. Go immediately to the cottage. Tell the girl that you have accepted the poem and give her this" (handing me a $20 gold piece) "as the appraised value of her production. Then return to the Hotel de France and await developments."

I repaired to the cottages. The road was long and muddy. There were neither sidewalks nor streets, and it was a difficult matter to navigate the sea of mud that lay between Wharf and Cook Streets. The young lady answered my knock. She almost fainted when I told her the poem had been accepted and that the fee was $20. I placed the coin in her hand.

"Mamma! Papa!" she cried, and running inside the house I heard her say, "My poem has been accepted, and the gentleman from the *Colonist* office has brought me $20."

"Thank God!" I heard a woman's voice exclaim. "I never lost faith, for what does Christ say, Ellen, 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened.' On this holy day—our Saviour's birthday—we have sought and we have found."

This was followed by a sound as of some one crying, and then the girl flew back to the door.

"Oh, sir," she said, "I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your goodness."

"Not at all," I said. "You have earned it, and you owe me no thanks. I shall be glad to receive and pay for any other contributions you may send." I did not add, though, that they would not be published, although they would be paid for.

A little boy with a troubled face and a pinched look now approached the front door. He was neatly but poorly dressed.

"Oh! Nellie, what is the matter?" he asked, anxiously.

"Johnnie," answered Nellie, "I have earned $20, and we shall have a Christmas dinner, and you shall have a drum, too." As she said this she caught the little fellow in her arms and kissed him, and pressed his wan cheek against her own.

"Shall we have a turkey, Nellie?" he asked.

"Yes, dear," she said.

"And a plum-pudding, too, with nice sauce that burns when you put a match to it, and shall I have two helpings?" he asked.

"Yes, and you shall set fire to the sauce, and have two helpings, Johnnie."

"Won't that be nice," he exclaimed, gleefully. "But, Nellie, will papa get medicine to make him well again?"

"Yes, Johnnie."

"And mamma—will she get back all the pretty things she sent away to pay the rent with?"

"Hush, Johnnie," said the girl, with an apologetic look at me.

"And you, Nellie, will you get back your warm cloak that the man with the long nose took away?"

"Hush, dear," she said. "Go inside now; I wish to speak to this gentleman." She closed the front door and asked me, all the stores being closed, how she would be able to get the materials for the dinner and to redeem her promise to Johnnie.

"Easily enough," said I. "Order it at the Hotel de France. Shall I take down the order?"

"If you will be so kind," she said. "Please order what you think is necessary."

"And I—I have a favor to ask of you."

"What is it?" she eagerly inquired.

"That you will permit me to eat my Christmas dinner with you and the family. I am a waif and stray, alone in the world. I am almost a stranger here. The few acquaintances I have made are dining out, and I am at the hotel with Mr. Barclay, whom you know, and I hope, esteem."

"Well," she said, "come, by all means."

"And may I bring Mr. Barclay with me? He is very lonely and very miserable. Just think that on a day like this he has nowhere to go but to an hotel."

She considered a moment before replying; then she said, "No, do not bring him—let him come in while we are at dinner, as if by accident."

I hastened to the Hotel de France, and Sere and Manciot soon had a big hamper packed with an

abundance of Christmas cheer and on its way upon the back of an Indian to the Forbes house.

I followed and received a warm welcome from the father and mother, who were superior people and gave every evidence of having seen better days. The interior was scrupulously clean, but there was only one chair. A small kitchen stove, at which the sick man sat, was the only means of warmth. There were no carpets, and, if I was not mistaken, the bed coverings were scant. The evidence of extreme poverty was everywhere manifest. I never felt meaner in my life than as I accepted the blessings that belonged to the other man. Mr. Forbes, who was too ill to sit at the table, reclined on a rude lounge near the kitchen stove. Just as dinner was being served there came a knock at the door. It was opened and there stood Barclay.

"I have come," he said, "to ask you to take me in. I cannot eat my dinner alone at the hotel. You have taken my only acquaintance" (pointing to me) "from me, and if Mr. Forbes will forgive my indiscretion of this morning I shall be thankful."

"That I will," cried the old gentleman, from the kitchen. "Come in and let us shake hands and forget our differences."

So Barclay entered, and we ate our Christmas dinner in one of the bedrooms. It was laid on the kitchen table, upon which a table cloth, sent by the thoughtful hosts at the hotel, was spread. There were napkins, a big turkey, and claret and champagne, and a real, live, polite little Frenchman to

carve and wait. Barclay and I sat on the bed. Mrs. Forbes had the only chair. Johnnie and his sister occupied the hamper. Before eating Mrs. Forbes said grace, in which she again quoted the passage from Scripture with which I began this narration. For a catch-up meal it was the jolliest I ever sat down to, and I enjoyed it, as did all the rest. Little Johnnie got two helpings of turkey and two helpings of pudding, and then he was allowed to sip a little champagne when the toasts to the Queen and the father and mother and the young and rising hostess of the family were offered. Then Johnnie was toasted, and put to bed in Nellie's room. Next it came my turn to say a few words in response to a sentiment which the old gentleman spoke through the open door from his position in the kitchen, and my response abounded in prevarications about the budding genius of the daughter of the household. Then I called Barclay to his feet, and he praised me until I felt like getting up and relieving my soul of its weight of guilt, but I didn't, for had I done so the whole affair would have been spoiled.

Barclay and I reached our quarters at the Hotel de France about midnight. We were a pair of thoroughly happy mortals, for had we not, after all, "dined out," and had we not had a royal good time on Christmas Day, 1860?

The morrow was Boxing Day, and none of the offices were opened. I saw nothing of the Princess; but I observed Bertie, the sweet "child," as

he paid frequent visits to the bar and filled himself to the throttle with brandy and water and rum and gin, and bought and paid for and smoked the best cigars at two bits each. As I gazed upon him the desire to give him a kicking grew stronger.

By appointment Barclay and I met in a private room at the hotel, where he unfolded his plans.

"You must have seen," he began, "that Miss Forbes and I are warm friends. Our friendship began six months ago. I proposed to her, and was accepted, subject to the approval of the father. He refused to give his consent because, having lost his money, he could not give his daughter a dowry. It was in vain I urged that I had sufficient for both. He would listen to nothing that involved an acceptance of assistance from me, and he left for Vancouver Island to try his fortunes here. He fell ill, and they have sold or pawned everything of value. The girl was not permitted to bid me good-bye when they left Grass Valley. After their departure the discovery of which I have informed you was made in the Maloney tunnel, and as Mr. Forbes has held on to a control of the stock in spite of his adversities, he is now a rich man. I want to marry the girl. As I told you, I proposed when I believed them to be ruined. It is now my duty to aquaint the family with their good-fortune, and renew my suit. I think I ought to do it to-day. Surely he will not repel me now when I take that news to him as he did on Christmas morning when I tendered him a loan."

I told him I thought he should impart the good

news at once and stand the consequences. He left me for that purpose. As I walked into the dining-room, I saw the dear "child" Bertrand leaning over the bar quaffing a glass of absinthe. When he saw me he gulped down the drink and said:

"Mamma would like to speak to you—she thought you would have called."

I recalled the adventure with the eyes and hesitated. Then I decided to go to Room 12 on the second flat and see the thing out. A knock on the door was responded to by a sweet "Come in." Mme. Fabre was seated in an easy chair before a cheerful coal fire.

She rose at once and extended a plump and white hand. As we seated ourselves she flashed her burning eyes upon me and said:

"I am so glad you have come. I do want your advice about my mining venture. In the first place I may tell you that I have found the man who owns the shares. He is here in Victoria with his family. He is desperately poor. A hundred dollars if offered would be a great temptation. I would give more—five hundred if necessary."

"The property you told me of the other day is valuable, is it not?" I asked.

"Yes—that is to say, we think it is. You know that mining is the most uncertain of all ventures. You may imagine you are rich one day and the next you find yourself broke. It was so with my husband. He came home one day and said, 'We are rich'; and the next he said, 'We are poor.' This

Maloney mine looks well, but who can be sure? When I came here I thought that if I found the man with the shares I could get them for a song. I may yet, but my dear child tells me that he has seen here a man from Grass Valley named Barclay, who is a friend of that shareholder, and," she added, bitterly, "perhaps he has got ahead of me. I must see the man at once and make him an offer. What do you think?"

"I think that you might as well save yourself further trouble. By this time the shareholder has been apprised of his good fortune."

"What!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet and transfixing me with her eyes. "Am I, then, too late?"

"Yes," I said, "you are too late. Forbes—that is the man's name—knows of his good fortune, and I do not think he would sell now at any price."

The woman glared at me with the concentrated hate of a thousand furies. Her great eyes no longer bore an expression of pleading tenderness—they seemed to glint and expand and to shoot fierce flames from their depths. They no longer charmed, they terrified me. How I wished I had left the door open.

"Ah!" she screamed. "I see it all. I have been betrayed—sold out. You have broken my confidence."

"I have done nothing of the kind. I have never repeated to a soul what you told me."

"Then who could have done it?" she exclaimed,

bursting into a fit of hysterical tears. "I have come all this way to secure the property and now find that I am too late. Shame! shame!"

"I will tell you. Barclay is really here. He knew of the strike as soon as you did. He is in love with Miss Forbes and followed the family here to tell them the good news. He is with the man at this moment."

"Curse him!" she cried through her set teeth.

I left the woman plunged in a state of deep despair. I told her son that he should go upstairs and attend to his mother, and proceeded to the Forbes cottage. There I found the family in a state of great excitement, for Barclay had told them all, and already they were arranging plans for returning to California and taking steps to reopen the property.

Miss Forbes received me with great cordiality, and the mother announced that the girl and Barclay were engaged to be married, the father having given his consent at once. The fond mother added that she regretted very much that her daughter would have to abandon her literary career, which had begun so auspiciously through my discovery of her latent talent.

I looked at Barclay before I replied. His face was as blank as a piece of white paper. His eyes, however, danced in his head as if he enjoyed my predicament.

"Yes," I finally said, "Mr. Barclay has much to be answerable for. I shall lose a valued contributor.

Perhaps," I ventured, "she will still continue to write from California, for she possesses poetical talent of a high order."

"I shall gladly do so," cried the young lady, "and without pay, too. I shall never forget your goodness."

I heard a low chuckling sound behind me. It was Barclay swallowing a laugh.

They went away in the course of a few days, and we corresponded for a long time; but Mrs. Barclay never fulfilled her promise to cultivate the muse, nor in her several letters did she refer to her poetical gift. Perhaps her husband told her of the pious fraud we practised upon her on Christmas Day, 1860. But whether he did or not, I have taken the liberty, forty-four years after the event, of exposing the part I took in the deception and craving forgiveness for my manifold sins and wickedness on that occasion.

What became of the Russian princess with the pretty manners, the white hands and the enchanting eyes, and the sweet "child" Bertie? They were back at Grass Valley almost as soon as Forbes and Barclay got there, and from my correspondence I learned that they shared in the prosperity of the Maloney claim, and that Mme. Fabre and her son returned to Russia to die among their noble kin.

THE FIGHT FOR THE STANDARD.

"It's only a small piece of bunting,
Only an old colored rag,
Yet thousands have died for its honor,
And shed their best blood for their flag.

"You may call it a small piece of bunting,
You may call it an old colored rag,
Yet freedom has made it majestic,
And time has ennobled the flag."

—*The Union Jack.*

His name was William Shapard. He was a Southerner by birth and a house-carpenter by trade. He came to Victoria in 1858. He was in his prime and labored diligently at his calling till the war between the North and South broke out. Then he laid down his tools and took to talking about the wrongs of the South and the right of the Southerners to secede and buy and sell niggers. There were many here who sympathized with him, and in a short time our little city was filled with Southerners who fled hither to escape conscription or conspire for the overthrow of the Republic. A good talker like Shapard—a keen, active and aggressive person such as he was—attracted the attention of the newcomers and he was soon the centre of a group of men and women who

formed the Southern colony. But talking brought no grist to the Shapard mill—put no bread in the little Shapards' stomachs or shoes on their feet. Neither did it furnish the parents with presentable clothing or pay their house-rent. Shapard, who was a high-spirited fellow, would neither beg nor borrow, and the grass in his pasture soon became very scant. Work he could not while his beloved South was in peril, and he could not cross the line and enter the Southern army without consigning his wife and children to want. At last he hit upon a scheme the adoption of which he hoped would ensure him at least a living. He hired a small brick building on Langley near Yates Street and opened a drinking saloon called the "Confederate Saloon." In front of the saloon he erected a lofty staff, and from the top of the staff he flung to the breeze a Confederate flag. This flag was made by the Southern ladies of Victoria and their sympathizers and by them was presented to Shapard. One of the ladies was Mrs. Duck, the respected wife of Simeon Duck, an ex-M.P.P. of this city. I think that all the others who shaped the bunting into a national emblem have passed away. As well as I can remember, the flag represented a St. Andrew's cross in blue on a red ground. Within the lines of the cross were thirteen stars, each star being emblematic of a seceding state. The pet name of the flag was the "Stars and Bars." Many people regarded thirteen as an unlucky number, and predicted the failure of the Confederacy in consequence. But

the retort, always ready, was that the states which rebelled against the British Crown in 1776 were also thirteen in number and they won. It is a poor rule that will not work both ways, and the Southerners, taking heart of grace from the historical example of their forefathers, continued the struggle with great determination and bravery.

The Confederate Saloon became famous as a rendezvous for the Southerners and the *bon vivants* of other nationalities. It was noted for its generous free lunches, its excellent rye whiskey cocktails and its reading room. It also became noted as time ran on for its poker games. It was said that large sums were staked and lost on its tables by Cariboo miners and Southern refugees who were gathered at Victoria and made Shapard's house their lounging place.

Every morning at precisely 9 o'clock mine host of the Confederate would hoist the defiant emblem, and every evening at sundown he would lower it, and folding it carefully away would lock it up over night.

"You see," he explained, "I have to be awful careful of that bit of bunting. It's merely lent to me by the ladies of this place. I am pledged to return it to them when our cause is gained, and they will send it to Jeff. Davis as a memento of how we kept the fire of nationalism a-burning on a foreign shore. If I were to leave it out after dark some of those cerulean-bellied Yanks would steal it and then where should I be? I'd be disgraced forever."

The presence of the flag was a constant source of annoyance and anger to loyal Americans here resident, and many were the plans laid to capture it, but a long time elapsed before an opportunity was presented. Mr. Francis, the American Consul, was often appealed to by his compatriots, but he always advised them to keep cool and bide their time. Mr. Francis was apparently a very ingenuous character, but the man who picked him up for a fool ran a chance of being fooled himself. He was always on the alert—keen and watchful. To talk with him you would think his mind on most subjects was a blank. He could dissemble better than any other man I have ever met. You could never apparently excite in him the slightest interest in anything concerning the plans of the Southern colony. To use his often expression, he never "enthused," and yet all the time he was storing away the information in his memory and preparing it for use when the time for action arrived. The Southerners always regarded Mr. Francis as an easy-going nobody, but in the result we shall see how little this estimate of his character was justified.

. . . . . .

The summer of 1862 passed away and the long winter evenings had set in. The Southern colony grew and the Confederate Saloon did a roaring business—seven days in the week with nights thrown in. The place was never closed, and the Confederate standard continued to whip the breeze from 9 a.m. till sundown each day. My office was

just back of the saloon, and my duties frequently forced me to remain out of bed until three in the morning. I would often saunter into the saloon in search of information or to refresh my flagging energies. I was always received by the guests with cordiality, and many matters concerning the plans of the colony to fit out privateers, or seize Mr. Francis and send him away on a schooner, were talked over in my presence. Of course, I never repeated what I heard there, but I did resolve that I would go to any extreme to prevent a personal injury or indignity being inflicted upon or offered to my friend the Consul. Fortunately the occasion never arose, and I was spared the pain of revealing what I heard.

I roomed at the St. Nicholas Hotel (now the Savoy), room 7. The room adjoining mine was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Pusey, who have already figured in these papers. A room across the hall on the same floor was occupied by a young fellow called Finlayson. I have forgotten his first name. He had been educated in Scotland, was an excellent conversationalist, a good musician and a fair linguist. Professing to be a Southerner, he was very sedate in company and never resorted to extravagant demonstrations as news of Confederate victories or defeats came in. To use a Southern expression, we "cottoned" to each other from the start. I do not think I have ever met a man who on first acquaintance more strongly appealed to me—who possessed the same magnetic attraction,

or in whom I was so strangely and irresistibly interested. A certain dissipated writer for the press, one "F. F. D.," was a remarkably entertaining and captivating man, but over him I saw ever hanging the shadow of a ruined life—the picture of wasted opportunities and a vision of the talent buried in a napkin. Around Finlayson there was no such unpleasant environment. To my young and ardent nature he was open, frank and lovely-minded. I often said to myself, "If I wanted to be other than I am I should ask to be in all respects like Finlayson." And yet, mark how I was deceived—mark how rudely my idol was thrown down and how completely he was shattered to bits so small that it would never have paid to try and put them together again.

Early one morning after closing my office I called in at the Confederate, and Finlayson and several friends were leaning on the bar. They had been drinking and I suggested to Finlayson that it was time all sober men were in bed. He assented, evidently believing that he was sober, which he was not. So together we walked to our rooms at the St. Nicholas.

At his door he invited me to step inside and I complied. He sank into a chair and immediately began to unfold a pitiful tale of moral obliquity. He told me that he was a deserter from the American army, having enlisted in 1856, and had been made a sergeant-major. His company was sent to California in a steamer called the *America*. At

Humboldt Bay, whither they were despatched to fight Indians, they fired the ship and made off across the Siskiyou Mountains to San Francisco. There, he said, he changed his name, which was Wolfe, to that of Finlayson, and his parents being rich Philadelphians he was constantly in the receipt of small sums of money for his support. He continued:

"I have been a bad son, a bad brother and a bad man generally, and I betrayed my country when I deserted the army. It was my hand that fired the *America*, and I have had no peace of mind since. I have imposed upon you and upon the Southerners here. I am not a Southerner. I am a fraud. Here," said he, taking a tiny phial from the depths of a secret pocket in his vest, "this phial contains enough poison to destroy a dozen lives. The white fluid you see there is prussic acid. All I need do to destroy my life is to place this little bottle between my back teeth and crush it—and in an instant I shall be dead."

A picture of a coroner's inquest, with myself as the principal witness under suspicious circumstances, flitted before my eyes and I exclaimed:

"Good gracious, Wolfe or Finlayson or whoever you are, don't crush it now—wait till I get out of this."

"Don't be alarmed," he replied, "I do not intend to kill myself until I shall have done something to redeem my character in my own eyes, if not in that of my country. When I shall have done that I

shall crush the little phial and all will be over with me."

I retired to my room completely disenchanted. The gentleman who had enthralled my senses until he seemed to be the very perfection of manhood and goodness had sunk so low in my eyes that I felt if I should never see him again I would shed no tears and express no regrets.

Several weeks elapsed without my coming across Wolfe. I began to think and hope that he had left town, when an event took place which brought him vividly back to my mind. In the Star and Garter Hotel, which from 1858 to 1865 stood on the site of the old Masonic Hall on Government Street, ten or twelve young men engaged on a certain Saturday evening in the month of November, 1862, in throwing dice for drinks. From drinks they got to throwing for quarters, and then for $5 gold pieces. This high playing, which took place in the open saloon, attracted a crowd of spectators, who watched with interested eyes the varying success of the players, one of whom, I regret to say, I was. About two o'clock in the morning the throwing ceased, and I left the saloon for my home on the James Bay side somewhat poorer than when I entered the place. The night was dark and stormy; a keen wind swept across the little town and the creaking signs and rattling weatherboards of the slightly built shacks that lined Government Street kept up a deafening din. I had left the St. Nicholas and roomed with a family named Curtis, who

owned and occupied a small one-story cottage on the corner of Birdcage Walk and Belleville Street. This cottage was removed some years ago and the flagstaff on the Government Square now occupies its former site. At that time, and for many years afterwards, the block on which Rostien Bros. have erected a brick building was not sidewalked, and the wayfarer on arriving at the corner of Courtenay and Government Streets was compelled to turn into the road, and so pursue his course to Humboldt Street and the quaint little bridge that then spanned the sheet of water which was dignified by the name of James Bay, but which is now better known as the Mud Flats. When I turned into the road at Courtenay Street the darkness was so intense that I was forced to pick my way slowly over the loose macadam. As I moved cautiously along I became aware that at least one other person besides myself was feeling his way over the broken rock. I paused and then I was certain that two persons were approaching me, for I could see their forms dimly emerging, as it were, from the blackness. In an instant I was on the alert and the thought flashed across my mind that these men had seen me with money at the gaming table and had followed with the object of garotting and robbing me. They were almost upon me when I threw back my Inverness cape and made a motion as if to draw a weapon. I was unarmed. I had passed all through the perilous vigilance committee times at San Francisco—when decent men were robbed or

shot down like dogs, and when culprits were hanged in the streets by mobs—and never carried knife or pistol. When I started for the Fraser River mines in 1858 I bought a Colt's five-shooting revolver, for which I paid $18. At Yale it proved an encumbrance to me and I "swapped" it with a crafty miner for an old silver watch. The watch wouldn't go and I offered to sell it for $2. No one would buy and I threw it away in disgust, so when I was "approached" by the garotters on the dismal evening referred to I possessed neither watch nor pistol. However, although scared and nervous, I was resourceful, and as I swung my arm round I shouted: "Stop, or I'll fire!" The men fell back into the darkness and I sprang forward towards the bridge on a keen jump. I don't believe that the men followed me, but I reached the bridge and crossed it with the speed of an antelope, bounded up the steps of the little cottage, burst into the front door, and was soon within the four corners of my bachelor apartment—breathless, perspiring and trembling with fear and excitement, but safe. A strange feeling took control of me as I thought over the incident. I became impressed with the belief that one of the forms I had seen approaching me out of the darkness was that of Wolfe or Finlayson. I could not have sworn to his identity, but some hypnotic or telepathic influence told me that one of the figures was his. I could prove nothing, but I never spoke to him afterwards, although I met him on several occasions. The next

day a brief paragraph in the paper mentioned the attempted hold-up and the incident soon faded from my mind.

The old Star and Garter was torn down by Capt. Edward Stamp, of the Hastings Mill Company, in 1865, and the Masons laid the corner-stone of the new hall with much pomp and ceremony the same year. Not more than two or three who took part in that event are now alive. Men then in their prime have long since died or grown old and lost all interest in worldly affairs. It is a melancholy reflection, but it is the way of the world. It is allotted to all men once to die; and sometimes I think that those who have crossed to the other side and know all about the future are more to be envied than pitied. Surely there can be no greater hell than some who are still with us carry about in their breasts—remembrance of duties unfulfilled, of wickedness unatoned for, of unkind acts unforgiven.

The Confederate flag continued to flaunt its bright hues in the face of the Unionists and the Confederate Saloon continued to enjoy an enormous patronage. Shapard waxed fat and sleek and grew more defiant than before. The Union sentiment was outraged by the success of the secession movement, and when the news of Stonewall Jackson's untimely death came and the Southerners went about the streets with crape on their arms and the flag over their saloon drooped sadly at half-mast, the Northerners held a quiet little meeting and de-

cided that something energetic should be done to get rid of the secession standard.

A frequent visitor to Victoria was one Tom Stratton, a native of one of the Eastern States and an outspoken Unionist. His home was at Port Angeles. Stratton was the possessor of a jet-black glossy beard of great length, of which he was justly proud, and which he passed much of his leisure time in stroking and smoothing with his hands. Tom was a daredevil, and being glib of tongue he frequently indulged in a wordy clash with the Southern residents. To him the flag was a source of great annoyance, and he sometimes made threats as to what he would do with it if he ever got a chance. One day he told Shapard that if he could steal the flag he would die happy.

"Yes," said Shapard, "if you should steal that flag you will die, but whether happy or not I can't say. At any rate, the flag when you steal it shall be your shroud."

Stratton made no reply, but stroked his beard and walked off.

Early one afternoon five or six young men, strangers, entered the Confederate. They were professedly Southerners and boisterously cheered for Jeff Davis and the Southern cause. All were possessed of much cash and treated the landlord and all in the house to liberal potations of champagne at $5 a bottle. A poker game was in progress at one of the tables, and the strangers staked heavily and lost with a good grace. Every time a

fresh bottle was opened Shapard was invited to "have another," and it was not long before he showed the effects of the frequent draughts in speech and gait. The treating continued and when the hour arrived for lowering the standard Shapard was unmistakably intoxicated. Whenever he made a movement to go outside for the flag one of the young fellows would invite him to "have another," and at last he sank down at one of the tables and fell asleep.

Late in the evening Shapard awoke and, remembering his flag, walked to the staff to lower it, when to his consternation and grief he found that the emblem of secession had disappeared, and with it had gone the gay young strangers who had been so liberal with money and wine. The excitement among the Southerners was great and a heavy reward was offered for the recovery of the flag, but it was never found. It was delivered to the American Consul by the captors and by him sent to Washington.

Some weeks after the disappearance of the flag Shapard entered Ringo's Hotel (now the Angel), on Langley Street. Seated at one of the tables was Tom Stratton, sleek and handsome and carefully grooming his long black beard. The moment Shapard's eyes fell upon Stratton he took fire. He advanced to the table and poured forth a volume of ugly words. Stratton laughed in his face. Shapard continued his abuse.

"You stole my flag," he foamed.

"Well, what of it?" asked Stratton, as he rose to his feet.

"That's what of it," screamed Shapard, as he dealt his hated antagonist a blow full in the face.

Stratton retorted with a blow and then the two men clinched. Both were strong and in the full vigor of life, and as they struggled and pounded and tore each other with their hands and teeth their anger found vent in savage growls and yells that resembled more the snarls of wild beasts than the voices of men. Over one of the tables Stratton was forced and went to the floor with a crash. In an instant Shapard was upon him, his knees on his chest and his thumbs forced into his neck. Stratton's eyes and tongue protruded, but with a herculean effort he contrived to throw Shapard off and forcing him to the floor made him the "under dog in the fight." Both were by this time covered with blood and their coats and shirts hung in tatters. Stratton's glorious beard had been plucked from its roots and Shapard held it like a plume in his left hand, while with his right he pummeled the body and face of his antagonist, who returned the punishment with interest.

The fight continued for some ten minutes. Tables and chairs were overturned and broken, crockery smashed and food and dishes scattered all over the place. The two men were most deplorable spectacles. At last Shapard yielded and Stratton claimed the victory. But it cost him dear. He never was a well man again. His beard never

"Then the two men clinched"

grew again and in a few years he died on the Sound. Shapard's business fell off after the war and he went to California, after which I heard of him no more.

It transpired that Stratton, assisted by Wolfe, stole the flag while the young strangers, who were well supplied with American Government money, got the landlord so drunk that he forgot to lower the emblem before dark.

Some two years afterwards I read in the San Franciso *Bulletin* that a man named Wolfe had poisoned himself with prussic acid at the American Exchange in that city. I have no reason to doubt that the brilliant rascal who for a time had captivated my senses was the victim.

LORD PORTMAN'S NEPHEW.

"There is death in the pot."—*II. Kings.*

On a pleasant evening early in April, 1861, the Hotel de France, on Government Street in this city, was a scene of unwonted interest, brilliancy and activity. A leading citizen of Yale, a man who had been foremost in works and ventures of public utility, was on his way out of the country with the object of taking up his residence in California. Fortune had favored the man in all his doings. On leaving Yale he had been presented with an expensive gold watch, duly inscribed, and a heavy gold chain, as an expression of the goodwill of his fellow-citizens, and at Victoria he was tendered a banquet by thirty or forty friends who had watched his career and who, to a certain extent, had prospered through his undertakings. One of this good citizen's achievements had been to solve the problem of steamboat navigation to Yale. None of the steamers of the regular transportation lines would venture above Fort Hope, sixteen miles below, where freight was discharged into canoes and barges and towed by manual labor to Yale. John Kurtz—for he was the enterprising citizen in whose honor the banquet had been arranged—had contended that a steamboat might be

built that would make the passage from Victoria to Yale with ease and in perfect safety. He recalled the fact that in 1858 the sternwheel steamer *Umatilla* had made the passage on two occasions during high water, and he argued that what had been done once could be done again. So he set to work and formed the Yale Steam Navigation Company, with a capital of $40,000. The money was quickly raised, and the new steamer was built at Laing's ways, in this harbor, near the extensive mills of Brackman & Ker. On her first trip she skimmed the troubled waters like a huge bird. Skilfully handled she avoided rocks, bars and riffles and landed her cargo at Yale on the second day. Returning she left Yale in the morning, and the same evening landed passengers and freight at Victoria. All promised well for the new company and their new boat. Stock was at a premium. On all hands they were congratulated, and at the time the banquet was laid the *Yale* was preparing for another trip, and filling up rapidly with freight and already had all her passenger space taken.

The night selected for the banquet was the close of a charming day, as I have said. The table was laid in the restaurant of the hotel and every viand and liquid that would stimulate and coax the appetite were there in abundance.

The chair was taken by E. Grancini, a prominent Wharf Street merchant, and in the vice-chair was Gustave Sutro, the leading wholesale tobacco merchant of Victoria. Among the guests were Thomas Harris, the first mayor of Victoria; Geo. Pearkes,

Solicitor-General; Lumley Franklin, who succeeded Mr. Harris as mayor; Capt. Jamieson, of the steamboat *Yale;* Wm. Power, of Yale; Hon. Dr. Helmcken, Speaker of the first Legislative Assembly ever convened on the British Pacific; Dr Trimble, the first Speaker of our Provincial Assembly; the gifted Amor de Cosmos, afterwards Premier; C. C. Pendergast, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s agent; Roderick Finlayson and J. W. McKay, of the Hudson's Bay Company; J. A. McCrea, the pioneer auctioneer; J. J. Southgate, a leading merchant; "D. W. H.," the writer of these lines; and a score of others whose names escape me at this writing.

The dinner was served in the style for which the Hotel de France was then famous, and when the toasts of "The Queen" and "The President of the United States" (for the guest of the evening was an American) had been drunk, the fun waxed fast and furious. Midnight struck from the hotel clock, but no one stirred. It had been arranged that the whole party—or at least those who could find their legs—should proceed to Esquimalt, then the place of departure of the California steamers, and there bid the parting guest Godspeed. The steamer was announced to sail at six the following morning, and Bowman & Halsey's stables had been requisitioned for teams and wagons to take the party down. As the night wore on the older members retired, but the wild revel continued, and when everyone was in a merry mood a card was handed to Mr. Kurtz by one of the waiters. The recipient excused himself

for a moment and presently returned and, addressing the chairman, said:

"An English gentleman whom I met a few days ago at Yale is outside, and desires to join the party if agreeable to all. His name is Esdale, and he is a nephew of Lord Portman."

"Bring him in, by all means," cried one and all, and a young fellow of about five-and-twenty parted the *portière* and entered. The newcomer was of medium size; dark, almost swarthy. He was neatly dressed, and had the appearance and bearing of an English gentleman. As he advanced into the room he made a low obeisance to the chairman and was conducted to a vacant chair at the side of the guest of the evening—said chair having been vacated by one of the company who had found the conviviality too vigorous for his comfort. In a few minutes Lord Portman's nephew was on the best of terms with the whole company. Such a beaming, sunny face, lighted up by a pair of bright, black eyes and a radiating smile that seemed to be "catching," as one of the company remarked, for it put us all in a good humor and kept us there.

"Jim" McCrea, who was a famous *raconteur,* had just told one of his characteristic stories, and the chairman had sung an Italian ditty in a sweet tenor, when the health of Mr. Kurtz was proposed. Mr. Kurtz responded and sat down, when Mr. Esdale rose and asked permission to say a few words. The request was granted, whereupon he delivered one of the most eloquent and witty after-dinner

speeches that it has ever been my good fortune to hear. He spoke for only about ten minutes, but when he concluded the company rose and drank the health of "Lord Portman's Nephew" with a "hip! hip! hurrah!" and "He's a jolly good fellow." He responded with another witty address and wound up by telling two stories, of a *risque* nature, it is true, but so wittily drawn and clothed in such choice language that they seemed eminently proper.

The most popular man at that table, with the exception of "our guest," was Mr. Esdale. Everyone begged the favor of a glass of wine with him. He had evidently dined generously before he came to us, but his holding capacity seemed unlimited. He drank with every one who offered, and was none the worse for it, so far as we could see.

About two o'clock a practice then much in vogue at "stag" dinner parties was introduced. Every guest was required to sing a song, tell a story or dance a jig, and when Esdale's turn came he did all three, gracefully and well. He had a fine voice, and as he reeled off "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" and "Sally in Our Alley" the enthusiasm knew no bounds. McCrea, who was noted as the town wit, was completely outdone by this new competitor for convivial honors and declared that from thenceforth he would not crack a joke nor tell a story.

Daylight was creeping in at the window when the rigs that were to carry us to Esquimalt drove up at the hotel door. Of course the drivers must have something. So they were had in to partake of the

food and wine, and as a consequence more than one of their number presently gave outward and visible signs of too much good cheer. Esdale, who was in prime condition, acted as host, many of the others having become incapacitated. I was seated near the head of the table, and Esdale was handing a glass of wine to a driver when his foot seemed to slip and he fell forward on the table. Quickly recovering himself, he smiled at his awkwardness and, declining assistance, sat down. I watched him narrowly and saw an ashen hue steal slowly over his face. His eyes rolled and then became fixed and stared at one of the coal-oil lamps. The next instant he fell heavily forward. In a moment the scene of mirth and revelry was changed to one of dismay and confusion. Some went to the aid of the stricken man, others flew for a doctor. Dr. Helmcken and Dr. Trimble had gone home. Unfortunately there was a doctor in the house at the time—room No. 13. His name was Ramsey, a young and inexperienced graduate. He was hastily summoned. In his ignorance he pronounced the trouble delirium tremens and prescribed a composing draught—the very thing he should not have done, for the young man was suffering from a stroke of apoplexy. Presently the inevitable occurred. Death entered as the Unbidden Guest and bore away the bright, witty, handsome and cultivated Esdale, Lord Portman's nephew.

The presence of death had a sobering influence on all who attended the party. The arranged ex-

cursion to Esquimalt was not carried out. Mr. Kurtz went almost unattended to the steamer, and the guests, saddened and sobered by the awful event, wended their ways sorrowfully homeward.

Capt. Jamieson left the festive board early in the evening, and going on board his fine steamboat sailed for Yale. At Fort Hope Capt. William Irving, father of Capt. John Irving, and Frank J. Barnard, father of Frank S. Barnard, of this city, joined the vessel. As the steamer approached the first bad riffle above Hope, Capt. Irving was with Captain Jamieson in the pilot house. Just then dinner was announced, and Captain Irving offered to take the wheel while Capt. Jamieson went to the table. The offer was declined, and Capt. Irving had scarcely taken his seat when, with a loud roar, the boiler exploded, and in an instant the pride of the river became a helpless hulk, drifting down stream. A dozen people were killed or injured. Among the former was Capt. Jamieson, who fell at his post doing duty. His body was never recovered. Had Capt. Irving's offer been accepted he would have been the victim instead of his friend. The cause of the explosion was never known. The Yale Navigation Company went out of business and many years elapsed before another boat ventured to make the hazardous trip.

AN ILL-FATED FAMILY.

"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

—*The Bard.*

EARLY in the summer of 1860 the keel of a side-wheel steamer of light draught was laid at the Songish Indian village in Victoria harbor. The vessel was designed expressly for navigating the waters between Victoria, Harrison River and Hope. The greatest care was bestowed upon her construction, and one of the most experienced shipbuilders on the Pacific Coast came from San Francisco to superintend the work. As the vessel was fashioned into shape day by day her elegant lines won general admiration. She was meant to have speed, and, with this object in view, engines and boiler of special design and great capacity and strength were ordered from Glasgow before the keel was laid here. It was intended that the vessel should be ready for service by the fall of 1860, but there were several mishaps which prevented the first or trial trip being made until a year later. When the hull

was nearly completed the timbers on which it rested gave way and crushed three men. One died; the other two lived. One of the latter, Richard Brodrick, was permanently lamed and carried the marks of the accident to his grave. The hull having been raised and reset, the work was pushed to completion. When the time came for launching the vessel she was christened the *Cariboo;* but instead of gliding off she stuck on the ways and had to be jacked foot by foot to the water. Her engines and boiler, which should have reached here in the summer of 1860, did not arrive until the spring of the following year. The owner of the *Cariboo* was Capt. Archibald Jamieson, an experienced navigator, who had gone early to Oregon, where he commanded steamers that plied on the Columbia River. Archibald was a brother of Capt. Smith B. Jamieson, who commanded the Fraser River steamer *Yale* when that vessel's boiler exploded on the 14th of April, 1861, or three and a half months before the *Cariboo* was ready for service. On the ship that brought the *Cariboo's* machinery from Glasgow was a younger brother, James Jamieson, the baby of the family, as he was called. He was a tall, stalwart young Scotchman of about 24 years, had learned the trade of engine-building at the works where the *Cariboo's* machinery and boiler were made, and being also a marine engineer it was proposed to give him full charge of the machinery after a few trips had been made. An engineer named William Allen, who had been a long time out of

steady employment, was temporarily appointed as chief engineer, with James Jamieson as assistant. About the middle of July the *Cariboo* made her first or trial trip and developed great power and speed. She was then despatched to Harrison River *via* Fraser River, returning with a cargo of white pine consigned to A. D. Macdonald, of Macdonald's Bank in Victoria, who owned the saw mills at Douglas Landing. The *Cariboo's* performances gave satisfaction, and her owner, who was also commander, was much pleased with the craft.

While the *Cariboo* was taking in cargo and booking passengers for her second voyage, in company with three or four other young fellows I chanced into a restaurant which stood on the corner of Trounce Avenue and Government Street, where Cullin's cigar store is now. The waiter who took our orders was well known to me. His name was Paul De Garro, and despite his menial employment here he belonged to the nobility of France. His fellow-countrymen always told me that he was a count who had been exiled from France by Napoleon III. when that monarch seized the throne and proclaimed himself Emperor. History records that barricades were erected in the streets of Paris by the populace, who were mowed down by the new Emperor's cannon until 50,000 lives had been lost and the empire firmly established on the blood thus shed. Paul De Garro was among those who opposed the new *régime,* and in consequence he was exiled with many others to California in 1851. He

came to Victoria in 1856 to visit the Catholic Bishop Demers. The Bishop had acquired a printing press, with a small quantity of French type, and with the assistance of a tramp printer, who was brought over from Puget Sound to set the type, two numbers of a weekly newspaper were got out in the French language. The title was almost as long as one's arm, for it was called *La Courier de la Nouvelle Caledonie.* Among the archives of the Catholic diocese there may be preserved a few copies of this the first newspaper published on the British Pacific coast. Personally, I never saw a copy. It is worthy of remark here that when, two years later, Mr. De Cosmos gave birth to the *British Colonist,* he printed the first and many succeeding numbers of his paper on the type and the antiquated hand-press that had been employed in the production of De Garro's *Courier.*

The count was a very lugubrious-looking person at the time of which I write. He could not accept his changed fortunes with easy grace or good temper. As a waiter he was not a success, because he was condescending and patronizing and intensely irritable. If a guest objected to a dish with which he had been served the Count would flare up and pick a quarrel with the objector. After a volley of "sacres" he would retire to the kitchen to sulk, and the proprietor, who was also the cook, would come into the restaurant and apologize for the impatience of the waiter-count, who could not forget that he had once lived in a palace and had himself been

waited upon by "vassals and slaves." A peace having been patched up, the Count would pocket his pride and resume his duties until another complaint aroused his ire and started the ball again rolling in the wrong direction. To address him as "garcon" was a deadly insult, and he would never answer to any call that did not begin with "Monsieur" or "Count."

With all his brusqueness I rather liked De Garro, although a sight of his long, melancholy face often threw me into a fit of the blues. I always thought and said that he was entitled to sympathy rather than contempt, but many of the young fellows of the day did not share in that opinion, and to them it was as good as a play to bait the Count until he lost his temper. One evening I sat in the restaurant reading a newspaper, and the Count, who had been drinking, was in a pleasant mood and quite talkative. He opened the conversation by asking if I had ever been in Paris. I told him I had not.

"Oh!" said he, "that is a place worth visiting. I lived there four years. I had plenty of money. My father's estates had not been confiscated then and I went everywhere—such parties, such balls, and, ah! such lovely ladies! I was every night at the opera and the theatre and the Jardin Mabille. And then the exquisite little suppers that came after! Ah! my faith, but they were grand, and the champagne flowed like water, and the cigars, the most beau-u-tiful Havanas. Monsieur H., suppose you go to Paris you see things."

"Why did you not stay there, Count?" I asked.

"Stay there! What, live in the same atmosphere with that pig, that assassin, Napoleon? Never! never! He is a murderer—he killed my best friend. Attend to me while I tell you all. I went from Brittany to Paris. I was a student. I went to study medicine. In the same lodgings was a young woman—an art student—a handsome lady, bright, cheerful, good. We met at the table one day. I loved her when first I saw her and she loved me. We got well acquainted, and we were so happy we could have died for each other. I intended to marry her—God knows I did!—when I got of age, and had my parents' consent. So we—well, we trusted one another—you understand the rest. We were never happy apart. We went everywhere together. Ah! my dear, sweet Estelle! Some day I will kill the man who killed you. Well, the President of France—that miscreant, Louis Napoleon—seized the Government and made himself Emperor. This was in 1851—nine years ago. I objected. Although an aristocrat I was a Republican too. I hated pomp and style. Barricades were thrown up and I served behind one. The troops came with cannon and swept away the barricades as if they were of paper. Estelle was with me. There were many other women with their husbands and lovers. I begged her to stay away, but she would not. Wherever her Julien went she would go. I could not help it. Ah! God! if I could recall that day I would make her stay away. Well, we fought

together. Estelle loaded my musket and I fired it. Presently there was a rush of cavalry. We tried to stop it. No use, they poured over our breast-works and bayoneted or trod us under their horses' feet. Just as I fell I saw a cuirassier with raised sword strike poor Estelle on the head. I could not see what followed, but when I came to I saw my darling lying not far away, her lovely face smeared with blood that flowed from a ghastly wound on her head. I crawled to her. I raised her head in my arms. She was quite dead. I lay there a long time. Weak and wounded as I was, I supported that dear head until some men came to gather up the dead and wounded. They tore Estelle from me and threw her loved form into a cart with other dead bodies. I saw her no more. I was sent to an hospital, where I slowly recovered. I was told afterwards that the dead were interred in a common pit and destroyed with quicklime. Fancy that fate for dear Estelle, my love, my darling—to be eaten up with lime! When I was well a decree of banishment was read to me and hundreds of others, and we were sent to California. From there I came here. I live with only one purpose—to return to France some day and strike down Louis Napoleon. When Estelle shall have been avenged I will die happy, for I feel, I know, I shall see her again in the other world."

As the Count ceased to talk the fire died out of his eyes, his face resumed its customary lugubrious expression, and the entrance of a customer who

wanted a meal interrupted a conversation which was never resumed.

The Cariboo gold-fields at that time had begun to attract public attention, and thousands from all parts of the world prepared to go thither. Victorians shared in the interest felt, and among others Count De Garro was smitten with a desire to try his luck. Accordingly he resigned his position in the restaurant and engaged passage on the *Cariboo* for Harrison Landing. The steamer was announced to sail at midnight on the 1st of August. I was at the wharf at the hour set for sailing. I saw De Garro pass on board. He was accompanied by a huge black retriever, which was his constant companion. I wished the Count good luck as we shook hands in a farewell that was doomed to be our last on earth. Although steam was up at midnight, the Captain had not put in an appearance. Long afterwards I learned that he had a presentiment of evil and wished to remain in port till the next day. From the wharf I walked to my room in Curtis' cottage, which then stood on Birdcage Walk near Belleville Street. I retired to bed, but for the life of me I could not sleep. A little clock on the mantel struck one, and then half-past one o'clock, and still I tossed from side to side. Sleep, although wooed with ardor, would not come to me. I was possessed with a strange feeling that an indefinable, horrible something was about to occur. Every little while I could hear the *Cariboo* blowing off what seemed to be "dry" steam in long-drawn volumes

and disrupting the night air with the shrill notes of her whistle for miles around, which must have disturbed others beside myself. At last I heard the "cher-cher-cher" of the paddles, and then I knew that the *Cariboo* was off. I listened to the beat of the wheels for a few minutes; they grew fainter and fainter as the boat seemed to approach the entrance of the harbor. "Now," I thought, "I shall get some sleep," and I turned over on my side to again woo the drowsy god when—"Heaven and earth, what's that?" I exclaimed, as a rending, tearing, splitting sound fell upon my ears. The "cher-cher-cher" ceased instantly, and the house shook as from the convulsive throb of an earthquake. The little timepiece on the mantel, which had just chimed two, trembled, reeled and stopped, as if affrighted by the shock. In an instant I comprehended what had happened. The *Cariboo* had blown up! I was into my clothes and out in the air in less time than I have taken to write these few lines. The first streaks of dawn had begun to illumine the eastern sky, and as I sped across the old James Bay bridge towards the water front I could hear the little bell on the Hudson's Bay Company's wharf ringing an alarm as if a fire were raging in the town. In a few minutes I reached the hook and ladder house, which then stood on the site of the present Board of Trade Building. I determined to arouse the inhabitants by ringing the bell of the hook and ladders, but Miss Reid, daughter of Capt. Reid, a noted and worthy pioneer of Hudson's Bay Com-

pany fame, was there before me. She had come from her father's house near by and gained the rope first. The bell sounded the alarm which told those who had not been aroused by the shock of the explosion that a calamity had occurred and there was urgent need for help.

From the fire-hall I went to the wharf, and impressed a boat which I found tied to one of the piles and rowed out to the harbor-mouth. The dim light of approaching day enabled me to discern the late beautiful craft lying a helpless, misshapen mass and drifting with the tide just off the present site of Rithet's Wharf. A few lanterns were moving fitfully among the ruins. The upper deck had fallen in and the lower deck had been blown to pieces, but fortunately the bottom was unimpaired, and as the wreck did not sink it was towed into a little cove and anchored there for safe keeping. In the water at the side of the steamer we found the dead body of Jas. Jamieson, the second engineer. I examined the corpse closely, and discovered that while one eye had been blown entirely out, the remaining eye was intact and staring with an expression of horror and alarm, showing that just as death claimed its victim he was aware of the grim messenger's presence, but too late to avert his fate. Capt. Jamieson had disappeared, nor was any trace of him found for many days, when the sea gave up his mutilated form. Henry Gray, a young Oregonian, was the Fraser River pilot of the *Cariboo*.

He had just left the captain at the wheel and gone into a room adjoining the wheel-house to trim the binnacle lamp when the boiler burst. Gray fell with the ruins of the upper deck into the hold and escaped with a few bruises, but the captain, standing not three feet away, was taken. A passenger stood at the side of the boiler, conversing with the second engineer. When the steam and smoke had cleared the passenger found himself near the spot where he stood when the explosion occurred, while the engineer had been killed. How true is the Scriptural saying, "One shall be taken and the other left"! The bodies of the chief engineer and mate were found among the freight. They must have died instantly. Pieces of the boiler, the iron of which was of unusual thickness, were picked up on the boat and a few fragments were found on the shore. What remained of the shell of the boiler was deposited on the beach near the tragic scene. I saw it lying there thirty-five years after the calamity. It was covered with barnacles and may be still there.

I searched among the ruins for Count De Garro, but he was nowhere to be found, although the mattress on which he slept, saturated with blood, was shown me. The steward said that De Garro took his big dog into the room with him. As we conversed the dog made his appearance, having been picked up while swimming in the water, into which he must have been blown by the force of the explosion. The

animal bounded at once to the spot where his master had last slept and stretching himself on the mattress snapped at all who approached. He refused food and friendly overtures, even from me with whom he was well acquainted, but lay there growling and moaning. He was lariated at last and dragged ashore. For many days he haunted the wharves and the restaurant where the Count was latterly employed, and finally he disappeared and was never seen again. The Count's mangled body was brought ashore one day and deposited in an unmarked grave in the old cemetery. Six persons lost their lives by this disaster.

The coroner's inquiry clearly established that the cause of the explosion was too little water in the boiler. When the steam was blown off in vast volumes the boiler was emptied, and when the water was turned in it fell on red hot plates with the natural result.

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The Jamieson family was a fated one. There were originally six sons, five of whom came to the Pacific Coast. One of the brothers was lost in the falls of Willamette River in 1857. Smith B. was lost by the explosion of the *Yale* in 1861. Archibald and James were killed on the *Cariboo,* and a fifth brother lost his life by the explosion of the steamer *Gazelle* in Oregon. The sixth, in 1861, was a clergyman in Scotland, and was alive when I last heard. Thus perished five out of six of as

"braw laddies" as ever left a Scottish home to seek their fortunes abroad—so young when they were called away, as Dickens wrote when Thackeray died, that the mother who blessed them in their first sleep blessed them in their last.

On a recent afternoon I visited the old cemetery on Quadra Street and strolled for a few minutes among the graves of those that lie buried there—

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid."

Many of the headstones marked the resting-places of men and women whom I had known in the past, whose hands I had often clasped in friendship's close touch, whose voices it was ever a delight to hear, and who have gone now to solve that problem which, sooner or later, all must solve—the great mystery of the Hereafter. My mind was filled with solemn thoughts as I mused upon the changes that have taken place since the first grave was dug, and I could not help saying aloud to myself, "May we not hope that the most destitute in spiritual knowledge while upon earth has reached a higher plane in spiritual life?" I stooped to copy an inscription from a graven headstone when a blithesome schoolboy, bag on back, burst through the gate and, whistling as he ran, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night," passed quickly out of sight. The rain was falling fast and a chill breeze swept across the cemetery as I completed my task and prepared to leave. This is what I copied:

In Memory of

Smith Baird Jamieson,

Who lost his life by the explosion of the Steamer *Yale* on Fraser River, 14th April, 1861.

ALSO

Archibald Jamieson,

and

James Baird Jamieson,

Who are interred here, and who lost their lives by the explosion of the Steamer *Cariboo* in Victoria Harbor, 2nd August, 1861.

Three Brothers, Sons of the late

Robert Jamieson,

Brodick, Isle of Arran, Scotland.

The *Cariboo* passed into the hands of the late Capt. Frain, by whom she was renamed the *Fly*. The Marine Department objected to the change, but permitted her to be called by the double name, *Cariboo-Fly*. Capt. Frain owned the steamer *Emily Harris* and employed both vessels in freighting coal from Nanaimo to Victoria. One day in 1874 two Indians came ashore at Salt Spring Island in

a boat. They reported that they formed part of the crew of the *Emily Harris,* and that the boilers of the vessel had exploded and the captain was killed. The steamer was on the way to Victoria with a cargo of coal. The story was not believed, and many have always thought that the Indians murdered the captain and sank the steamer. Nothing, however, was ever revealed to support this theory.

The *Cariboo-Fly* ran for a long time on the Coast as a cannery tender, but where she is now I cannot say. I think, however, that she is out of service, and it is more than likely that her machinery now drives some more modern and more fortunate craft.

INTO THE DEPTHS.

"This is the place. Stand still, my steed,
Let me review the scene,
And summon from the Shadowy Past,
The forms that once have been."

—*Longfellow.*

WHEN I first saw Yale, in July, 1858, it was a town of tents and shacks, and had a population of about 5,000 miners, traders and gamblers. A few months ago I stood on the townsite, and dwelt in memory upon past scenes and incidents. The population had dwindled to a few score, and most of the houses gave evidence of that decrepitude which is an accompaniment of age and infirmity. The population was entirely changed—not a soul remained of the busy multitude that moved and had their being at Yale forty-six years ago. Everything had altered save the cruel river, the everlasting hills and the rocky banks through which the stream rushes with impetuous velocity and sullen roar on its journey to the ocean.

As I moved along the road I came to a huge boulder upon which Kelly, the Australian barrister, and I, in the long ago were wont to recline and smoke our pipes, exchanging stories of our earlier life and speculating as to the future. I took a seat

on the rock and my mind was soon busy with the past. As I mused it almost seemed as if my old-time acquaintance sat by my side once more, and that we passed again through the exciting and melancholy episode which I am about to relate.

I recalled that one pleasant evening in July, 1859, we two boon companions sat on this identical boulder and indulged in day-dreams. The month was a dry and hot one, and vegetation in and about Yale was scant and parched. The river had been very high in June, but was now falling rapidly, and the floating logs and trees which during the highest stage were borne swiftly towards the sea in vast numbers, were beginning to fall off, and at the time of which I write scarcely offered an obstruction to the navigation of the river by canoes and skiffs opposite and below the town. A mile or so above Yale the river rushes through a canyon or gorge, and the water, confined and constrained to narrow limits, becomes a foaming, seething torrent which no boat ever built could stem and no swimmer, not even a Leander, could breast.

As my companion and I sat quietly chatting on this particular evening we observed approaching us from the town four figures. As they came nearer the figures assumed the shape of men and women, two of each sex. All were very young, and the women, if not pretty, were at least interesting looking, very neat and trim in appearance, with their long hair hanging loose over the shoulders after

the fashion of the time. The men wore new blanket coats, although the weather was warm. The girls were dressed in becoming print gowns and wore coquettish-looking straw hats. As the party approached our resting-place we rose and bared our heads. The young men also took off their hats and wished us good evening. Almost at once we seemed to become acquainted, and in ten minutes knew all about one another that was worth knowing.

The young men said they were brothers, named Gilman, from some place in Oregon. The young women were their wives—blushing brides only a few weeks previously. They had heard of the fabulous wealth of the Fraser River bars, and had come to try their fortunes, having arrived the day previous by canoe from Hope, sixteen miles farther down the river. There was something so ingenuous and confiding about the four that I took to them at once. Had they dined? No; they had pitched their tents a short time before, and were looking for a place where they could get a meal—all the eating-houses being closed, as the hour was 8 o'clock. I invited them to my shack and soon slices of bacon were sizzling in the pan and the aroma of coffee filled the evening air with its fragrance.

After the meal the girls insisted upon washing the dishes, and, with the aid of a candle stuck in a potato, they soon had put everything to rights, and the pots and pans were ready for the next meal. Then we all sat down in the evening air and discussed prospects.

The Gilman boys were full of hope and expectation. They had come to Fraser River to mine and make a fortune, and then go back to Oregon and invest the money in farms. Such a thing as failure did not enter into their thoughts. If some men could make money at mining why should not others? and, again, why should they not be among the others? The wives would keep house for them while they mined and take care of the gold as it was won. The programme was an attractive one, and it had captivated these young people.

At an early hour the visitors took their leave and retired to their tents, which they had pitched not far away. In the morning, bright and early, I heard a clear soprano voice singing the glorious hymn,

> "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in thee."

As the notes rose and fell and then rose again and floated away in the crisp mountain air, my mind carried me back to a home in the far-away East where that hymn was often sung by a voice quavering with age, and which has long since been hushed on earth, but which, I trust, has joined the choir invisible in another and a better land.

"Kelly," asked I, "do you hear the voice?"

"Faith, I do," replied he, "and it's mighty refreshing to listen to the sound of Christian worship in this heathen country."

Tossing aside his blankets he hurried into his

clothes and went outside to reconnoitre. The singing by this time had ceased, and we could see the four young people seated about a rude table in front of their tent partaking of an early breakfast. Having completed our own repast we walked over to our neighbors' tents. The men had gone to town, leaving the girls to clear away and wash up the dishes, which they were now doing.

After a few brief words about the weather, Kelly ventured to ask which of the two was the vocalist.

"We both sing a little," replied the elder sister. "Our father is a Methodist clergyman, and we used to sing in his choir."

"Oh!" said I, "the voice that I heard this morning enchanted me. It carried me thousands of miles away and landed me in the midst of my home circle."

"It was Bertha who sang this morning," said the younger of the two. "My name is Caroline."

"Well," said Kelly, "if she can sing like that she ought to go to London—such voices are in demand there at a big figure."

At this moment the young men returned. They were in high glee. They had bought a Chinook canoe for a small sum, and were making arrangements to go through the canyons to the gold diggings above, for which they would start in a few days. During the night it had been arranged that the wives should go back to Oregon and there await the coming of their lords, who fully expected

to have made their fortunes by the fall. Poor fellows! I wonder how many others ascended Fraser River in those memorable days in chase of an *ignis fatuus* which they ever had in view but never overtook.

That evening one of the girls produced a guitar, and she and her sister sang several touching hymns; but I can only now remember two, "Rock of Ages," and "Flee as a Bird." They were lovely singers, and their voices attracted an audience of many miners and a few women, who listened with interest and pleasure to the sweet strains, frequently manifesting their approval by clapping.

As the days dragged on Kelly and I passed many happy hours in the company of the Gilmans, and grew to like them very much. All four were quite unsophisticated, having been brought up in a small village, but they were very nice and kind and well bred. One evening they invited us to supper. The "table" was a packing case, which was covered with newspapers in lieu of a cloth. The girls sat on a small trunk, while we four men reclined on the ground, and many were the jocose remarks indulged in by the company at the odd situation. After supper we had some music. Kelly proposed a game of whist, but our hosts and hostesses could not play cards. The next day but one the young fellows were to start for the canyons, taking with them a supply of provisions and tools. The evening before they got away they were entertained at our tent. Kelly had got some pork chops—the only

variety of fresh meat in the market—and garnished with onions and beans they were served up. At the very first mouthful one of the ladies turned pale, gasped and hurried into the bush. The second lady, who had also taken a mouthful, followed her sister immediately.

"What in the world's the matter with them?" asked Kelly.

I, who by this time had tasted the meat, exclaimed, "Why, the pork's fishy—the beasts were fed on salmon!"

And so it turned out. The keeper of the herd had fed the swine upon fish, and the result was the nastiest dish that could be placed before human beings. Did the reader ever taste fishy pork? If you have, I pity your sensations. If you have not, don't.

Our supper was spoiled, of course, but we managed to scare up some bacon and made a meal on that with bread and butter and slapjacks.

In the morning early the Gilman boys got off. I did not see them go, but they voiced a cheery good-bye as they passed our tent, to which we replied by shouting, "Cheer, boys, cheer!" The packing had been done over night, and the girls had arranged for a passage in "Delaware" Insley's canoe to Hope, where they were to embark in Capt. Wright's steamer *Enterprise* for Victoria. Something occurred that prevented them leaving on that day, and they took quarters in Mrs. Weaver's hotel for the night. We had agreed to see them off in the morning, and had risen early.

I was busy with the fire outside the tent when I heard a footstep approaching on the trail. I looked up, and presently I saw a sight that filled me with alarm. Near me was one of the Gilmans—wan, ragged, and in a complete state of collapse. He staggered rather than walked, and sinking down almost at my feet he buried his face in his hands and great sobs shook his frame while he groaned in anguish and despair.

"Kelly," cried I, completely unmanned, "come here, quick."

Kelly was quickly out of bed, and took in the situation at a glance. He saw a fellow-being in distress. Now Kelly's panacea for all ills was brandy, just as some mothers' ever ready remedy when anything goes wrong with the children is a dose of castor oil.

"My God!" he exclaimed as he flew back into the tent, quickly returning with a bottle of his panacea. He raised the forlorn youth's head, and forced a few drops of the fiery fluid into his mouth. In a few minutes the boy calmed down, and between his disjointed sentences and incoherent utterances we at last learned that while poling the canoe through one of the riffles in the canyon the day previous the frail craft struck a rock and was split in two. The narrator said he contrived to lay hold of one of the pieces, but his brother disappeared beneath the foam, and was seen no more. The survivor floated on the fragment into an eddy and at last got ashore in an exhausted state, and crawled back to our tent.

His grief was pitiful to behold, and while we were doing all in our power to relieve his distress, he was naturally greatly concerned to devise means for breaking the news to the girls. Kelly was at length deputed to tell them, and the boy and I followed ten minutes later. When we reached Mrs. Weaver's the girls were in tears and quite hysterical. Both rushed into the boy's arms, and sobbed as though their dear little hearts would break. The rough miners gathered around, and many eyes were moistened at the spectacle of human misery. Bertha (the drowned boy was her husband) was in a state of complete prostration. Her sister, forgetting her own grief, attempted to soothe her by quoting a few appropriate lines from Scripture, and Mrs. Weaver besought her to remember that in the violence of her grief another life might be imperilled. It was some time before we could bring them to realize that to longer remain on the river would be folly—besides, their money was running short, and we promised that if the body of the lost one should float down we would accord it a Christian burial. The steamer *Enterprise* was announced to leave Hope for Victoria the next day at noon, and it was decided that the party should leave by canoe early the next morning.

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One of the most reckless and profane men on the river at that time was Dave Bennett, who kept a gambling house on Yale flat. Gambling of every description was carried on openly, and many were

the miners who were inveigled into the dens and stripped of their dust. Faro, three-card monte, keno, chuck-a-luck, and all other imaginable games of skill or chance were carried on without check from the authorities, who used to remark that gambling made the camp lively. I remember one evil-visaged wretch who presided over the chuck-a-luck table, which is a game played with loaded dice. It is so simple that a greeny, who is sure that he can win, soon finds to his sorrow that he can only do so when the operator wills. I saw a man named Evans lose $1,300 at this very game one evening in 1858. Fortunately he was not a miner, but a well-to-do man from San Francisco, so he got very little sympathy. I saw another man who had come up the river with a wife and three children deprived of every cent. Bennett returned him $20 to pay his way out of the country.

There was a man named "Major" Dolan who was accustomed to hang about Bennett's. He was a little fellow, but was apparently full of grit and wickedness. Rumor said that he had been a pirate. To amuse himself he would sometimes fire off his revolver point-blank at the stores and houses, not caring if any one should be struck by the bullets. One night a peaceful citizen, who had retired to his bed, had the end of one of his fingers clipped off by one of these wantonly fired bullets, and there were several narrow escapes from death and injury from the same cause.

On the main street of Yale, Dolan, Bennett and

other gamblers arranged a scheme to secure the money of a merchant named Emerson. He was an elderly man and, having sold his stock to advantage, was preparing to leave the river with a considerable sum—about $4,000, I think. The villains hired a room and ran a partition across the rear from side to side. In the bottom of this partition they put a shifting plank. In front of the partition they placed a table for the dealer, and on the table they set a faro box, the cards in which were manipulated in full view of the players. Now, behind the partition was concealed a confederate whose duty it was to stock a second faro box. When the bets had all been made the banker at the table, by a species of sleight-of-hand, would pass his box to the confederate, who would, in turn, pass up the prepared box from behind the partition, and the bank would rake in the money. It is scarcely necessary to say that Emerson was deprived of all his wealth in one night, and left the camp impoverished and miserable.

One night there was a great commotion on the flat. A man while passing from his tent to a store had been set upon, beaten and robbed. His calls for "help" were heard, but the night was pitch dark, and those who hurried to the scene of the shooting were unable to see their hands if held before their faces. I joined in the rush, and after groping my way through the darkness reached the victim's side. He had been badly choked, and all that he could manage to articulate was "The

Major, the Major." Of course everybody imagined at once that the culprit was Major Dolan, and a search for him was instituted with lanterns and naked candles. At last he was discovered standing at the bar of Bennett's house. The crowd poured in, and one of the party, named Conger—a short, stocky Canadian, of great strength and quiet demeanor—laid a hand on the Major's shoulder.

Dolan swung quickly round with the exclamation, "What do you mean?"

"I mean that we want you," replied Conger, as the crowd closed in upon the two.

"Take your hand off, see!" yelled Dolan, and quick as thought he whipped out a revolver and pointed it at Conger's head. The crowd fell back. Mobs are always cowardly. Conger alone stood his ground.

"Get back," shouted Dolan, "or I'll kill you—see!"

Conger kept his eye full on Dolan's, and quietly said:

"You had better come with me."

"If I had you in the States I'd make a colander of your body," shouted the Major.

Conger laid his hand upon the revolver between the nipple and the cock, so that were the trigger pulled the cap would not explode. To the surprise of everyone Dolan yielded without another word, and Conger made him a prisoner. He could not endure the fire of Conger's eye. The Major spent several days in jail, but nothing could be proved

against him. He shortly afterwards left the river, his reputation as a dangerous man having vanished when he surrendered so tamely.

The year before coming to Yale Conger had visited the Holy Land, and he never tired of relating his experiences there. He was an odd genius, but a very good man and a devout Christian.

Now it happened that Dave Bennett, having made much money through the Emerson and other deals, decided to take a trip to California, and it also happened that he had engaged the only canoe that was available for the trip to Hope on the day that the Gilmans wished to descend. I saw Bennett about taking the Gilman party down. He was full of sympathy, although a hard, rough man, and agreed to hand them over to Capt. Wright at Hope without charging a cent. So they all embarked in the canoe at the river front, two Indians acting as the crew. Instead of starting at the hour agreed upon, Bennett said good-bye to so many friends that he got drunk, and detained the canoe until darkness had nearly set in. Navigation between Yale and Hope is always dangerous, even in broad daylight. In darkness it is doubly so. On this occasion the river was in an ugly frame of mind, a slight rise having taken place, and many trees were passing down. As the canoe moved away Kelly and I took an affectionate and tearful farewell of the little party of friends. We kissed the girls, and pressed the boy's hands till they must have ached. The last I saw of Bennett he sat near the

stern with a black bottle at his lips and waving his hat to his boon companions on shore. The poor girls waved their tear-stained handkerchiefs to us as the boat swung around Sawmill riffle, and the party passed from view forever!

What happened after the canoe went out of sight will never be known by mortal man. The next day "Delaware," on his way up from Hope, found a paddle floating in an eddy, and presently a black felt hat. He brought both to Yale. Someone said the hat was Dave Bennett's, and when "Delaware" was told of the departure of the canoe with Bennett and the girls the day before, he said that the party had not reached Hope when he left there. The greatest possible interest was aroused to ascertain the fate of the party, and Indians in canoes were despatched to examine the river banks and bars. They returned in a day or so with a roll of blankets and a woman's straw hat—the last having been worn by one of the girls.

Some weeks after the party had disappeared, and while the sad event which had hurried those bright young people and that sin-worn man into untimely graves was still fresh in my mind, an Indian came to me with a strange story. He said that about twenty "suns" (days) before he was coming up the river when he saw standing on the shore near Texas Bar, on the opposite bank to where he was, a young white klootchman (woman). She seemed in great distress, and was crying bitterly, wringing her hands and screaming.

The Indian said that he had to pass around a bend of the river before he came to a place where there was a safe crossing. He lost sight of the woman for a few moments, and when he had crossed and come again in view of the spot where she had stood she was not to be seen, nor could he find any trace of her having been there except the marks of small feet in the sand. Asked as to the color of her dress, he pointed to a blue flannel shirt which I wore and said, "all the same as that." He added that she had long black hair that streamed over her shoulders. Bertha Gilman wore a blue dress, and had long black hair! My theory has always been that Bennett, in his drunken antics, upset the frail boat and that all found a watery grave except Bertha, who managed to get ashore and went mad from exposure and grief. When she saw the Indian approaching, the unfortunate girl plunged into the river and was borne away by the swift current.

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Many years afterwards, while seated in the smoking apartment of a Northern Pacific sleeper, I told this melancholy story of early adventure. One of my listeners was a middle-aged man from Oregon. He told me that he was a little boy when the Gilmans went to Fraser River, and he remembered well the consternation and grief that was caused in their respective families by their strange and unaccountable silence. "This is the first intimation," he added, "I have ever had of their fate.

The fathers and mothers on both sides are long since dead, and I fancy that there are no relatives of the lost people now resident in their home town."

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The whistle of an approaching train aroused me from my reverie. Kelly and his pipe vanished, and as I rose from the boulder I took a long look at the cruel canyon and the wild waters that foamed and dashed against its narrow sides. Then I knocked the ashes out of my pipe, returned my spectacles to their case, heaved a deep sigh, and turned my back upon the scene of one of the most eventful incidents of my eventful life. "So runs the world away."

THE SAINT AND THE SINNER.

WHY did everyone refer to him as "Old Jackson"? All the other boys on Yale flat were known as "Bill," "Jack," or "Sam," or "Pete." Surnames were seldom used or needed. Christian names abbreviated answered all purposes for identification, reference or receipt. If there were half a dozen fellows in the camp with the same prefix, then some striking characteristic of manner, gait or speech was tacked on to designate which man was meant. But this man Jackson was never called anything except "Old Jackson." If he had a baptismal name I never knew it—at least, not until I saw him sign his full cognomen under peculiar and painful circumstances. He was not old either—scarcely thirty—but he had a grave, quiet, absorbed way with him. He had come through with his own train of fifty or sixty pack animals from California. He had driven them across the then trackless Bad Lands of Montana and the sage brush of Washington Territory, had watered them at the Columbia River side by side with the wild buffalo; had penetrated the savage Spokane region, where, a year before, an American general with his command had been ambushed and slain by the hostile tribes who roamed the alkali prairies on the borders

of Washington and which extend into our own province. Jackson owned the train and, as the world went then, was regarded as rich. He brought with him a number of packers and armed men who were desirous of trying their luck at the Fraser River mines, then lately discovered. On the way across the party had severe encounters with the natives. They lost two men and two were wounded. The dead men were buried in shallow graves after a rude burial service had been read over them. The wounded Old Jackson insisted on bringing along. He cast away the freight that two of the mules bore on their backs, substituting for the packs stretchers on which the poor fellows reclined. The average day's journey of a pack train is fifteen miles. To relieve the wounded Old Jackson reduced the day's journey of his train to ten miles and pitched camp each day early in the afternoon. Other pack trains from Oregon overtook and passed Jackson's. His assistants grumbled. They were anxious to test the new diggings and argued that unless greater speed was put on all the rich claims would be taken up and the whole country would be under ice and snow before they should reach the Fraser. But Jackson was firm. He would not make haste while the wounded men were incapable of helping themselves. To abandon them would be to ensure their speedy death at the hands of the savages, who, thirsting for human gore and scalps, hung like wolves on the flanks of the train. Some of his force deserted and joined other trains; but

Old Jackson crawled along at the ten-mile gait, and it was not until late in September that he reached the Fraser and found that the packers ahead of him had disposed of their flour, beans, and bacon to the miners and traders and that the market was glutted with supplies of all kinds. He did not complain, but stored his goods at Lytton and Yale and sent his animals out to grass on the Thompson. A few of them died, but the humanity of Old Jackson saved most of his train, and the wounded men as well. When the packers who had passed him on the plains reached their journey's end their animals were so run down that they were unable to withstand the rigors of an interior winter, and hundreds died from exposure. Alvarez, a rich Mexican, brought to the country 125 loaded mules. He stored the goods at Yale, and then proceeded towards Hope, sixteen miles lower down the Fraser River, where he proposed to winter the train. He swam the animals through the ice-cold current and built huge fires on the bank, where the mules as they emerged from the water were rubbed down. All but three of these valuable animals, chilled through and through, died in a few hours. Jackson's animals passed through the winter in good shape, and the men who had condemned his slowness now applauded his judgment and humanity. He placed the train on the trail between Yale and the Upper Fraser and made heaps of money during the following two years.

Old Jackson was a very peculiar man. He was

better educated than most of the men of his vocation, and his was a silent, unobtrusive personality. Often he would sit for hours in a group around a bar-room stove when his mind seemed far away, and he never uttered a word or joined in the conversation until he was appealed to, when having replied in monosyllables he quickly relapsed into silence. He drank little, swore not even at a refractory mule, and gambled not at all, but he read a great deal. I do not know where or how I got the impression into my head, but I always looked upon Old Jackson as a man who, like most silent men, although slow to anger, would be a dangerous character if once aroused. This idea was confirmed on a dismal winter evening, when a number of persons, to escape the pitiless pelting of a storm, had congregated for warmth about a huge red-hot sheet-iron stove in Barry's saloon. Among the company on that evening was an elderly American who was known to his companions as "Judge" Reynolds. It was given out that at one time in his life he had been a man of some influence, that he had worn ermine and dispensed justice, and that, which was still better, in his earlier days he was an honest lawyer. On this particular evening the "Judge," who was much the worse for liquor and was in a loquacious mood, was relating to the assembled miners an incident in his California career. To illustrate his story the old man rose to his feet and swung his long arms about after the manner of a political demagogue, while the "boys"

who sat around listened with wide-open faces to the stream of turgid eloquence that issued from his mouth. The "Judge" had reached one of his flights of half-drunken oratory when the front door of the saloon was thrown violently open and a blast of piercing wind tore into and through the room. The company turned towards the door and saw standing there the figure of a man of medium height, his garments covered with snow; a Mexican sombrero was drawn over his eyes and his whole appearance was that of one who had travelled a long distance through the pelting of that awful tempest.

As he stamped on the floor to relieve his boots of the weight of snow that had gathered upon them he threw a keen glance around. Then he removed the slouch hat which half-concealed his features. One look into that face was enough for me. It was a face on every line of which was stamped the mark of sin and ruffianism. The man who sat next to me shuddered as he whispered: "It's Tom O'Neil!"

The name was one that had inspired terror in many hearts in California and Texas, and the appearance at Yale of the man who answered to it was regarded as an evil omen. I had never seen the man before, and I felt I would not die of grief if I should not see him again. While this thought was running through my mind the desperado, still holding his hat in his hand, advanced towards the stove. Room was made for him as he came forward, and he soon had a choice of half-a-dozen chairs. Hav-

ing selected one he threw back his overcoat, and after another glance around the group, remarked:

"I walked up from Hope to-day. It's sixteen mile, I hear, but seems to me as it was a hundred." He paused for a moment as he held his open hands towards the stove to warm them, and then continued: "What did I came for? A picnic? Not much. I come for a man."

A shudder ran through the group.

O'Neil, who didn't seem to notice the agitation his words had caused, went on as if talking to himself:

"Yes, I'm after a man—leastwise, he's what some people calls a man. He threw dirt at me in Californy, and I've followed the varmint here to make him scrape it off. His name is—let me see, what's his name? Oh! yes, his name's one Reynolds—Jedge Reynolds he calls hisself, I reckon—a tall, big man what has a red nose and is much given to chin music. Perhaps none of you fellows don't know the man when you see him."

I stole a glance at Reynolds. He had ceased to talk and had fallen back in his seat when O'Neil appeared at the door. As I looked I saw him cowering in his chair with his hands before his face, apparently trying to reduce his figure into as small a compass as possible.

"Yes," said O'Neil, "he's my meat when I finds him. Do you uns know what he did to me? He sentenced me to the chain gang in Stockton for six months. Wot had I done? I only put a bullet into

a man's leg as had refused to drink with me. He couldn't a-treated me much wuss if I'd killed the man. I hear he's here. Does any one know a man hereabouts which his name's 'Jedge' Reynolds?"

No one answered.

O'Neil keenly scanned the group again, and his eye swept along until it fell upon the quivering form of the old man.

"Wot do you call that objeck? Give it a name!" he snarled, pointing to Reynolds. "Seems like he's got the chilblains."

Still no answer.

"Then I'll take a look for myself," and rising from his seat the ruffian drew the old man's hat from his head and cast it on the floor.

I looked at Reynolds. His face was the color of pine wood ashes, and he trembled like a leaf as he raised his hands imploringly.

With a cry like that of a wild beast at the sight of its prey O'Neil sprang forward and clutched Reynolds by the throat with one hand while with the other he drew a Colt's six-shooter from its sheath, cocked it and pointed it full at the other's head.

"My God!" cried Reynolds, pleadingly; "Tom —oh! Tom, you would not murder me. Say you would not, Tom. Oh! say it's all a joke, dear, good Tom. Say you don't mean it—that's a good boy. I'm an old man, Tom, Look at my gray hairs and spare me."

"Curse ye," foamed O'Neil, "yer had a lot of

mercy on me, didn't yer. Yer put me in prison and ruined my prospeks fer life. I've follered yer fer a thousand mile, and now I've got yer."

"Oh! oh!" wailed the old man, piteously; "let me go this time, Tommy, dear boy. You don't mean to kill me, do you? I always said you were a good boy at heart, only you were misled. You would not harm a hair of my poor old head, would you, Tom? Just think what an awful thing it is to kill a human being—especially an old man."

O'Neil raised his pistol again and pointed it full at his victim's head, and Reynolds sank on his knees to the floor, grasped his assailant's feet, and, as he grovelled there, continued to pray for mercy.

"No," cried O'Neil, "You've got just half a minute to say yer prayers."

"Tom! Tom! dear Tom," wailed Reynolds, "make it a minute—give me sixty seconds."

"Yer'd better hurry," vociferated the cold-blooded wretch. "There's only a quarter of a minute left." Reynolds burst into tears and fell over backwards. As he lay there he feebly pleaded: "Someone pray—pray as my poor old mother used to pray—for me."

"Time's up!" roared O'Neil. He raised his weapon and took deliberate aim at the prostrate form. While this scene was being enacted I sat speechless and rooted to my chair. I had seen death in many forms, and imagined that I was proof against any horror, but the prospect of seeing a man's brains blown out in cold blood was too

much for me, and, indeed, for the whole company, since no one moved, but just gazed helplessly on the scene.

"One two, th—," shouted the desperado.

And then a strange thing happened. Like a flash the muzzle of the pistol was struck upward and the ball intended for Reynolds lodged in the ceiling. The next instant I saw O'Neil in the grasp of a man. He struggled to release himself, and a volley of oaths poured from his wicked mouth. The two men fell to the floor as in a death grapple, the intruder beneath. O'Neil, whose pistol had fallen to the floor, reached for his bowie knife, but before he could draw it from its sheath the under man turned him over and pinned him to the floor. In another moment O'Neil was relieved of his bowie knife (his pistol having been taken possession of by one of the bystanders), and was allowed to rise. Panting for breath he sank into a chair.

Then I saw that the victor was Old Jackson! He had interfered in time to save Reynolds' life and undo the desperado.

Reynolds left the river the next day and Tom O'Neil apologized to Old Jackson and became one of his best friends. But the taint of ruffianism was too deep in Tom's system to be entirely eradicated by one discomfiting circumstance, as the following incident will show:

There was a little negro barber at Yale who was known as "Ikey." He was a saucy and presumptuous creature, with a mischief-making tongue

in his head. Into Ikey's shop one day there entered Tom O'Neil.

"Barber," quoth he, "I want yer to shave me."

"Yeth, sah," said Ikey, "take a seat."

"And barber," continued Tom, drawing a revolver and placing it across his knees, "If yer draw so little as one drop of blood I'll shoot yer."

The barber, fortunately, did not cut the vagabond, and so escaped with his life. In narrating the incident Ikey said: "If I'd a cut that man ever so little I made up my mind that I'd cut his throat from year to year. It would ha' been my life or his'n, and I was shore it wouldn't a been mine."

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One afternoon about two years subsequent to the occurrences I have narrated above, I strolled slowly along Yates Street in Victoria. About the last person I expected to meet was Old Jackson, and yet as I neared the corner of Government Street I almost ran against him.

"I was looking for you," he remarked, "all day yesterday. I got down the day before from Yale and wanted to see you badly."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I'll tell you," he replied. "I've sold my pack-train and intend to go to California. I was too late to catch the steamer and shall have to wait three weeks before another chance will come for getting away. I am very ill to-day. My left side feels as if there was a lump of ice inside of me. I went to

Dr. Helmcken this morning and he told me I must go to bed and stay there, that I am threatened with pneumonia."

Together we walked to the Hotel de France and went to his room. He breathed heavily and was very weak.

"I feel that I shall never get over this trouble," he said. "I don't think that I shall live long. I have some property and I want you to get me a lawyer so that I may make my will."

I summoned George Pearkes, and after two or three interviews the terms of the will were arranged and the lawyer took the paper away and deposited it in a safe.

From that day Old Jackson never left his bed, and the doctor said that his trouble was quick consumption.

One day, about a month after the will was drawn, Jackson handed me a letter and asked me to post it. I gazed at the superscription carelessly, and saw that it was addressed to "Thomas O'Neil, Esq., Yale, British Columbia."

He must have detected a look of surprise in my face, for he remarked in an explanatory manner:

"Tom's not such a bad fellow, after all. After you left the river we became good friends and I got to like him. This letter tells him to come right down, for I want to see him before I die."

The letter was mailed about the 10th of December, and two days before Christmas Tom O'Neil walked into the hotel. He had changed but little.

If anything, he was more villainous-looking than before, and he had the same swaggering, devil-may-care air that I had observed when I first saw him in Barry's saloon at Yale. He was shown to the sick room. In the evening I saw him at dinner. His manner was quieter and more subdued, and I thought—only thought, mind you—that his eyes were red as if from crying. The next day we were told that Jackson was sinking and might go off at any moment. O'Neil was constantly at the sick man's bedside, and in a rough but kindly way did all he could to relieve the distress of his friend. But the end drew rapidly near, and just before daylight on Christmas morning I was summoned from my room by a message that Old Jackson was dying and wished to say good-bye to me. I responded at once.

O'Neil stood at the head of the bed looking down on the face of the sufferer. His eyes were suffused with tears and his whole frame shook with emotion, which he found it difficult to control. I could not understand his agitation. Was it assumed or real? Could it be possible that this desperado—this murderer at heart, if not in deed—this social outcast, at the mention of whose name women shuddered and the cheeks of strong men blanched—was it possible that his wicked mind was open to generous impulses and emotions? Mentally I responded, "No; he is humbugging the friend about whom he has woven a strange spell that death alone can break." I was scarcely civil to O'Neil. He looked

out of place in a death chamber, at least in a death chamber that he had not himself by one of his murderous acts created.

"He's goin' fast," O'Neil whispered as I entered.

The sick man opened his eyes and gazed long and fixedly at Tom. Then he turned his head feebly to me and said in a low voice, "Be kind to him when I am gone."

I was startled. There was something so extraordinary in the request, coming as it did from a man whom I had learned to respect for his goodness of heart and bravery in staying the hand of the ruffian for whom he now pleaded.

"Yes," Jackson continued, "be good to him. He never had a chance. His mother died when he was a small boy and he ran away and came West to escape a cruel step-mother. It was not his fault if he grew up bad. He never meant to do half that he threatened to do. If he has done wrong he has suffered for it. I have forgiven him and if the rest will forgive him he'll do better."

O'Neil in a paroxysm of sobs flung himself from the room.

"Will you promise me?" urged the dying man.

"Yes," I said, most reluctantly, "I will do what I can."

A smile stole across his face. He tried to extend his hand, but it fell back on the counterpane.

"The will," he said, "the will will explain all."

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At the time of which I write a narrow passage

or alleyway extended from the northern side of the Hotel de France on Government Street to Broad Street. The White House now stands where that alley ran, and the hotel and the Colonial Theatre then occupied the Government Street front now covered by Spencer's store. At the Broad Street end of the alley there stood a story-and-a-half frame building occupied by nuns who were attached to the Catholic diocese, then presided over by Bishop Demers, a courtly and godly man of gentle demeanor and blameless life. Until a few days ago I was under the impression that the nuns' building had disappeared before the march of improvement, but a visit to the rear of the old Masonic hall and a careful examination of a dilapidated frame structure that stands there revealed the fact that the building occupied by the nuns forty-three years ago is still standing. It is old and rickety, and must soon succumb to the ravages of time, but its value as an historic memento is unquestioned.

In a miniature tower on the roof of the nuns' home there swung a tiny bell, which was rung at stated periods during the day and evening to remind communicants of their duties and to summon the faithful to prayer. The first gleam of dawn on that Christmas morning was welcomed by the glad ringing of the little bell. The sound fell on the ear of Old Jackson as he lay dying on his bed. He half raised himself and then fell back on the pillow.

"George," he feebly moaned, "Do you hear ?

It's our old schoolbell ringing. It's time to go home."

He paused for a moment and then went on: "I'm choking for air. Oh! Give me a chance. Open—please open that window and let in the air."

Someone raised the window and then there was borne in on the early breeze the sound of voices singing. The Holy Sisterhood on that lovely Christmas morning were chanting the morning prayer beginning, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace among men."

As the voices rose and fell in soft and gentle cadence the sick man raised himself on his elbow, the better to listen. When the voices ceased the bell resumed its call.

"Yes, George," said Old Jackson. "Let's get our books and go home. Dear mother will be waiting." He turned on his side and faced the wall. When the bell ceased to ring Old Jackson had indeed "gone home." Let us hope that he found his dear mother waiting to guide his footsteps to the foot of the Throne.

The next day Old Jackson was placed in the Quadra Street Cemetery. After leaving the cemetery we repaired to the hotel, where Mr. Pearkes read the will. It ran something like this:

"I give and bequeath to my brother, George Jackson, sometimes known as Thomas O'Neil, all my property, real and personal, that I die possessed of, the only stipulation being that he shall erect

a suitable stone over my grave, recording thereon my name, age and birthplace, and try and reform.

"JAMES JACKSON."

The property amounted to between $7,000 and $8,000 in gold, all of which the bank paid over to O'Neil the following day. He returned to the Mainland and resumed his evil course. Three years later, at the diggings on the Big Bend of Columbia River, he was voted a dangerous nuisance by the miners. A mule was procured, a rope passed around the animal's body, to which the desperado's legs were tied, and he was sent out of the camp with instructions never to return on pain of death. He was never heard of again, by me at least. Perhaps he perished in an attempt to reach civilization.

The other day I visited Quadra Street Cemetery. The desperado did not erect a stone to the memory of his brother, and the grave is unmarked and undistinguishable.

HAPPY TOM.

"So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear.
Farewell remorse; all good to me is lost.
Evil, be thou my good."

—*Milton.*

THE morning was bright and warm. I had risen early, and after a dip in an eddy in front of Yale flat was slowly picking my way along the bar towards a trail that led to the bench where the principal business houses were located when I saw approaching a tall youth of perhaps eighteen years. He leaped from boulder to boulder as he advanced, seeming to scorn the narrow path which led around the rocks. He was active enough for a circus acrobat, I thought, as I paused to watch his agile movements. As we neared each other the young man began to whistle, pouring forth from his lips most melodious sounds. The airs he selected were from songs that were popular at the time, and the execution was so exquisite and harmonious that I paused to listen so that I might draw in every note. When he found that he was observed the youth ceased to warble, and dropping from a boulder on which he was perched to the ground, bashfully awaited my approach.

"Good morning," I said. "You must have struck it rich—you seem so happy."

"No," he replied, "I haven't struck it rich. On the contrary, I have found nothing."

"Then why do you whistle?" I asked.

"Oh! because it makes the time pass pleasantly. Besides, I never let trouble bother me—I shed it like a duck sheds water from its back. I can't imagine how any man can be unhappy so long as he walks straight and acts right. I don't mean to do anything wrong in all my life, and if I don't have good luck I'm never going to fret."

"That's the proper spirit," I said; "stick to that and you'll come out all right. What's your name?"

"Tom," he said, with a funny look in his eyes.

"Tom—Tom what?" I persisted.

"No, not Tom Watt—just Tom—that's all."

"But surely you have another name?"

He shook his head with a light laugh as he said, "My name's only Tom in this country. Call me that and I'll always answer.

"No," I said; "I'll call you Happy Tom. Your philosophy is sound and good and your face shows that you have a light and happy heart."

He laughed again and passed on down the bar. As he went along I saw that his clothes were ragged and his boots in holes. A week elapsed before I met the boy again. He then walked along the main street warbling a popular tune with an energy and skill that were marvellous. He filled the air with

melody and people ran to their doors to listen to the sweet sounds. Tom was certainly a charming performer, and it was not long before he became a popular favorite. No party or dance was complete without Tom and his remarkable whistle. He was an exemplary young man. He would neither drink liquor nor smoke. He was witty without being coarse, rude or offensive. "Swear words" were strangers to his lips, and honesty of purpose and kindly thought shone from the depths of his clear eyes and lighted up his ingenuous countenance. I had many conversations with him and found him very intelligent. His uniform good nature was magnetic, and he grew upon me so that I soon got to like him very much. When I left the river in 1860, one of the last hands that I enclosed in a good-bye grasp was Happy Tom's, for the name had stuck to him. His eyes glistened as he approached the side of the canoe and wished me good luck.

"Tom, old boy," I exclaimed, "adhere to your principles and you'll be one of the foremost men of the colony. You've got it in you. Give it a chance to get out. Don't drown it with bad whiskey or kill it with worse company."

The happy fellow began to whistle an operatic air. Then he switched off upon "Home, Sweet Home." As my frail bark plunged into the foaming current and began to glide swiftly down stream he sent after me Charlie Mackay's "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and when I looked back just as the canoe began to

turn the first bend in the river he was perched on a huge boulder, still pouring forth his happy soul in sweet and far-reaching melody.

If any one should have then predicted that when Happy Tom and I next met it would be under circumstances of a most awful and soul-terrifying character I would have called him a false prophet or a fool. Yet it so turned out, as the sequel will show.

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In the summer of 1872 there arrived at Victoria from England a young lady named Ellen Forman. She was the daughter of Ald. Harry Forman, a resident of James Bay. She bore a high certificate as an English public school teacher, and was as pretty and dainty as a pink. John Jessop was then Superintendent of Education, and the young lady was not long in securing a school at a fair salary, where she gave entire satisfaction. About this time her father married again, selecting for his second wife a most estimable and worthy woman of middle-age, and the couple with the young school teacher went to reside at Mr. Forman's house on Kingston Street. The house was a one-story affair containing six rooms and a kitchen. About this time exciting news came of the discovery of a supposed rich vein of silver ore near the town of Fort Hope. Silver was then worth $1.10 an ounce and the shareholders in the new discovery were each rated in public estimation as worth at least a million dollars. Among the owners in the mine were George Dunbar, Sewell Moody, Wm. Sutton and

Thomas Chooley. These men were regarded as far and away the richest men in British Columbia. A test shipment of ore to San Francisco yielded $208 to the ton, and it was reported that there were many thousand tons of as rich rock in sight. The owners I have named came to Victoria one day to sell shares, which they had no difficulty in doing. Ald. Forman and the visitors were thrown much together, and in an evil moment Forman invited Chooley to his house and introduced him to his daughter. The father was dazzled by the reputed wealth of the mine owner, and the young girl, perhaps, was anxious to lay aside her books and exchange the little, unpretentious dwelling on the James' Bay side for a palace with servants and fine clothes and diamonds galore. It was a case of love at first sight. Chooley was at least twenty years older than Ellen Forman. He was strong and stout and masterful in his way, while she was pretty and petite and shrinking in her manner. But as love is said to delight in contrarieties, the difference in age, habits and dispositions proved no obstacles to an early union. In a few weeks the two were married amid the blare of trumpets, the glare of Chinese lanterns and the popping of champagne corks. All predicted a brilliant and happy career for the pair. They were treated and toasted and feasted, and if old shoes and showers of rice could ensure happiness Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chooley ought to have been the happiest pair of mortals on earth. Among the presents was a solid silver tea set made of metal

from the Fort Hope mine. They went from here to San Francisco, where they put up at a leading hotel. While there a serious quarrel occurred, due to the bridegroom's unjustifiable jealousy. He asserted that his wife did not love him, and to his dying day no argument or proof could induce him to change his mind. The idea was absurd and unjust. They returned to Victoria, and in due course a child was born at Forman's house, where the pair resided. The coming of the child produced no change in Chooley. He treated his pretty wife with distrust and cruelty. When Forman remonstrated with him Chooley drew a revolver and threatened to shoot him. He was restrained and left the house, taking rooms at the Driard. In a few days a peace was arranged and the Chooleys went back to the Forman house.

About this time it began to be rumored that the mine was not as rich as had been supposed. The vein had been probed, was found wanting in high-grade rock and showed signs of "petering out." It was also observed that Chooley's wealth, which was believed to be inexhaustible when he was married, had taken unto itself wings and flown away to the realm of unprofitable investments. As his means vanished Chooley became more brutal to his wife and abusive to her parents. Instead of the baby exerting a softening influence it made him harder. The sorrowful little wife was patient and strove bravely to mellow the fierce and wicked disposition of the man whom she had married. He

repelled all overtures. It was even said that he beat her on more than one occasion, and that he and Forman had come to blows in consequence. The parties continued to inhabit the little house on Kingston Street, where Chooley, who had now begun to drink heavily, terrified all by his wild threats and beastly language and actions.

. . . . . .

The evening of the 22nd of January, 1874 (just thirty years ago), was dark and dismal. Several inches of snow had fallen during the day and walking was most unpleasant. About the hour of 6.30 o'clock on the evening in question I was standing in front of my office on Government Street when Richard Brodrick, the well-known coal merchant, approached, saying:

"As I came across James Bay bridge just now I met Dr. Powell and Dr. Davie walking rapidly towards Government Buildings. They told me that Harry Forman had been shot."

"By whom?" I asked.

"They did not tell me," replied Brodrick.

In an instant I was on the alert, and a few minutes' quick run brought me to Forman's house. I knocked at the door. There was no response. I turned the handle—the door was locked. I ran round to the kitchen and tried that door; it was locked, too. I endeavored to raise a window, but all was fast. As I passed round to the open front door again two policemen, named Clarke and Beecher, came up. From them I got the informa-

tion that Chooley had shot Forman and that the wounded man had fled to the house of James R. Anderson, on the opposite side of the street, where he lay dying. Chooley, they added, had barricaded himself in Forman's house and was heavily armed. The police kicked in the front door and were met with two or three pistol shots fired in quick succession. The constables retreated, and Chooley appeared at the opening, pistol in hand. After fastening the door he again disappeared. The police surrounded the house and proposed to wait for daylight before renewing the assault.

I walked to the Anderson house, and there lay Harry Forman on a lounge. Every breath that he drew caused the warm blood to surge upward through a wound in his side. He had been shot through the left lung and was making a dying deposition. In substance he said that when he came home to dinner at six o'clock that evening Chooley was roaring drunk. He had taken possession of the dining-room, and a revolver, cocked, lay on the table by his side, while a demijohn of liquor stood on the floor. He refused to allow the table to be set in the dining-room, and for peace sake Mrs. Forman laid the cloth in the kitchen. Forman, his wife, and Mrs. Chooley, with her wee one on her knee, sat down to dinner and were conversing in an undertone about the best course to be pursued under the distressing circumstances when Chooley suddenly appeared at the door leading from the kitchen to the room in which he was. With a fearful oath he

aimed the weapon at Forman, who, fork in hand, was in the act of conveying food to his mouth. The ball passed through Forman's hand, and the wounded man with a cry of agony rose to fly. As quick as thought the wretch fired again, the ball this time passing through Forman's body. As the women and Forman ran from the room Chooley fired once again, the ball passing through a loose fold of the baby's blanket, making a hole, but doing no further injury. The whole party found shelter at Mr. Anderson's, where Forman died the following morning.

I returned to the Forman house after having heard the deplorable story and found the police still inactive and disposed to await the coming of day before resuming operations. Indeed, the militia had been sent for to form a cordon about the house. At this moment a little Englishman named W. H. Kay volunteered to enter the house and secure the murderer if a window could be pried. After several efforts the kitchen window was raised and Kay's small figure vaulted through the opening into the dark apartment. He found the dining-room door closed but not locked. Gently pushing the door open it encountered an obstacle. The obstacle proved to be Chooley's body, for he was lying dead drunk across the doorway. Kay required but little space through which to squeeze his small frame, and once inside he leaped on the murderer with a yell and held him until the police, bursting in a door, entered and secured him.

Chooley was brought to trial. He was followed to and from the scene of trial by the execrations of a multitude who sympathized with the wretched family. His lawyer was insulted while on his way from court on the first day of trial, and threatened with bodily injury, so intense was the feeling. The jury was not long in deliberating and when a verdict of guilty was rendered the spectators were transported with delight. Mr. Justice Gray passed sentence of death, which was to be inflicted six weeks later. Chooley took his sentence with calmness; his only defence was that he had been tricked into marriage and that his wife had been untrue to him.

Ten days before the day set for execution a plot to liberate Chooley was discovered. It was found that the guard and wardens had been corrupted and that at a fixed hour of the night the death-watch were to be overpowered, the prison doors thrown open and Chooley hurried to a steamer and taken to the American side. The plot failed and new guards and wardens were placed in charge at the prison, which stood on the site of the present Law Courts. Three days before the arrival of the day on which Chooley was to suffer I was admitted to the death cell. I found the man calm, but fully impressed with the idea that he had been wronged by Forman, who knew the state of his daughter's heart. I reasoned with him without avail. His one absorbing thought was that he had acted within his rights in committing the murder—that he was

merely an instrument to punish Forman. He told the same story and expressed the same belief to his clergyman, whose ministrations he readily received and in which he expressed belief. As I was leaving I casually remarked that I once resided at Yale.

"Yes," he said, "I knew you there."

"Do you know," I answered, "that I have been told by a hundred different persons that you were there in my time, and yet I cannot recall your features."

His eyes rested on the floor for a moment as if he were in deep thought. Then he raised them to mine and said:

"Are you quite sure that you never met me on Fraser River?"

"Quite," I replied.

Again he seemed to drop into deep thought. Then he rose to his feet. The setting sun shone through the little grated window that furnished air and light to the cell, and a golden beam danced like a sprite along the white-washed wall. The doomed man raised a hand as if he wished to grasp the fleeting ray. When he turned towards me again his eyes were filled with tears.

"And you don't remember me?" he said, sorrowfully.

"No, I cannot recall a line of your face."

"Perhaps this will aid your memory," he said. And then from his lips there issued a stream of delightful notes that reminded me of the story of the diamonds and flowers that fell from the mouth of the good young woman in the fairy tale.

I leaped to my feet, surprised and overcome by the revelation that the music conveyed.

"Good heavens!" I cried, "you don't mean to say that you are—you are—'Happy Tom?'"

"The same," said he. "Happy no longer but the most dejected and miserable wretch on the whole of our Maker's footstool! Fifteen years ago I was the merriest and happiest man in the colony. To-day I am a miserable felon" (he pointed to the heavy shackles that encircled his ankles), "and am about to die. After you left Yale I fell into bad company and took to drinking and gambling, and here I am at last—the natural end of all such fools. Had I been sober I would never have married that woman, and there would have been no murder."

He paused and burst into tears. In the midst of his grief I ventured to ask him if he would withdraw his words about his wife.

"No," he fiercely shouted, "I withdraw nothing."

At this moment one of the guards informed me that my time was up. As I extended my hand the convict said:

"Mr. H., I have one request to make of you. Will you come and see me hanged on Friday?"

"No!" I replied; "ask anything else and I will grant it; but not that—not that!"

"It's my last request—I insist," he urged.

"Oh! I cannot," I replied.

"What?" he said, caressingly, "you will not come and see poor Happy Tom—the boy you christened in the long ago—die like a man! Come; say you will. I shall never ask anything more of you."

I yielded at last; and on an early spring morning, when Nature had recovered from her long winter sleep and the song-birds had mated and nested and were bursting their throats with songs of gladness, and the sun had just peered above the eastern rim of the globe, as if to witness the gruesome proceeding in the old jail-yard at Victoria, they led Thomas Chooley—the Happy Tom of my earlier days—trussed as fowls are trussed for the oven—to be hanged by the neck until he was dead in accordance with the sentence of the court. As he crossed the yard to the scaffold his frame showed not the slightest tremor, his face wore its natural hue. As he advanced his eyes wandered over the group of officials and spectators until they encountered mine. A smile of recognition flitted across his face, and then it seemed as if the intervening years were rolled away and that he and I were suddenly transported to the waterfront at Yale and that he had just told me his name was only Tom, and I had named him "Happy Tom."

He ascended the scaffold with a firm step and listened unmoved to the reading of the death-warrant and the prayers of the good man who stood at his elbow. His legs were then tied, a cap was drawn over his face, a bolt was sprung, and the next instant all that remained on earth of Unhappy Tom Chooley was a writhing body suspended between heaven and earth.

THE DUEL.

"Honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? How then? Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. What is honor? A word. What is that word, honor? Air. Therefore I'll none of it."—*Shakespeare.*

EARLY on the 19th day of July, in the year 1858, in company with some twelve hundred other adventurous spirits who had left California to try their luck in the Fraser River gold fields, which were then attracting the attention of the world, I landed from a rowboat on the waterfront of Esquimalt town. We had followed in the wake of some 20,000 other gold-seekers. The old steamer *Sierra Nevada,* in which we voyaged, was overladen with freight and passengers, and it seemed a miracle that she survived the heavy winds and waves that beset her path. We were nine days on the way—the voyage is now made with ease by moderately fast vessels in two and a half days. The discomfort was great. Hundreds of the passengers—men, women and children—unable to secure berths or sleeping accommodations of any kind, lay about on the decks and in the saloons in the abandon of despair and hopelessness. Only a few escaped an

attack of seasickness. I was among the fortunate ones; having voyaged much in earlier life I was seasoned to all conditions of weather.

I had a stateroom in which there were three berths. One of these was occupied by G. B. Wright, who afterwards rose to eminence on the Mainland as a pioneer merchant and road builder. He was a bright, energetic man at that time, young and chock full of enterprise and ability. The remaining room-mate was a young Englishman who said his name was Geo. Sloane. He was very intelligent, and having lately left college in England, was fond of quoting Latin and Greek phrases and reciting poetry, which he did very well. In the next room was an American named Johns, whom I had known at San Francisco; another American named Crickmer, also a San Francisco acquaintance, and a third young man who called himself John Liverpool. This last person was English, he said. He was of a jovial disposition, smoked a good deal and drank brandy from an earthen gallon jug. He could tell a good story, and Wright and I—the others being prostrated with seasickness —used to lean over the rail and listen to his fund of anecdote and adventure. Sometimes he would make us laugh immoderately, and at others our hearts would be stirred with pity as he related some pathetic story of his early life.

About the fifth day out a passenger—a woman—died, and on the evening of the same day she was

buried at sea, Captain Blethen reading the funeral service as the corpse, sewed in canvas and weighted with iron, was shot over the side. I have often wondered how any of us escaped with our lives. The condition of the ship was abominable; the water was bad, there was no attempt at sanitation, and the stench from the hold was unbearable. The food was wretched, and so the brandy in Mr. Liverpool's jug was at the ebb-tide mark long before we sighted Cape Flattery.

On the sixth night the head wind stiffened to a fierce gale, and in spite of all we could do to reassure the wretched people on board, many resigned themselves to their fate and few expected to see land again. That night two men, who had come aboard healthy and strong, succumbed and were buried at sea the next morning. The afternoon of the seventh day was bright and warm. The wind died away, the sea calmed down and the steamer began to make fairly good time. The sick people gradually crawled from their hiding places, looking wan and wretched enough, but loud in the expression of their thanks that they had come through the tempest with their lives. Seated on a steamer chair I presently observed a young woman of eighteen or twenty years, who had struggled from below. She was pale and thin, and bore on her face a look of wretchedness and misery. I got the impression that when in health she must be very pretty, and I recall that she had a wealth of dark brown hair, a pair of glorious hazel eyes and regu-

lar features. She sat watching the gulls as they rode on the crests of the billows, and I thought I had never seen a prettier picture. I was tempted to speak to her, but as I was on the point of advancing a burly figure pushed by me and, addressing the girl, engaged her in conversation. Their tone was low, but they seemed to be acquainted. Mr. Liverpool, for it was he who had put my amatory "nose out of joint," hung about her till bedtime. When Liverpool passed me on the way to his stateroom, I rallied him as to his pretty acquaintance.

"Yes," said he, "she *is* pretty. Her name is Bradford—Miss Bradford. She is very unfortunate. Her mother was the lady who died and was buried the other day, and she is alone in the world. I knew them in San Francisco. The mother kept a boarding-house on Powell Street. They were on their way to open a boarding-house in Victoria, but of course that is all over now and she will have to go back."

The next morning I was early on deck and there sat the pretty girl with the hazel eyes again watching the gulls as they skimmed over the surface of the waves. The morning was warm and pleasant, the land was in sight, and the assurance of the Captain that next day we should be at Esquimalt brought the color to many pallid cheeks and the lustre to many dull eyes. At this moment Sloane, advancing with difficulty along the crowded deck, reached the girl. He held in one hand a cup of tea and in the other a plate on which were an orange

and some biscuits. As he was about to hand the articles to the girl, Liverpool, who was standing near, took the cup and plate and himself handed them to Miss Bradford. The girl never looked at Liverpool, but she flashed her beautiful orbs full in Sloane's face, and thanked him in a low, sweet voice. Sloane, who seemed somewhat disconcerted at Liverpool's interference, hesitated a moment and then walked to where Wright and I were watching events.

"You seem," said I, "to be making progress in that direction."

"Well, you see," he replied, "I was up at dawn, and you know the saying about the early bird, etc. I have had a long talk with her. Since her mother is dead she has no friends left except a brother at San Francisco, and she intends to go back by this very boat. She has no money either. It was all in her mother's purse, and when she died money and purse disappeared—stolen by some miscreant. She is very intelligent, very sweet, and, oh! of such a grateful and confiding nature. She told me everything about herself and I know all about her and her belongings."

"Have a care," said Wright. "My experience of steamboat acquaintances is rather unfavorable."

"My dear fellow," rejoined Sloane, "there are acquaintances and acquaintances. This girl is as good as gold. What do you say? Let's start a subscription for her. I'll give twenty dollars."

The idea was adopted, and in about ten minutes

Sloane was on his way back to the girl with a considerable sum—I think about one hundred dollars. I accompanied him. Liverpool stood behind the girl's chair, conversing with her in a low tone.

"Miss Bradford," began Sloane, speaking very slowly and very low, blushing like a schoolboy the while, "I have brought you a small sum as a loan from a few of your fellow-passengers. You can repay it at your leisure."

He was about to place the coin in the girl's outstretched hand when Liverpool wrenched the money from his grasp and tossed it overboard.

"Look here!" he exclaimed, "this girl is not a beggar, and if she stands in need of money I have enough for both."

Sloane was speechless with indignation. His eyes blazed with anger. "You d——d cad," he began, and then recollecting himself he paused and bit his lip.

"Go on," said Liverpool; "I'm listening."

"Miss Bradford," said Sloane, ignoring Liverpool, "do you countenance—do you approve of this man's conduct?"

I looked at the young woman. Her face had assumed an ashen hue; her lips were colorless and her beautiful eyes were filled with tears. She half rose and then sank back and seemed about to faint.

Sloane still held the reins of his passion and refused to let it get away with him, but he was livid with repressed rage.

"Do you," he at last managed to say to Miss

Bradford, "do you approve of this man's beastly conduct? Has he any right to control your movements, or to say what you shall or shall not do? Please answer me, and if he has a claim upon you I will go away and trouble you no more."

The girl rose from the chair and was about to reply when Liverpool's right arm shot out and his fist struck Sloane full in the face between the eyes. Sloane staggered, but he did not fall. In an instant he recovered his balance, and, quicker than it takes to tell it, he seized Liverpool by the throat with one hand while with the other he delivered about a dozen smashing blows in rapid succession upon his antagonist's face and body. It was all over in half a minute, and Liverpool, his face streaming with blood and half dead from the choking and pounding, dropped into the chair which the girl had vacated as she fled from the scene. I took Sloane away and got a piece of raw meat from the steward to bind over his eyes, which were both blackened.

The next morning the passengers landed at Esquimalt from the steamer in small boats (there were no wharves), and having seen nothing of Liverpool and Miss Bradford since the affray I began to hope that we had heard the last of them—not because I was not deeply interested in the fair creature (for I may as well confess that I was), but I feared if the two men came together again there would be a tragic outcome. We walked to Victoria in the afternoon and found the town crowded

with gold-seekers. Houses were few and the whole town-site was covered with miners' tents. There must have been 10,000 people there at the time of which I write. Every country on the face of the earth was represented. The streets and fields were alive with people. Fort and Yates Streets, from Cook nearly to Quadra, and from the present line of Fort to Johnson Street, was a big swamp where pond lilies and cat-tails flourished. At Cook Street on the East, and James Bay on the south, where the Government Buildings now stand, there were dense forests of oak, cedar and fir. The Hillside estate was thickly covered with standing timber, and grouse and deer in large numbers and an occasional bear could be bagged within a few minutes' walk of the Finlayson homestead.

Crickmer, Johns and I had brought a tent and a good supply of food. We pitched, as nearly as I can remember, in an open space near where the Dominion Hotel stands. Sloane we invited to camp with us. Although he was a casual acquaintance we liked him from the start, and his plucky display of science when he beat John Liverpool endeared him to us. The first night we slept on a bed of fir boughs. In the morning we built a fire, and Crickmer, who was a good cook and had been accustomed to camping out, began to prepare the morning meal. Presently he came inside and lowering the flap of the tent said: "Boys, who do you think are our next door neighbors? Guess."

We all gave it up, and he exclaimed, "Liverpool and Miss Bradford occupy the next tent."

Sloane sprang to his feet with a furious oath, exclaiming, "If he has wronged that girl I'll kill him."

"Nonsense," said I; "when you've been on the Coast a little longer you will not make such a fuss about people you chance to meet when travelling. What is she to you, anyway?"

Crickmer and Johns took the same view, and we extracted from Sloane a solemn promise that he would not speak to Miss Bradford if he met her and that he would not notice Liverpool under any circumstances.

As we concluded our conversation the flap of the tent was raised and a broad, good-natured face appeared at the opening.

"Boys," the face said, "I've been here a month. I know all about everybody. I live next tent on the north, and anything I can do to help you, ask me. I want to warn you. I saw a bad San Francisco man pass here a moment ago. He disappeared in one of the tents. Keep a close watch to-night."

Little did we think at the time that the bad man was Sloane's steamboat antagonist.

We ate our meal in silence, and then walked to Government Street to enjoy the sights and sounds that are inseparable from a mining boom. About the noon hour we ate luncheon at the Bayley Hotel, where the Pritchard house now stands. The luncheon cost each man a dollar, and for a glass of water with which to wash down the food each paid John C. Keenan, who kept bar at the Bayley, fifteen cents. Water was scarce and just as dear as Hudson's Bay rum; and as for baths—well, there was

the harbor. A bath of fresh water at that time would have been as costly as the champagne bath at Winnipeg in 1882, which a man took to commemorate a big real estate deal, at $5 a bottle!

We returned to the tent about five o'clock in the evening and set about preparing our dinner of bacon and beans and flapjacks. Presently, Liverpool and Miss Bradford appeared. The girl seemed ashamed and hurrying into their tent did not appear again.

Johns and I had arranged to meet Wright at seven o'clock and attend a minstrel show at the Star and Garter Hotel, which stood on Government Street upon the site now occupied by the old Masonic Temple. So we sauntered down the road to keep the appointment. What happened after we left the tent was told us by Crickmer amid tears and sobs, for his was a very nervous and emotional temperament. He said that as he and Sloane sat about the camp fire smoking their pipes after we had gone Liverpool came out of his tent. His face bore the marks of his severe punishment. Sloane's eyes were also black. Liverpool, who was accompanied by three or four evil-looking men, his voice quivering with passion, said to Sloane:

"I demand satisfaction for the injury you have done me."

Sloane rose slowly to his feet and, keeping his eyes full on the other's face, replied, "I have done you no injury."

"You have," said Liverpool, passionately. "You

"Gentlemen, are you ready?"

insulted my wife by offering her money, and you beat me like a dog when I refused to let her take it."

"I did not know she was your wife," said Sloane.

"She wasn't then, but she is now. I married her this morning," returned Liverpool.

"What do you want me to do?" asked Sloane.

"I want you to fight me—now—here—this minute. Get your pistol."

"I have done you no wrong, and I won't fight you; besides, I have no pistol," said Sloane.

"Then I'll brand you as a liar and coward, and will kill you, too."

"Take care, Liverpool," said Sloane. "Don't go too far."

"Go too far! Why, man, if anything I can do or say will make you fight I'll say and do it. Take that," and the ruffian spat full in the other's face.

"Give me a revolver!" exclaimed Sloane, enraged beyond control. "I'll fight you; but it must be with the understanding that after we have fought I shall be troubled no more."

"Yes," said Liverpool, his every word seeming to carry a hiss, "after you have fought me you will be troubled no more."

The awful significance of this remark was realized later on.

Crickmer said he clung to Sloane and implored him not to fight. But the Englishman's blood was up, and he struggled like a wounded tiger. Two of Liverpool's companions dragged Crickmer, who was little and frail, aside and threatened to shoot him if he interfered further.

A crowd of miners had been attracted to the spot by the loud talking, and one of them unbuckled his waist strap and handed Sloane a six-shooter.

"It's a good one and never misses," the miner said. "Do you want a second?"

"Yes; will you act?" asked Sloane.

The miner consented. Liverpool chose one of the evil-looking men as his second, and the principals and seconds, followed by a gang of several hundred campers, repaired quickly to an open space where Rae Street now runs, and beneath the very shadow of the English Colonial Church ten paces were stepped off and the men took their places. Liverpool, winning the choice of position, stood with his back to the sun, a manifest advantage. As for Sloane, the glory of the departing sun shone full on his face. The music of birds was in his ears. Sweet wild flowers bloomed about him. He took all these in with a sweeping glance, and for a moment turned and gazed at the old church. Perhaps a vision of his childhood days, when a fond mother directed his footsteps to the House of Prayer, swept across his mind. The next instant he faced his adversary, dauntless and cool.

"Gentlemen, are you ready?" asked one of the seconds.

"Ready," both responded.

"Then—fire!"

There were two reports, but only one bullet found its billet. With a loud cry of agony Sloane fell forward. He had been shot through the heart.

The sun sank behind the Metchosin Mountains, and the chill evening breeze swept across Church Hill and sighed a requiem through the branches of the tall pines. The midsummer moon rose in all its splendor over the tops of the trees, and its soft rays fell upon Something lying there still and cold—Something that a short while before was an animated human being, full of hope and promise and chivalry; now, alas! dead to all things earthly. The scene was deserted by every living thing, and the dew of heaven, like angels' tears, had fallen on the stricken youth's form and bathed his face and hair ere the police appeared and bore the body to town.

As Johns, Wright and I came out of the show place, two hours later, we saw a stream of excited men and women passing along. "A man has been shot dead," said one of the passers-by. We followed the crowd to the corner, and with some difficulty elbowed our way into a deserted building. Our feelings may well be imagined when we saw our late steamer acquaintance and tent mate, whom we had left a short time before, lying dead on the floor. An inquest was held and a verdict of "wilful murder" was returned. But the surviving principal, the seconds and Miss Bradford were gone, and no man could be found who would acknowledge that he saw the duel. All who had not run off were struck suddenly blind, deaf and dumb.

When we came to prepare the poor youth for the grave, the man who had given us the warning as to the presence of a bad character helped. We had

asked a Presbyterian minister to read the service, but we found a gold medallion of the Holy Virgin and the Child suspended by a chain about the neck of the corpse, so the Bishop of the Catholic mission read the funeral service of his Church over the remains. Nothing was found in the dead man's travelling bag to indicate who he was. We only knew that he was a brave young English gentleman who had been done to death by a bloodthirsty ruffian through a mistaken idea of what constitutes honor.

And John Liverpool and Miss Bradford, did you ever hear of them again? you ask. Yes; John Liverpool was in reality "Liverpool Jack," a noted California outlaw, who immediately on his return to San Francisco murdered the mate of a British ship and was executed with neatness and despatch by the authorities there. Crickmer, whose terrible experience while here prompted him to take the next boat for home, wrote me some years later that he often saw the girl with the wealth of hair and glorious eyes flitting along the pavements at night like an evil spirit.

And so ends the story of British Columbia's first and only duel.

A PLOT THAT FAILED.

"My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain."

—*Richard III.*

Not long since while rummaging among some old papers I found the full-length photograph, in *carte de visite* size, of a gentleman whose features seemed familiar; but for the life of me I could not recall where and under what circumstances I had met the original. After cudgelling my brain until it ached, I threw the picture down. In falling the back of the photograph turned uppermost and instantly memory came to my aid and a train of thought that carried me back more than forty years was set in motion. Written across the card appeared these words:

"Yours affectionately,
"John Cooper."

"Victoria, V.I., May, 1860."

The inscription brought to mind the face, and face and name recalled a story of an attempted crime which, in all its ramifications, had it been accomplished, would have been the most remarkable and extraordinary that ever occurred in America.

John Cooper was an Englishman who before

coming to Victoria in 1859, had been in the Australian Government employ. As he was backed by good credentials his services were immediately engaged by the Government of British Columbia, and being an excellent accountant he was installed as chief clerk of the Treasury of British Columbia. The colonies of Vancouver Island and British Columbia were at that time governed by separate and distinct staffs. They were presided over by one Governor—Douglas—who supervised both establishments. The officials were quartered at James Bay, and the vault in the Treasury Building, which was a detached structure, and stood near where the palatial printing office now stands, was used in common by both staffs. This was before the day of combination and time locks, and the massive iron door of the Treasury was secured by a key resembling (except in size, for it was a huge brass affair and weighed nearly a pound) an ordinary house key. There was no duplicate, and the task of opening and closing the vault was assigned to Mr. Cooper, who left the office about four o'clock every afternoon, bearing with him the ponderous key, safely deposited in an inside pocket.

The house in which Mr. Cooper roomed was situated on the southeast corner of Yates and Douglas Streets. The building is still in evidence, being now occupied as a butcher shop and dwelling. The moss on the roof and the general state of dilapidation into which the place has fallen betoken its antiquity. It was, at the time of which I write, a new and smart-

looking building. A gentleman named Pidwell, from California, built and occupied it with his family, and Mr. Cooper slept in one of the rooms on the second floor. The next neighbor of the Pidwells was an American auctioneer named McCrea, who, with his charming wife and family of three children, occupied a four-roomed one-story building which has long since disappeared before the ravages of time. In the backyard of the McCrea house and overlooking the rear of the Pidwell house was a smaller building, which at the time of which I write was occupied by a gentlemanly-looking man and his handsome wife. They had arrived from San Francisco about the 1st of January, 1860, and had rented the house from McCrea for three months, the gentleman, who said his name was Sprague, informing the landlord that he was awaiting the opening of the mining season to go to Yale and work some placer claims he owned there. The couple were regular in their attendance at worship, dividing their attendance between the Wesleyan Methodist church on Lower Pandora Street and the Church of England edifice on Church Hill. They seemed to have money, and Mrs. Sprague, who had a fair contralto voice, was accompanied by her husband upon the violin. As their strict attendance at church attracted attention, it was not long before they were "in the swim." Victoria society, such as it was then, threw wide open its doors to them. Soon no musicale or tea party was deemed successful at which Mrs. Sprague did not sing and Mr. Sprague play.

Being a very young man at the time, and unmarried, I had plenty of evenings at my disposal, and naturally made one of several young fellows who availed ourselves of the opportunity afforded by an invitation to pass a pleasant evening in good company. As the McCrea and Sprague homes were too small to accommodate many visitors, the reunions were held at the Pidwell house on the corner. The Pidwell family were very musical, and with all the available local amateur talent contributing to the enjoyment, we poor waifs and strays from Canadian and English homes were made supremely happy.

Mr. and Mrs. Sprague being the latest arrivals, and being, as I have said, decidedly musical, were the centre of attraction. Mrs. Sprague would sometimes be induced to favor us with a secular song. She sang "The Old Folks at Home" and "The Last Rose of Summer" with great pathos and feeling, but she prefaced every vocal effort with the information that she preferred sacred music. As for cards, they were the abomination of the pair, and dancing was sinful and immodest.

As I was very impressionable at the time, I confess that this tall, courtly and accomplished lady won my confidence from the start, and I may add that she similarly impressed all my young friends. We had little use for Sprague. Perhaps we envied him the possession of the splendid creature he called his wife, but it always seemed to me that he was acting a part. While his wife was easy and

natural in her manners and gave evidence of good breeding, the husband was decidedly unnatural and too methodical in his ways and speech. His words were measured and his voice seemed to be false and assumed. When he spoke to you his big black eyes would wander all over the universe, as if he were fearful of looking you in the face, and I often had a sensation come over me, as we conversed, that he was pulling wool over my eyes. But gradually that feeling wore away. The generosity of the couple was unbounded, and their piety was so pronounced that to have uttered a word in disparagement of either would have been to consign the utterer to a social Coventry.

I did venture on one occasion to remark to a lady friend that I didn't like Mr. Sprague, when I was met with the tart remark, "Oh, you're jealous." So I said no more, and the enjoyable evenings continued, with the Spragues cutting daily a wider swath with their voices and violin into the affections of their friends and neighbors. I forgot to say that Mr. Cooper always attended the musical parties and contributed his share to make things pleasant. D. B. Ring, an English barrister; Alfred Waddington, the projector of the Bute Inlet route for an overland railway; Selim and Lumley Franklin; John Bayley, Commissioner of Police; George Pearkes, Solicitor-General; Mons. Sandrie, who had played first violin in the Tuileries' orchestra; Mme. Ballagny, a gifted vocalist; B. W. Pearse and the Pidwells, about this time formed a Philharmonic

Society, and of course the Spragues were invited to join. They accepted, and the first rehearsal was arranged for, when an astounding thing occurred, which rent society to its centre and burst our musical evenings to pieces as if a charge of dynamite had got in its work.

The winter of 1860-61 was very boisterous and wet. The dwellings were mostly of a cheap class, and the wind played havoc with the windows and roofs. The streets were bogs. There were no side-walks above Government Street, and only here and there a crosswalk to enable pedestrians to go from one side of a street to the other. Wheeling was almost an impossibility and teams were "sloughed" in efforts to navigate the liquid mud with loads of goods. There were no street lights; gas had not been introduced and electric lights and telephones were not invented. There was no water supply, except from wells, and carts delivered the fluid from door to door. There was no sewerage; yet, strange to say, cases of typhoid fever and diphtheria were rare. There were no delivery carts, goods being sent from store to house in wheelbarrows or baskets. Not a single hack plied for hire on the streets, and open vans or uncovered express wagons conveyed passengers to and from Esquimalt town, where a steamer from California called every three weeks with the mails, freight and passengers. The service between Puget Sound and Victoria was performed by a small steamer named the *Eliza Anderson* in honor of the daughter of Hon. A. C. Anderson.

There was no railway anywhere on the Coast at that time and no telegraph line west of Chicago.

But all this is beside the story I have to tell, and I must hasten on. On the afternoon of the 10th of February, 1860, five heavy wooden boxes strapped with iron were delivered at the Colonial Treasury. They were addressed to the Treasurer of British Columbia and bore the broad arrow on their covers. The boxes had been brought from England by a warship that arrived the day before. It was known that they contained 40,000 sovereigns, which were to be used in paying off a small force of English regulars quartered on the Mainland, and to defray other Imperial Government expenses. This large sum of $200,000, added to a further sum of about $20,000 belonging to the local authorities, made a total of $220,000. No secret was made of the presence of all this treasure at the Government Buildings, and when on the morning of the 18th of February, eight days after the receipt of the sovereigns, the janitor found tracks of muddy boots on the floor of the verandah, their unusual presence created no surprise. Such an event as a burglary was the last thing to enter any one's mind, and the $220,000 reposed in the vault behind the iron door, which was locked by John Cooper's massive key, in apparent security.

The night of the 20th of February, 1860, was one of the most dismal and stormy of a long and dreary winter. The wind played havoc with roofs and awnings, and storm-clouds scurried across the

sky. The inmates of the Pidwell homestead retired early that night and the household was soon fast asleep. About two o'clock in the morning, while the storm was at its height and windows and doors rattled a noisy accompaniment to the fierce gusts of wind that shook the building, a young lady asleep in one of the rooms was awakened by a sensation of something cold touching her face. She instinctively raised her arm and grasped the hard, horny hand of a man. The room was intensely dark and not an object could be seen. The young lady, now thoroughly awake and alarmed, asked:

"Who are you—what do you want?"

"Hush!" replied a man's deep voice, lowered to a hoarse whisper, and then the young girl felt the cold muzzle of a pistol pressed against her face. "Hush!" continued the voice. "If you speak again I'll blow your brains out."

But the girl would not hush. "What do you want?" she again demanded.

"I want to know where Mr. Cooper's room is. I want him," replied the voice. "I won't harm you if you'll tell me. If you don't I'll kill you," and the cold muzzle was pressed against the girl's forehead.

Instead of remaining silent the girl screamed loudly. The screams awoke the occupants of the other rooms, and the burglar, hearing their cries and movements, started for the stairs. In the dark he lost his way and ran into the arms of Mr. Pidwell, who was also groping in the dark, having run in to ascertain the cause of the commotion. The two men

grappled and in their struggles fell against the bath-room door, which yielded to the pressure, and down they tumbled into the room, the intruder underneath. As he lay there he contrived to fire his pistol. The ball grazed the knee of his captor, and passing through the base-board of the room carried away part of the ear of a young man who came bounding up the stairs to assist in the capture.

About this time a light was procured, and as its rays fell on the face of the captive there was a simultaneous cry of "Why, it's our milkman!"

And sure enough the burglar proved to be the man who supplied the neighborhood with milk. His name was Francis Birney, and he had been looked upon as a model young man, whose only objection to the business, he often said, was that he was forced to deliver milk on Sunday, when he ought to be at church.

The little town was thrown into a state of intense excitement when it became known the next day that murder and robbery had been attempted. The neighbors of the Pidwells were extremely agitated, and all repaired to the scene of the startling event to learn particulars—all save the Spragues. About ten o'clock in the morning some one remarked their absence and a messenger was despatched to tell them of the affair. He found the door open, household things and wearing apparel scattered about the rooms, but in the words of Casabianca, "The Spragues, oh! where were they?" They had disappeared—murdered perhaps by the man or men

who had invaded the Pidwell house. The well was examined, and every place where a body might have been concealed was searched. Even the kitchen floor was taken up, but from that day to this no trace of the pair was ever seen in or about Victoria.

The captive was arraigned at the next Assizes, and George Hunter Cary, then Attorney-General of the United Colonies, accepted a plea of "guilty," and Chief Justice Cameron gave Birney a sentence of five years in the chain-gang.

About a week after his sentence Birney sent for me and told me that he wanted to make a confession. He said that he had joined a band of six robbers who were aware of the defenceless condition of the Treasury. They knew all about Mr. Cooper and the key, and on one occasion had arranged to knock him on the head in broad day while he was on his way to town, rob the Treasury with the aid of the key, and carry the treasure off in a boat to the American side. The scheme failed, and he accepted service as a milkman with the object of ascertaining the habits of the Pidwells and the location of Mr. Cooper's room, from whose pockets it was arranged that he should abstract the Treasury key while the custodian slept. The gang were then to loot the vault, carry the treasure to the water-front and convey it in a boat to the American side. As originally planned the plot comprehended the stealing of about $20,000, money belonging to the local governments. But when the 40,000 sovereigns were brought in the scheme was enlarged, and the

game became more exciting in expectation of larger profits.

"I worked on that scheme for six months, and ought to have won," said Birney, "and would have won, too, only the young lady would not hush when told to do so at the peril of her life."

"And the Spragues?" I ventured. "I suppose you killed them?"

The criminal laughed long and loud. "The Spragues—kill them? Lord love your innocent young heart, they were in the conspiracy. They were my partners. How they did fool you all. I used to sneak in at their back door and sleep on a lounge every night. Kill them? Sprague wasn't Sprague at all. He is one of the most notorious burglars in America, and he and his 'wife' came here on purpose to do that job—to rob the Treasury. Mrs. Sprague searched Cooper's room twice for the Treasury key, but Cooper always carried it with him. Oh! if that girl had only hushed! But it's just my luck. Sprague got away and I am here. When they found out that I was caught, the pair bolted for the American side in the boat that had been provided to carry away the treasure."

Some years afterwards, when Birney had served his sentence and was again at large, he was detected while in the act of robbing the house of an old woman. He resisted and a constable was shot dead. Birney escaped to the American side and two years later was hanged by a vigilance committee in Montana.

THE PREMIER BARON.

"A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

—*Milton.*

In the fall of 1858 there arrived at Victoria a tall, dark, haughty looking Irishman, with a military bearing, who gave evidence, in the absence of one of his eyes, of hard usage on some battlefield. The gentleman's name was Major DeCourcey, and he claimed to have seen service in the Crimean War, then Britain's latest unpleasantness. He brought high recommendations as to character and fitness, which he presented to Governor Douglas, and it was not long before he was enrolled on the commission of the peace and was sent to San Juan Island as magistrate. That island had long been a preserve of the Hudson's Bay Company, who raised pigs, sheep and horned cattle thereon, while the company's servants took unto themselves wives and raised many children. A number of British and American farmers, attracted by the fertility of the soil, also settled there, and quite a community of both nationalities soon began to grow up. Previous

to the advent of Major DeCourcey as Justice of the Peace the two races had mingled in perfect harmony, and neighborhood disputes that sometimes arose were settled in a way satisfactory to all parties. I am not aware that Britain's rights to sovereignty over San Juan and adjacent islands had been seriously questioned before 1859; but certainly no overt act was committed and no claim officially submitted by the United States previous to that year. Shortly after Major DeCourcey made his appearance on the island an American settler stole or confiscated or shot for trespass a fine Berkshire hog belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and the magistrate, on complaint being made, haled the offender before him, and either imprisoned or fined him. In disposing of the case DeCourcey was unnecessarily severe in his strictures on the American settlers, and threatened that if necessary the whole power of the British nation would be invoked to punish them. One would have thought that a grave question of state was involved—that the rights of the Government had been attacked and were imperilled—whereas the trouble was all over a pig, worth four or five dollars! But momentous events have often flowed from small circumstances. Not to travel too far from home for an example, the great territory of Oregon was lost to the British Crown because the salmon of the Columbia River will not rise to the fly! The brother of the Earl of Aberdeen, the British Premier in 1846, commanded a warship on the Oregon Coast. The territory

was then in dispute. One day the Premier's brother started out for a day's fishing, but coax as he might he failed to induce a single salmon to rise. Disgusted he wrote home to his brother: "A country where the salmon will not rise to the fly is not worth a d——." And so it came about that Great Britain withdrew her claim and the whole of Oregon and Washington Territory, which were hers by virtue of prior occupation, passed under American rule. Between a pig and a salmon Britain's interests were sadly undone on the Pacific Coast.

The American residents, regarding the treatment of their fellow-countryman as an act of tyranny, and affecting to believe that the island was American territory, appealed to Gen. Harney, who was then in command of the U. S. forces on Puget Sound. Harney despatched Capt. Pickett with a small force, and instructed him to land on the island, lay claim to it in the name of the American Government, and resist any attempt that might be made to dislodge him. Briefly stated, the contention of the Americans was this: That the line which defined the boundary between the British territory and that of the United States ran on the west side of San Juan and the other islands, known as the San Juan group. The British held that the line ran on the east side of the group, and that all the islands west of the line were British territory.

The news of the invasion of the island by an American force created much excitement when it reached Victoria, Washington and London. A fleet

of warships was detached from the Chinese station, and ordered to proceed with all despatch to Esquimalt and there await orders. At one time there were twelve warships in Esquimalt harbor, and a thriving business was driven by Victoria merchants. It was a sight worth seeing to witness the heavily laden vans creaking over the old Esquimalt road with supplies of all sorts for the Navy, while officers and men streamed along the road in vast numbers as they trekked to and from the city.

Everyone here expected that there would be war. Governor Douglas, who was a man of strong feelings and unimpeachable loyalty, was pronounced in denouncing the invasion as an outrage, and claimed the right, by virtue of his commission as governor, to use force in expelling the invaders. Admiral Baynes, who was in command of the fleet, favored the adoption of temporizing measures and declined to allow the fleet and the men under him to retake the island without instructions from Downing Street. In due course instructions came, and were to the effect that until the two Governments had had a conference matters were to remain in *statu quo.* Gen. Winfield Scott and Governor Douglas, representing their respective Governments as commissioners, met at Port Angeles and there arranged for joint occupation of the group until the dispute had been composed by arbitration. A British force was then landed, and the two garrisons maintained friendly relations until, fifteen years later, Emperor William of Germany, acting as umpire, decided that

the American contention was correct, and the group passed under the control of the Washington Government.

Long before the termination of the "war"—in fact, while affairs wore their most ominous aspect—DeCourcey was withdrawn from the island. It was felt that his life was not safe there, and he came to live again at Victoria, where he grew exceedingly unpopular because of his overbearing demeanor. He sometimes sat on the Police Court bench with Mr. Pemberton and administered a sort of Jedburgh justice upon Indian offenders and whiskey sellers. He seemed to delight in inflicting heavy penalties for light offences. The *Colonist* often rapped him over the knuckles, and in the somewhat crude vernacular of the day referred to him as a "snob and a Bashi-bazouk. It was said that DeCourcey commanded a company of those notorious Turkish irregulars, the Bashi-bazouks, during the Crimean War, and that he lost his eye while engaged in a village raid. This may have been a libel, because, as the story will show, DeCourcey, although a decided martinet, was deficient in neither courage nor ability.

Among the officers of the fleet was a Capt. DeCourcey. He belonged to the English branch of the family—the DeCourcey of whom I am writing being of the Irish branch. Now it so happened that at that time there was no love lost between the two nationalities of the distinguished line, and one day the brace of DeCourceys met on Government Street

in front of the Colonial Hotel. Approaching the English DeCourcey, the Irish kinsman said:

"Am I addressing Capt. DeCourcey of H. M. S. ——?"

"You are," was the reply, short and sharp.

"I, too, am a DeCourcey," said the Irishman.

The Englishman raised a monocle, screwed it into his eye, surveyed his distant relative from boot to hat with a malignant look and ejaculating, "The h— you are," walked away.

About this time a scandal was created at a tea meeting through the wicked act of a number of graceless young men. The Colonial, then the leading hostelry, stood on Government Street about where the Senate saloon and the restaurant adjoining now are. The dining-room had been secured for tea meeting purposes by one of the religious denominations represented here, and the kitchen was taken possession of by the ladies who prepared the tea and coffee for the regalement of the guests. John Butt, the town crier, an all round vagabond and bad man, was bribed to offer his services to the ladies as assistant in the kitchen. While officiating about the range the wretch contrived to introduce into the tea-kettles the contents of two bottles of Hennessy brandy. The effect upon some of the tea drinkers—many of them rigid temperance workers —may be imagined, and I will not describe it. The next morning the scandalous affair was the talk of the town. Everyone denounced the act as a mean outrage, and DeCourcey, in the dual capacity of

gentleman and J. P., was most pronounced in his denunciation of the perpetrators.

"I would give a pound to know the rascal," said he to a group of friends on the street.

"Major, if I tell you his name, will you give me the pound?" asked Butt, who was passing at the moment, and overheard the offer.

"Yes, willingly," replied DeCourcey.

"Well," said Butt, "I did it. Give me the pound."

In an instant DeCourcey had him by the collar, turned him quickly around, and administered one after the other in quick succession a series of the most awful kicks. You might have heard them across Government Street so loud and resounding were they. The major had been generously provided with big feet and wore heavy brogans. Butt writhed and howled in agony, and when he was at last released with a final kick that raised him off his feet and deposited him in the street, he ran off as fast as his condition would permit. He never called on the Major for the pound; if he had I fear he would not have got it, for DeCourcey was desperately hard up. But if he did not get a pound, he at least got a pounding.

One bright morning in May, 1861, I stood in front of the *Colonist* office, then published on Government Street in the building now occupied by the C.P.R. Co. On the opposite side, near Fort Street, I saw standing a well-known barrister (afterwards a Judge of the Supreme Court and still alive). Two

young men next appeared in view. They were strolling slowly along, and as they neared the lawyer that gentleman stepped in front of them and barred their further progress. Some words were exchanged by the barrister and one of the young men, and then the barrister's arm shot out and down went the young man to the ground in a disorganized tangle. The other young man put up his hands in an aggressive attitude, when he, too, went sprawling on top of his companion. Both sprang to their feet and both went down again. By this time Mr. Gilbert Malcolm Sproat (who is still with us, I am pleased to say) and I had reached the spot, and Major DeCourcey and Mr. Pemberton, the Police Magistrate, who were on their way to hold court, also ran up. The young men, who proved to be Sir Barrett-Leonard, Bart., and Dr. Ramsay, a medical practitioner, were assisted to their feet, their hats were recovered and they adjourned to Searby's drug-store, where their wounds and bruises were dressed. The cause of the difficulty was some silly tittle-tattle of the doctor which the barrister had reason to think affected the reputation of a lady friend of his. The baronet's only fault was being found in bad company and interfering in a quarrel in which he had no concern.

With the outbreak of the American war DeCourcey saw his opportunity. He immediately got together his effects and left for the States. Arriving at Washington he presented his credentials and was made a colonel. His first engagement was

at the siege of Vicksburg, a Southern stronghold which was beleaguered by Grant. DeCourcey showed so much bravery on that occasion that he was made a brigadier-general. His men, before going into action, hated him; he was so tyrannical and exacting that they made up their minds to kill him at the first chance. But, as one of them told me, "The fellow was so brave and careless of his own safety and comfort that we could not harm him. With some of our generals it was 'Go on, boys!' With DeCourcey it was 'Come on, boys!' for he was always first. He bullied and damned us, but he would not let us go where he would not go himself."

After the fall of Vicksburg DeCourcey was sent with his brigade to a Confederate fortress at a place called Cumberland Gap. He was instructed to invest the fortress, but to delay further action until the arrival of the commander-in-chief. Upon reaching the Gap DeCourcey detected the weak spot in the enemy's works, and at once assaulted the place with the result that it soon fell into his hands with many prisoners and all the munitions of war.

The next day, upon the arrival of the commander-in-chief, DeCourcey was cashiered and dismissed the army for disobedience of orders and presumption. Was there ever a greater act of ingratitude done by a jealous superior officer? DeCourcey did what Nelson did with impunity—won a great victory by disobeying orders. Nelson was loaded down with many honors. DeCourcey was dismissed

in ignominy. Different nations have different ways of recognizing ability and pluck.

It may be mentioned as an extraordinary circumstance that the Southern commander at Cumberland Gap was Pickett, the captain who invaded San Juan Island and set DeCourcey's authority at naught. At the outbreak of the war Pickett resigned from the Union Army and joined the Southerners. He was made a general and was one of the bravest of the brave among the Southerners. Pickett was not captured at the Gap, being absent at Richmond when DeCourcey took the place. Pickett when I knew him was about thirty-five years of age, of medium height, a handsome, dashing fellow, with yellow hair, which he wore very long, after the fashion of the Vikings, whom he very much resembled. He rose to great distinction in the Southern Army, and died at Richmond after the war was over.

DeCourcey went back home. It was understood while here that he was a distant connection of Lord Kingsale, the Premier Baron of Ireland, but so remote were his chances of attaining to the peerage that it never entered the head of any one to speak of his high possibilities. But fate often decides things in a way that is foreign to our anticipations and expectations. One after another the immediate heirs to the Kingsale peerage died off and cleared the path for Major DeCourcey. Then one day the old earl died, and our whilom disagreeable Victorian, the former Bashi-bazouk, the originator of the

San Juan "war," and the American general, being next in line, succeeded to the title and estate. The peerage is one of the most ancient in Great Britain, dating back to the twelfth century. The present Lord Kingsale is the thirty-third of his line. He is privileged to remain with his hat on in the presence of his sovereign. It was King John who conferred this honor on the DeCourceys, because of an act of bravery performed by Sir John DeCourcey in defending his sovereign.

History relates that when William, Prince of Orange, ascended the English throne in 1689 he was surprised at observing among the assembled peers a tall, gaunt man, poorly dressed and wearing his hat. His Majesty indignantly demanded to know why the person presumed to wear his beaver in the presence of royalty; and one of the courtiers probably replied that the man was the Earl of Kingsale, and that he remained covered because of a right conferred by a previous monarch. King William denounced the right as an absurdity, and in effect declared his unbelief in the genuineness of the claim. The Earl was compelled to withdraw, and was not again permitted to come into the presence of the King until he had produced the necessary authority for the strange custom over the hand and seal of King John. When King George IV. visited Ireland, some seventy-five years ago, he demanded to be told the name of the person who of all the company present dared to remain covered in his presence. Perhaps he asked the Lord Chamberlain,

"Who is that guy?" for George was never very choice in his language, and revelled in slang. He was told, whereupon he is said to have remarked:

"Humph! well if he is an Earl he need not forget that he is a gentleman, and refuse to take off his hat in the presence of ladies."

Our DeCourcey, after he became an Earl, when presented to Queen Victoria, wore his hat. I believe at the recent Coronation of King Edward the present Earl of Kingsale remained covered in Westminster Abbey during the ceremony. The DeCourceys are poor, but they are proud, and have always resisted every effort to buy the hats off their heads with a pension. Members of the family have engaged in trade to eke out their slender income. Like Lord Lyveden, who visited Canada last year, the DeCourceys have often been forced to accept menial employment to obtain the means of living. I met a member of the DeCourcey family who was employed as a cook in a mining camp near Okanagan in 1896. Until quite recently another member of the family was a waiter on a Mediterranean steamship, and another played a cornet on the flagship *Zealous* when that vessel was on this station thirty-five years ago. Lord Lyveden has been a billiard marker, a waiter, a steward, a sailor and a barkeeper. A Victorian who drank with him at the Driard bar tells me that Lyveden can mix the finest cocktail he ever tasted. "There is one thing," his lordship said, "that I never let a man do—mix a cocktail for me. I do it myself." Lord Hill was

an hostler in New Zealand, and was sleeping in a hay loft when called home to Ireland to accept the title and the estates. Lord Robert Cecil (afterwards Marquis of Salisbury and Premier of Great Britain) mined for gold at Ballarat in Australia, where his cabin may still be seen. Lord Blaquiere's nephew was a conductor on a Victoria street-car ten years ago, and a boy named Harrison, born at Victoria of poor parents, is now a baronet in England. The ups and downs of life are wonderful, and the most forcible examples are furnished from the annals of the peerage.

A Mr. D'Ewes was colonial postmaster from 1859 to 1861. He was a happy-go-lucky, hail-fellow-well-met sort of person, very polite and pleasant in his manners, and as jolly a companion as you would care to meet. The postoffice was a frame structure, and stood on the site of what is known as the "old postoffice" on Government Street. There were forty lock boxes and one delivery window. The revenue was considerable, rates of postage being very high, as much as a shilling being charged on a letter to England and the States, and newspapers paid four cents each. No one ever knew what was taken in at the Colonial postoffice under D'Ewes. One day D'Ewes applied for leave of absence. He was overworked and was ill, and wanted a trip to California. He got his leave and went away. Then Mr. Ker got possession of the office and it was speedily found that the postmaster was a serious defaulter. For how much no

one ever knew, but as he had taken everything that came in for two years and paid little or nothing out, he must have got away with several thousand dollars. His books—well, he kept no books. The condition of things at the postoffice recalled to old William Leigh, afterwards town clerk for many years, a reminiscence of Capt. "Billy" Mitchell, who for some years was in command of the Hudson's Bay Company's pioneer steamer *Beaver,* and traded with the Indians on the northwest coast of the colony. The company despatched a sailing packet once each year for London with furs, oils and skins. The annual accounts were also despatched by the same medium. This, of course, was before the discovery of gold in California had opened a shorter and easier passage to England by way of Panama. Governor Douglas on one occasion was much vexed with Mitchell because of his dilatoriness in handing in the *Beaver's* accounts. After several unsuccessful applications, the Governor went down to the boat in person.

"Capt. Mitchell," he began, "you must hand in your accounts by to-morrow noon."

"My accounts," replied Billy, "I have none."

"Surely, Capt. Mitchell," returned the Governor, "you kept accounts of your expenditures and receipts."

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Well, where are they?"

"To tell you the truth, Governor, I kept them in the Bible, and the infernal rats have eaten the book from Genesis to Revelations."

Major DeCourcey, or rather Baron Kingsale, died in Italy, where he resided for economical reasons, thirteen years ago, and his remains were brought to Ireland and interred in the family vault. His grandnephew, who is next in succession to the present Earl, is a tea merchant in London and his coming of age will shortly be celebrated with becoming honors.

ENGLAND'S GREATEST NOVELIST.

"For his chaste Muse employed her heaven-taught lyre
None but the noblest passions to inspire,
Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish to blot."

—*Lyttleton.*

It was at the close of a beautiful day in the month of April, 1868, that I strolled along the Esquimalt road on my way back to Victoria. I was accustomed to take long walks, and a favorite stroll was from the post office in Victoria to the post office in Esquimalt and back again, a distance of eight miles as chained by one of H. M.'s naval officers. The weather was warm and the departing sun shed its genial rays on the scene, imparting a golden hue to the foliage of the trees which at that time grew thickly on both sides of the road. As I advanced I observed a young man in the uniform of a naval officer bending over the prostrate form of a sailor, who lay in a state of inebriation on the road. When I neared the men the officer asked me to assist him in removing the sailor from the roadway to the path at the side of the road, where he would be secure from injury by passing vehicles. Together we managed to half drag and half

lift the man to a spot where he would be comparatively safe. The officer thanked me for my assistance and handed me his card, on which I read, "Sidney Dickens, H.M.S. *Scout.*" I handed him my card in return, and after a few words as to the weather and the beauty of the scenery, we were separating, when, glancing again at the card, something prompted me to ask—

"Are you a connection of Charles Dickens, the great novelist?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am his youngest son. Do you know—have you met my father?"

"Unfortunately no," I replied, "but I am leaving in a few days for the East, where I hope to hear him read. He is now in the Eastern States, and I have timed my departure hence so as to attend at least one of his readings."

My new-made acquaintance seemed delighted at the pleasant allusion to his parent and volunteered to give me a letter of introduction to him. At this offer it was my turn to be delighted, and I gladly accepted the favor.

The next day there came to my office a very prettily worded note from Mr. Dickens, sub-lieutenant of the *Scout,* enclosing the promised letter of introduction. Circumstances that were beyond my control prevented my leaving Victoria until the 6th of May. The passage was long and tedious. To reach San Francisco I took the steamer *Geo. S. Wright* at this port for Portland. At Portland, after several days' delay, I embarked on a rotten old

steamer called the *Continental,* which shortly afterwards foundered in the Gulf of California. We encountered a fearful storm, during which the vessel sprung aleak and we were several days in making the port of destination. The Captain was the most profane and godless man that I ever met. Every other word was a curse, and high above the raging of the storm, the roaring of the wind and the creaking of the timbers of the wretched ship, his voice could be heard cursing his Maker, the crew, the ship, the passengers and all things animate and inanimate. His treatment of the sailors was most inhuman. He had them completely cowed. At the slightest provocation, and often with no provocation at all, he would fell a man to the deck and kick him while he lay prostrate. It was narrated of him by Johnson, a famed Columbia River pilot, that while ascending Columbia River one day the steamer got aground on a bar. A man was sent down to examine one of the paddle-wheels that had become fouled in some way. Just as the seaman disappeared under the wheel the steamer swung clear of the obstruction.

"Go ahead!" roared the Captain.

"Stop!" cried the pilot, "there's a man under the wheel."

"—— the man under the wheel," returned the Captain. "Go ahead—full speed."

The cruel wheel turned rapidly. Three weeks later the crushed body of the victim to the inhumanity of the Captain was picked up lower down the

river. I always said that that Captain was a coward. When the *Continental* foundered he went off in one of the ship's boats, leaving twenty passengers, whose safety he had not provided for, to sink with the vessel. It is not necessary to say that he never got another command.

At San Francisco I was detained several days before a steamer sailed for Panama. The passage down the coast was long and tedious. At Panama there was delay in crossing the Isthmus to Aspinwall, on the Atlantic side, and we were three days beyond the usual time in reaching New York, where, upon arrival, I was deeply grieved to learn that the greatest of all novelists, whom I had travelled many miles to see and hear, had been compelled by ill-health to cut his reading course short and had gone back to England. My disappointment was great and I was destined never to experience the gratification of meeting this illustrious and truly great writer and novelist.

I heard Bob Ingersoll, the infidel, once say that Mr. Dickens was the best friend children ever had on earth, except Christ. It was an extraordinary admission for Ingersoll to make. I had always looked upon him as a man who did not believe in Christ, and I told him so. He replied:

"I do not believe in him as our Saviour and I question his divine origin."

"Then," said I, "He was an impostor."

"Not at all. His teachings are all wise and good; they breathe the highest morality and are

worthy to be followed. He was a great and good man and he accepted without question what his mother told him. I do not say that he was not the Son of God. I only say that the evidence is not conclusive."

Ingersoll is dead now and has solved the problem for himself. I think it is well that I should point out that his mantle has not fallen on any other shoulders. While Christ's teachers and followers number many millions, Ingersoll has left not one strong man behind him to disseminate his views and carry on his work.

Dickens was, indeed, a friend of the poor and downtrodden. His "Oliver Twist" caused a reform in the workhouse system and in the methods of dealing with vagrant children. "Little Dorritt" reformed the system of imprisoning debtors whose only crime was poverty. "Our Mutual Friend" produced a reformation in the transaction of business at the public offices. "Martin Chuzzlewit" proved a deathblow to the mode of dealing with the poor and the nursing system of the day, and "Bleak House" was the means of reforming the Chancery laws. I question very much if any other country has produced or will ever produce his peer as a novelist and a humanitarian. Doubt has been thrown upon the claim that Shakespeare wrote the plays that stand in his name. Many excellent authorities attribute the plays to Lord Bacon, who was described as "at once the greatest and meanest of mankind," for he was proved while on the Bench to have accepted bribes.

One of the strongest points urged in favor of Bacon being the author of the Shakespearean plays is the fact that he was a travelled man. He visited Denmark, Italy, France and even Russia in his younger days, and returned to England with his mind stored with the very information that afterwards appeared in some of the works attributed to Shakespeare.

It is plain to some minds that none but one who had visited the scenes where the plots of the "Merchant of Venice" and "Hamlet" were laid could have written those plays. Shakespeare was never outside of England. There exists no evidence to show that he was a man of education, yet no one who was not a man of letters could have written any of the Shakespearean tragedies and comedies. That Bacon did not lay claim to the authorship in his lifetime is attributed by those who believe that he and not Shakespeare wrote the plays to the fact that a playwright or an actor in those days was regarded as a low sort of person.

But while the dispute as to the authorship of Shakespeare is waged with heat by warring factions, and the question must remain undecided until the end of time, there will never be any question as to who wrote the line of works that stands in the name of Charles Dickens. No English writer who has ever lived has done more, if as much, to raise the standard of womanhood and ameliorate the condition of children and the poor than Dickens. His "Christmas Carols" are marvels

of love and tenderness and beauty of thought and expression. They are matchless. His "Tale of Two Cities," where an Englishman dies on the scaffold for his friend, reveals, perhaps, the finest plot of all his great stories. Some call this his best work; I, who have read them all, believe that none is "best,"—that all are "best," if this paradox will be tolerated by the reader.

The story of the second tour of America, which was rudely cut short by Dickens's illness, is told by his manager, George Dolby, who was his constant companion and most trusted "friend." Dolby's book was published in 1887, and it is evident from a perusal of it that Dickens was in no condition to lecture or even to travel when he came to America. He was subject to severe fits of illness. Sometimes it was erysipelas that attacked him. Then it was the gout. Again rheumatism took possession of his limbs. Often physicians had to be summoned to tone him up before he could leave the dressing-room for the stage, and it is stated that after each reading he would limp from the platform and that he required to be braced up with a glass of champagne or a B. & S. before he could go on again. In the intervals between the readings Dickens was subject to fits of great depression, and the champagne or the brandy bottle was always resorted to to brace him up; while at the slightest occurrence that excited his emotions he is described as leaning on the shoulder of his agent and sobbing, with great tears coursing down his cheeks. In spite of the

evident weakness and failing health of his chief, Dolby tells of the numerous suppers and dinners and banquets they attended, and the amount of liquor and wine that was consumed, of which, of course, the agent came in for a goodly share. In fact, the tour seems to have been, from first to last, one great guzzle. There was moderation neither in drinking nor in eating, and the opportunities for Mr. Dickens enjoying a good health-giving sleep would seem to have been few. He was reduced at last to the condition of a great machine that runs constantly at the highest tension until it is worn out and falls apart from overwork. Dolby's narrative reflects no credit upon himself or upon those who were interested in keeping the machine going at break-neck speed until it went to pieces. Dickens after his return to England essayed another reading tour throughout the United Kingdom. His ill-health continued. Bracers were again resorted to, and it is not strange that he broke down in the midst of his work and died of an apoplectic fit one bright morning early in June, 1870.

Dickens was estranged from his wife, who, although an excellent woman, was unsympathetic and took little or no interest in his great work. She presented him with many sons and daughters, few of whom are now alive. The children appear to have sided with their father, and his wife's sister, Miss Hogarth, lived in the house after the estrangement and brought up the children. Sidney Dickens always spoke affectionately of his aunt.

None of Dickens's children inherited their father's genius. Charles Dickens, the eldest son, tried his hand at editing *All the Year Round*, a publication founded by his father, under whose management a great circulation was enjoyed, but the attempt was a failure. He did write a Guide Book of London which was highly commended, but in the midst of this work he died somewhat suddenly. Fred Dickens, the second son, joined the Canadian Mounted Police and was made a sergeant. In the Northwest Rebellion he was in command at Fort Pitt, on the North Saskatchewan. He surrendered the fort or abandoned it. Two of his troopers were captured by the Indians and tortured before being killed. This action ended Dickens's military career and he left the Territories and went to Chicago, where he died.

I returned to Victoria in November, 1868, having been absent six months. Shortly after my return I met Sidney Dickens. During my absence he had been promoted to be a full lieutenant. Dolby mentions this circumstance in his book, and, of course, the inevitable champagne and B. & S., accompanied by a huge supper of indigestibles, had to be brought out to celebrate the event. Small wonder that Dickens died of apoplexy!

There was something irregular about the promotion. I don't know what it was, but there was dissatisfaction expressed on board the ship.

"I'd rather be a son of Charles Dickens," remarked one of the captains, "than the heir of the

Duke of Westminster when promotions are about."

I met Sidney Dickens on many occasions. Rear-Admiral Hastings was then in command on this station. His flagship was the *Zealous,* one of the early types of armored cruisers, long since obsolete. Admiral Hastings was one of the most genial and kindly gentlemen it has ever been my good fortune to meet. Mrs. Hastings, who was much younger than her husband, was distinguished for her beauty and amiability. They occupied Hazlehurst, a spacious residence facing Esquimalt harbor, and within a stone's throw of the flagship as she lay at anchor. There was much talk of a Fenian invasion in 1868 and 1869, and the Admiral was so much impressed by the information that appeared from time to time in the local papers that he hesitated to leave Esquimalt lest in his absence the Fenians should seize the naval stores and reduce Victoria. There was never any real cause for alarm, but times were dull, the community was small, and the money expended by the ships on the station was of considerable importance to merchants and others engaged in business, so the newspapers every little while would chronicle the presence in Victoria of a number of low-browed strangers, evidently Fenians bent on mischief. These reports kept the Admiral constantly on the alert, and the flagship, with two other ships, remained at anchor for a year and a half at Esquimalt harbor.

There was very little live stock raised in the province in 1868, and the meat and vegetable supply

for the Navy on the Esquimalt Station was obtained from Washington Territory. The *Columbian,* then as now, was published at New Westminster. It was edited by that clever man, Hon. John Robson, who printed several editorials that reflected severely upon Admiral Hastings for drawing his supplies from American sources instead of from the Mainland of British Columbia. The Admiral, who was unduly sensitive under the attacks—for the contract had been awarded during the time of Admiral Kingcome—suggested to Sidney Dickens that he should write a series of articles signed "Vindicator" in his defence, which articles I agreed to print in the *Colonist.* Everyone anticipated a brilliant onslaught from the son of the greatest English writer. He brought the copy of the first article to my residence in the evening and read it over. It was heavy, dull and labored. No good points were made, and the *Columbian,* in reply, ripped the arguments to pieces and scattered the fragments all over the controversial field. After a second letter Dickens retired from the contest.

In appearance Sidney Dickens was rather insignificant. He was short and spare, but what he lacked in height and bulk he made up in dignity after his promotion. He was no great horseman, but he was very fond of riding out with the ladies. On one occasion he convoyed three of the fair sex to the neighborhood of Millstream. There were few settlers and no roads and the trails were narrow and indistinct. The party took no food with them

and by some strange mishap lost the trail. They floundered about in the woods until darkness set in, when they abandoned their horses and tried to regain the trail. Their absence alarmed their friends, and at ten o'clock a search party was organized, lanterns were procured, and the searchers beat the bush until the gray of the morning, when they came upon Dickens and two of his fair companions sitting beneath the shadow of a fallen tree and chilled to the bone. The other lady in her fright had wandered farther away and was not found till daylight. She was in an awful plight, with clothes partly torn off from contact with brambles, and her shoes worn out. With care and attention she soon recovered and was none the worse for the adventure. All admitted that Dickens showed great gallantry, but in spite of his bravery he was not again selected to pilot ladies through a pathless forest. He left the station in 1871. Three years later he died at Aden while on his way home from India, invalided—died with the flowers of youth and opportunity blossoming about him in the May of his existence.

THE GREAT CAPSICUM PLOT.

"'Tis the first virtue vices to abhor,
And the first wisdom to be fool no more."

—*Pope.*

BACK again at Yale—bright, breezy, busy, festive Yale—a while agone a sleepy Indian village and a quiet Hudson's Bay Company's station—now the theatre of extensive mining operations, the head of steamboat navigation and the starting point of pack trains and miners bound for the golden bars of the canyons and the upper river. A city of tents and shacks, stores, barrooms and gambling houses. The one street crowded from morning till night with a surging mass of humanity of all sorts and conditions. The year is 1858, and the month is September. The hour is nine in the evening, and, in company with three or four other homeless young men, I find myself standing in the midst of a crowd of men and women gathered about a table to watch the players as they "buck" at faro. The dealer was a scorbutic-looking man of perhaps twenty-five. He was reputed the best faro dealer on the Coast. And, being not a little proud of the distinction, he seemed to regard the foolish persons who gathered about him with a cynical smile, while a contemptuous ex-

pression lurked in his sallow, immobile countenance. Every age was represented by those who surrounded the table to watch the playing with feverish anxiety or to stake a coin on the outcome of a card.

As the game proceeded the excitement increased and many of the gamesters, having lost their all, slowly fell back and others who were anxious to try their fortunes took the vacant places. In the front rank of the latest comers my eyes fell on a respectably dressed man of about thirty. He was smoking a cigar and appeared to regard the exciting scene with an expression of cynical listlessness. His well-to-do appearance attracted the attention of the professional gamblers, who, in the hope that he had money and would enter the game, gradually fell back and allowed the stranger to advance to the table until he stood in the front rank. Another deal from the box was impending and the eyes of the dealer were fixed like those of a basilisk on the newcomer, who, in a spirit of bravado, it seemed to me, placed a ten dollar gold piece upon the ace of clubs. A miner standing near the stranger laid two twenties on another card and when the result was known the young man had won and the miner had lost. The miner turned away with a dejected air and his place was taken by the stranger, who continued to wager with cool indifference. After the first winning he lost steadily. Soon his money seemed exhausted, for he bet no more, but still retained his place without the least show of excitement or chagrin. Presently a bearded miner pushed

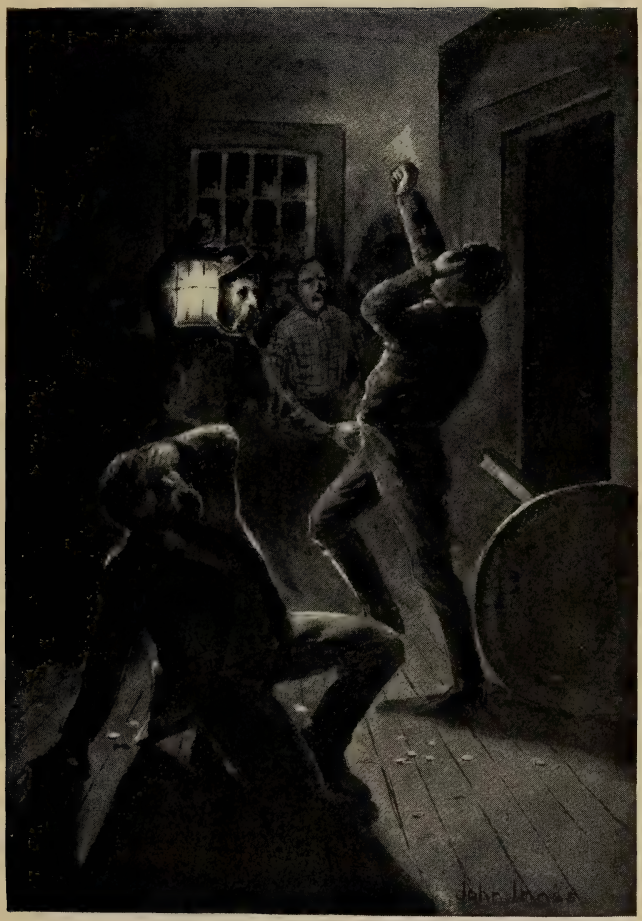
his way to the front and laid four twenties on the first card that caught his eye. When the card came from the box the miner had won. He doubled the stakes, and again and again won. The owners of the bank scarcely concealed their anger. They made signs to the dealer to close the bank, but he did not appear to understand what was expected of him and continued to deal, while the pile of gold in front of the miner grew apace.

The other tables were soon abandoned and crowds pressed forward to watch the duel between the bank and the miner and inwardly to pray that the bank might be broken. There must have been one thousand dollars on the last card the miner selected, and, strange to say, he won again. Then he began to place his winnings in a buckskin sack, for he had announced that he would play no more. The bystanders watched with covetous eyes the fortunate man as he filled his bag with the golden winnings, and several patted him on the back and congratulated him on his good luck. The dealer had closed the bank and was in the act of leaving the table when a pistol shot rang through the room. Simultaneously every coal oil lamp was extinguished and the place was in total darkness. A lamp that stood on the table where I had watched the playing was thrown to the floor and went out. The table was upset with a crash and then there arose cries of alarm and agony, mingled with fierce maledictions and murderous threats. I became aware of a stifling sensation. The air seemed filled with a penetrating,

pungent dust which I inhaled, and which caused my eyes to smart and my throat to parch and burn. Others seemed similarly affected and coughed and gasped for breath. I tried to grope my way outside, but found myself entangled in a struggling, gasping, shouting mass of humanity. It was some minutes before a light could be had. At last some one brought a lantern and then the faro dealer and the lucky miner were seen to hold their hands to their eyes while they raved and stamped with anguish and cried for "Help! in heaven's name, help!"

The affair was plain to the most ordinary mind. A band of ruffians had conspired to rob the bank. The pistol shot was the signal for extinguishing the lights and dashing cayenne pepper into the eyes of the dealer and player. In the darkness and excitement the funds were seized and carried off, with the exception of a few gold pieces that fell to the floor. The anguish of the sufferers was pitiful to behold, and neither ever recovered the full use of his eyes.

A hue and cry was raised. The police were notified and the whole population turned out to search for the miscreants, but in the absence of telegraphic and telephonic communication little could be done. It was learned the next day that an Indian canoe in which were seated four white men left the water front before daybreak. Those men were believed to be the culprits, but they got safely off and were not overtaken by the constables who were sent after them.



"At last someone brought a lantern"

On the next day and on several succeeding days I looked in vain for the well-dressed man who stood near the table when the trouble came, but he did not appear at either of the hotels, nor was he seen on the street; so at last I began to connect him with the affair at the gambling house, and finally became convinced that he was one of the conspirators who made off with the money. I mentioned my suspicions to several and we found that he had stopped at York's Hotel, giving the name of Burdel, or something like it, that he had no baggage, and that he did not return to the hotel after the robbery.

. . . . . .

The iron and stone building on the southeast corner of Langley and Yates Streets, Victoria, was erected by J. T. Pidwell in 1861. It is still a substantial structure. The lot upon which it stands was one of three or four that were assigned to Governor Blanchard, who preceded Governor Douglas, and upon those lots stood the first Government House of the Colony of Vancouver Island. The Bank of British North America and the Adelphi (the latter erected by the late Theodore Davie) also occupy two of the gubernatorial lots. The Adelphi and the brick building where Hall & Goepel's extensive coal business is transacted occupy the site of Mr. Blanchard's residence. The first occupants of the store in the Pidwell Building were Biggs and Moore, druggists. They had opened business on the opposite side of Yates Street, their building, which was of frame, standing just where Oriental

Alley now runs. After it had been decided to open Oriental Alley Biggs and Moore leased the Pidwell Building and moved into it in the fall of 1861. Mr. Biggs was an American, a jolly, whole-souled fellow, witty and generous, and an able chemist and druggist, and known to his intimates as "Jem" Biggs. He had but one fault, the nature of which will be developed as we proceed. Mr. Moore was an Irishman, very quiet and sedate, and the reverse of his partner in most things. He was an excellent druggist and a good man in all respects. Biggs married a charming young American girl in 1860, and the following year built a pretty cottage on Birdcage Walk. This house was torn down in 1897 and its site now forms part of Government Square.

I took a room in the Biggs cottage and the owner and I became fast friends, and when business did not prevent we were often together. I may say here that the pleasantest days of my bachelor life were passed in the Biggs household.

The upper flat of the Pidwell Building was divided into offices, which were rented to lawyers and others. In 1862 the front room was occupied by a stranger named Redford. He represented himself as a Southerner who had been driven away from his plantations by the Northerners and had come to Victoria to reside until the war should be over. The room was very prettily hung with draperies and pictures and filled with good mahogany furniture, and there was nothing about the occupant to indicate that he was other than what he

said he was—a Southern gentleman in exile. He was a smooth talking, quiet person, possessed of much general information, and was remarkably well read. I passed several evenings in his company and was entertained by his conversation and—must I confess it?—by his cigars and sherry. His stories of the South were engaging, too, and as I had many personal adventures in California and on Fraser River to narrate, we got along very well together.

One evening Redford asked me to describe Yale to him, and I did so as well as I could.

"Ah!" said he, "I should like to see that place and I shall go up some day. Life there must be most interesting."

I told him that, although there were pleasant times there, life was not all "beer and skittles." "Did you ever hear of the cayenne pepper plot?" I asked.

No, he had never heard of it. What was it all about? What kind of plot was it? Anything like the gunpowder plot, for instance?

I told him about the scene in Bennett's house, where red pepper was thrown into the eyes of the banker and one of his patrons by robbers, who made off with the coin.

"Dear me! dear me!" Redford exclaimed. "To think that there are such rascals in the world! Robbery would be bad enough, but to throw pepper into the poor men's eyes—it was horrible." He shuddered as he passed the decanter and remarked,

"This playing for money is a bad business. I do not mind a social game of whist or poker, but not for money—not for money. Do you play?"

"No," I replied, "I cannot play cards—at least, not well; and I have never played for money and never shall."

"That's a good resolve," he said quickly. "Stick to it and you'll come out all right."

The conversation here lagged and as I took my leave of him I fancied that his manner was less cordial than formerly. When I met him on the street next day he was distant and reserved, and I made up my mind that I should not visit his room again without a special invitation, which was never extended.

About a month after my last visit to Redford's room a rumor reached me that several business men had been fleeced at cards in a building on Yates Street, the locality of which was not stated. Amongst the losers was said to be my friend Jem Biggs. It was said that he was out two thousand dollars and that two of his personal friends had assisted in his despoilment. I went at once to his store and found him looking very dejected. I told him what I had heard, and he admitted that the rumor was correct. But he scouted the idea advanced by me that he had been cheated. It was just pure luck, he claimed, and to-morrow the pendulum might swing in his direction.

"Where do you play?" I asked.

He pointed with his hand at the ceiling, and then I understood that the gambling went on upstairs.

"In whose room?" I asked.

"In Redford's," he answered.

"Do you mean to say that Redford allows gambling in his room?" I asked.

"Of course he does," Biggs replied.

"Well, then," I exclaimed, "You'd better look out for him. Less than a month ago he sounded me to find if I played cards, and when he found that I did not he denounced card playing for money in forcible terms. I don't like the look of this," I added, "and you'll find that Redford is either a rascal or a hypocrite."

Jem shook his head and the interview ended. An hour or two later I met Redford on Government Street. He was strolling leisurely along, cigar in mouth and cane in hand. He saluted me coldly and was passing on when something prompted me to address him. I forget what I said, but he stopped short and turning around remarked, "You have not been to see me lately."

"No," I replied, "and if what I hear about you is true I shall not trouble you again."

"What do you mean?" he asked, with that smooth, even drawl which was peculiar to him and which I had begun to regard as assumed.

"I mean, Mr. Redford," I exclaimed, "that I have a friend, a young man recently married. He has a wife and child and a prosperous business and

it is the scandal of the day that he has been induced to gamble in your rooms, and that he has lost thousands of dollars there."

"I do not know that it is any of your business to Paul Pry into what goes on in my rooms," he remarked in a dreamy sort of way.

"Perhaps not, and I have not pried, but others have and they have told me. The last time I was in your room you said that you abhorred gaming for money. And now it would appear that you tolerate it if you do not share in the profits."

For an instant the good-natured, easy demeanor of the man deserted him. He raised his cane and turned red and pale by turns. Recovering himself quickly he said, in his soft, purring way, "You are altogether wrong—you do me an injustice. I have nothing to do with the gambling. If friends of mine meet there and insist upon playing, how can I prevent them?"

"Easily," I replied. "You might as well say that if a man intended to murder another and you were aware of his intention that you would be justified in permitting the crime to be perpetrated."

By this time I was hot, for I was thinking of the victim's little family. Redford, who remained as cool as an iceberg, did not reply, but with a crisp "Good-day" moved off. I watched him as he walked along, apparently unconcerned. And then I fell into a curious train of thought. Where had I seen the man before? Surely we had met somewhere; perhaps in California, or was it Central

America, or Mexico? Could it have been at Yale? The instant Yale occurred to me I felt a strange twitching in my eyelids. It seemed to me that something which smarted and gave me pain had fallen into my eyes. Then my mental vision cleared and—I saw plainly!

Some two weeks later an exciting scene was enacted in Redford's room. The story, as it reached the public, was to the effect that the infatuated Biggs sat down one evening to a game of poker. About a dozen persons were present. Four men were in the game—Biggs, Redford and two others—one being an intimate friend and partner for the time being of the intended victim. From the first Biggs lost heavily. It was evident that the card partner of Biggs had entered into a conspiracy with Redford and the remaining gamblers to make a finish of Biggs that night. He was to be stripped of all his possessions and on the morrow would walk the streets a beggar!

The betting was heavy and as the evening wore on the victim grew more and more excited and bet higher and higher. The interest among the bystanders was great and they crowded around the table to watch the game. All but Biggs could see that the other players had conspired to destroy him. He, poor innocent man, continued to bet on hands which he held, while the others met him every time. Some of the lookers-on were indignant at the shameful way in which the victim was being fleeced, but not a voice was raised or a hand stretched out to

save him; and if any one remarked that it was a wicked piece of business he took care that no one heard him. A hand had been dealt for the final stroke. Biggs staked his last available dollar on three aces and two kings. When the show down came Redford produced four aces. Then the scales seemed to fall from Biggs's eyes, and he sprang to his feet as Redford reached out his hand to grasp the stakes.

"Cheat! Swindler! Thief!" roared Biggs, as he extended his left hand so as to cover the money. "You stacked the cards on me!"

Redford, who had also risen, made a motion as if to draw a weapon, but Biggs was too quick for him.

"Throw up your hands," he shouted, as he leveled a revolver at the gambler's head. "Higher! higher! There! keep them up. If you lower them I'll shoot you dead! D— you!"

The other persons present exhibited the utmost alarm. Some ran to the door, but found it locked from the outside. Others made for the windows, but the drop to the street was too great. Still others flattened themselves against the wall in a vain effort to reduce their figures to the smallest possible compass.

Biggs's card-partner ventured to reason with him. He was told with a savage curse to stand back, and all this time the cocked revolver was levelled full at Redford's head. Of all present only Redford was apparently unmoved. While the hearts

of some stood still and their cheeks were blanched Redford was calm and collected. Without changing color he demanded:

"What does this mean, Biggs?"

"It means that you are an infernal swindler; it means that I have got you in the door and that I am going to squeeze you until you disgorge the money you have unfairly won from me and others. You a Southern gentleman? You are a low-lived scoundrel and thief!"

Redford, with his eyes bent full on Biggs, was seen to drop his right hand into the pocket of his sack coat.

"Stop that!" shouted Biggs. "Take your hand out of your pocket or I'll shoot you dead. Up with your hands again, you scoundrel. Up! up! Hold them over your head! So! There, that'll do; now keep them there till I tell you to let them down," continued Biggs, as he crammed the money on the table into his pockets. "Now," he said, "I am still a loser through you and your friends to the extent of $3,000. You have corrupted even the partner whom I have had nightly, and you have had a merry time discussing my affairs and predicting that after this night my ruin as a business man would be complete."

"This is all Tommy rot," began Redford.

"You may have it so if you like, but if I give the word that door will fly open and policemen will take you in charge. It will be too late to parley then."

"What do you mean—what am I accused of?" faltered Redford, whose indifferent air and calm demeanor had at last fled.

"I accuse you of being the principal in the cayenne pepper robbery at Yale four years ago!" cried Biggs.

Had Redford been struck a heavy blow he could not have shown greater consternation. He turned a greenish white, staggered back and seemed on the point of sinking to the floor. "Take! take!" he murmured, "all that I have, but do not hand me over to the police!"

Then the door was thrown open and there glided in the figure of a young woman. She wore a waterproof, the hood of which was drawn over her head. She advanced into the middle of the room and it was then seen that she was Biggs's dear little household treasure. Swiftly crossing to where her husband stood, her eyes flashed fire as she laid one hand on the pistol, and facing Redford and his pals like a guardian angel she pointed with the other hand at them. "Villains," she cried, "you have robbed poor Jem! Would you murder him, too?"

"My God, Bessie, you here!" cried Biggs, as he lowered the pistol.

"Yes, Jem, dear Jem," the angel replied, "and we must hasten home, for I left the baby in the crib asleep with no one to look after her if she should awaken. Come, dear," she said, as she led her husband to the door, "we must hurry."

The two passed out of the room, along the hall to

the stairs and then out into the night. No man attempted to stay their progress and they reached home unmolested with the money.

The next day Redford disappeared and was not heard of again. His furniture and pictures were taken possession of by his victim and sold. Mrs. Biggs, it afterwards transpired, had gone to the room in search of her husband and while listening outside the door observed that the key was on the outside. She turned the key in the lock. She afterwards said she never knew why. At the critical moment she unlocked the door and entered the room and rescued her husband. Biggs said he had not told his wife that he was a loser, and had no understanding with the police, and that he only mentioned the cayenne pepper plot to unman Redford.

In the Biggs cottage there hung for several years the headless photograph of a man taken at full length. It had been the portrait of the false friend who acted as Biggs's partner on the night of the gambling adventure. The intended victim, after the adventure, cut the head from the photograph, and when questioned as to his reason for doing so took keen delight in narrating the story that I have told.

THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Ingomar—Parthenia, what is love?
Parthenia—"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."
—*Ingomar, the Barbarian.*

THE passer along the southern side of Humboldt Street, between Government and Douglas, will observe a two-story frame building, now occupied, I think, as a boarding-house. This building formerly stood on Government Street, corner of Broughton, occupying part of the site where Weiler's furniture store now rears its imposing front. It was built in 1860 by ex-Mayor Richard Lewis, an old-time contractor and undertaker, and in its day was considered quite a smart structure. It was at one time the City Hall, and many of the impassioned scenes that characterized the mayoralty of the late James Drummond were enacted within its walls. Before passing into the hands of the city it was opened as the St. James' Club by three Londoners. One was a former army officer, another a naval commander, and the third had done literary work on the London press. All were very much down-at-the-heel when they opened the St. James', and as none of them had had any experience at hotel-keeping it will be readily

understood that their financial condition did not improve very rapidly.

The fall of 1862 witnessed the return from Cariboo of a large number of miners with heavy swags of gold dust, and Victoria was the theatre of many uproarious gatherings and routs. The owners of the Abbott, Point, Diller, Steele, Barker, Adams, Cameron and other very rich claims on William Creek congregated here and seemed to find difficulty in getting rid of their money.

A story is told of Abbott, chief owner of the Abbott claim, from which gold was washed by the bucketful for many weeks. Abbott had fished for a living at Frasermouth before he went to Cariboo and was a very poor man indeed when he settled on the piece of mining ground which afterwards bore his name. He was an easy mark for the gamblers who infested the mining section; he played high and lost with unvarying good-nature. He was known to have wagered $5,000 on a single poker hand and, having lost, appeared the following night with another big sum, which he sent hurtling down the table in search of that which had gone before—sending good money after bad, as the saying is. Abbott with a number of friends entered the St. James' bar one evening and called for drinks for the crowd. Having been served he asked what the mirror behind the bar was worth.

"Forty dollars," replied the barkeeper.

Taking a number of nuggets from his pocket Abbott discharged them full at the glass, breaking it into many pieces.

"Take its value out of that and keep the change," he said, as he left the place. The nuggets were sold at the express office for a figure exceeding $100.

The next day nearly all the bars in town were equipped with large mirrors in the hope that Abbott or some other suddenly made rich fool would break and pay for them as had been done with the glass at St. James'. But Abbott had gone out of the looking-glass business, for he broke no more, and none of his friends followed his silly example.

Early in the year there had arrived from London a Mr. and Mrs. Shoolber. They brought with them a complete and valuable stock of dry goods, furs, mantles and millinery, which had been selected from the wholesale stock of a very extensive dry goods firm in London, whose chief partner was father of Mr. Shoolber. In addition to the stock the Shoolbers brought with them a young servant girl or "slavey," a milliner, a dressmaker and a saleswoman. Now it so happened that the milliner and dressmaker, being attractive persons, were shortly wooed and won by two of the rich miners, and, as they were under contract with the firm for a year, to avoid legal complications they skipped off to the Sound and were married and remained there. The saleswoman, being rather plain, did not attract as many admirers, but one day a miner known as Bill Lovidge made up to her and proposed matrimony, and after a two hours' courtship the pair became engaged.

Mrs. Shoolber was inconsolable when the news was broken to her. She had paid for the passages

of all three out, and before they had been here a month two were gone and the other was preparing to go. She appealed to Mr. Lovidge as a gentleman of honor not to take a mean advantage of the firm, but to wait until the expiration of a year before marrying the woman. But Bill was obdurate. He wanted to get married and he wanted to get married right away. What was the pecuniary value the firm placed on the services of the woman for the next ten months? A trifle of $1,000 was named. Pshaw! that was a mere fleabite. He would pay it. But there were the passage money and sundry other expenses amounting to say, $500. That would be all right. Mr. Lovidge would pay them, too. Then there was a trousseau. A final clause in the agreement under which the girl would be given her liberty must be that Mrs. Shoolber should have the providing of the bride's wedding outfit. How much would that amount to? Well, another bagatelle of $1,000, not to exceed that—making $2,500 in all. "A mere nothing," quoth Bill; "prepare a demand note and I'll sign it." This being done the work of preparation went rapidly and gaily forward. When it came to providing clothes for the prospective bridegroom Mrs. Shoolber recommended Goldstein & Co., who had a tailoring establishment on Government Street where the old postoffice is now. I presume that she got what is termed a "rake-off," because she guaranteed the account, which ran up into the hundreds, for both firms just laid on their charges as with a trowel. The Shoolbers were

friends of the St. James' trio—had known them in London—so to them was assigned the task of preparing a banquet. They were directed to spare no expense in providing for one hundred guests.

At the end of two weeks the preparations were complete. The bride had tried on her gowns and hats and hoops, and they were pronounced perfect dreams. The happy man had been fitted with his wedding garments, to his own satisfaction if not that of his friends, and the foray on the henneries and pigstyes had been so complete that not a cock crew, a hen cackled, a chicken peeped, a duck quacked or a sucking pig squealed within five miles of Victoria—all having been requisitioned for the Lovidge wedding feast. *Carte blanche* had been given the caterers and Mrs. Shoolber in the matter of invitations, and as it was to their interest to have lots of food and drink consumed, about one hundred persons were asked. When the evening at last arrived the dining hall was crowded with all classes and conditions of men and a dozen or fifteen women. The table decorations were superb. There were few flowers, but there were many tiny flags. Suspended on colored cords from the ceiling were numerous tin angels and cupids in short dresses, in various attitudes of flight, with expanded wings and fat legs that seemed too big for the bodies. There were fairy lamps and wax candles flaring merrily away, and here and there on the board were sprigs of evergreen in earthern pots that in the end got sadly mixed up with floating island, boned turkey and corned

beef, young pigs, and sundry fat geese. I looked in vain for holly, and the disappointment was great when I saw that there were ladies present and no mistletoe. Whether the fair ones shared in the disappointment I never knew, but I am under the impression—I do not speak from personal experience—that as the feast proceeded the absence of mistletoe was disregarded and that before the final break-up no complaint was heard on that score—things swung on just the same as though the mistletoe had been there all the time. The unique decorations imparted a *recherche* flavor to the affair that otherwise would have been wanting. As one stout old lady remarked, "They say matches is made in heaven and there's the proof of it," pointing to the angels. "They've brought blessings on their wings," and she giggled at her witty remark.

The banquet was announced for seven o'clock, but it was eight before the dinner appeared. Meanwhile the guests had been industriously filling their empty stomachs with wine, beer and whiskey, so that when at last they sat down, amid much confusion, laughing and loud talking, many of the number were decidedly "fu'." The eatables were dumped on the tables all at once, as it were, leaving the guests to make their selections after the manner in which goods are chosen at a bargain counter in the present day. Some of the ladies wore dresses low-cut in front and behind, and others wore high waists that reached nearly to their ears. In thinking over these grand costumes I have often won-

dered what would have happened had the high neck and the low neck, like two extremes, finally met. Before the bride and groom appeared the half-famished guests had fallen foul of the food. There was a plenitude of knives and forks, but spoons were shy, so when some of the guests required to stir the contents of their cups they used the knives and forks in preference to their index fingers. When Bill Lovidge and his wife entered some stood up and cheered, but most retained their seats, being far gone on the road to inebriety, and contented themselves with calling out "Howyer, Bill?" "Wish you good luck, old feller," "How's yer gal?" and so on.

I shall not attempt a description of the bride's get-up, except that it was gorgeous and stunning as a rainbow. But Bill Lovidge—ah! he was arrayed like the lilies of the valley—Solomon would have been out of sight by his side. He wore a tall black hat with a very narrow brim, a light brown sack coat (the tailors complained that he refused to have a coat with tails at any price), a pair of shepherd's plaid trousers, a red vest, a flaring necktie with long ends and a paper collar. His gloves were white and he refused to take them off, persisting in eating with them on, in spite of the remonstrance of his bride. When he first took his seat he did not uncover, insisting that it was out of fashion to do so, but at last, yielding to the request of one of the hosts, he consented to remove the tile, placing it carefully by the side of his chair, where it was slyly kicked and cuffed and buffeted by the waiters as they passed

to and fro until it was reduced to a condition of pulp and could never be again worn. To top everything, Lovidge wore eye-glasses, and the patronizing air with which he regarded his guests and fellow-diggers of the mine as he gazed along the tables was too funny to be described. I believe the bride and groom were the only ones at the table who were provided with napkins (Bill had his tucked beneath his chin) and served with soup, and, as the eye-glasses were a very ill-behaved pair, they had a disagreeable habit of occasionally dropping from the bridge of Bill's nose into the soup, from which he fished them out with his spoon and, having dried them with the napkin, returned them to their proper resting place. This operation was repeated half a dozen times during the evening until Bill's face wore a fat expression of greasy contentment.

It cannot be denied that the bridegroom was under the influence of the rosy god, and so were nearly all the guests. The supply of drinkables was unlimited. There was plenty of food, but it was badly cooked and worse served and was as cold as ice. The corps of waiters was very limited, and it was by the greatest good luck that any one who had not the ability to help himself got anything at all. The waiters, too, were suffering from the general complaint, and now and again a great crash would be heard, succeeded by a few smothered oaths, a sound as if a heavy body was being dragged over the floor towards the door, accompanied by a thump! thump! We were told that the literary man of the firm had

converted himself into an all round bouncer, and that he was busily employed in looking after the welfare and morals of the unhappy waiters who had taken too much by kicking them out of the room.

The sound of revelry by night that Byron wrote about would have been dead silence if placed by the side of the Golden Wedding banquet at the St. James'. I doubt if Wellington would have heard the roar of the opening guns at Waterloo above the din had he been present on the memorable evening of which I write, and the map of Europe would have been considerably altered in consequence.

As the evening wore on I was much amused by a wordy conflict between a Northern and a Southern man as to the merits of their respective sections. The war between the North and South was then on and feeling ran high. From words the men came to blows and then they clinched. In their struggle they fell across the table, shattering crockery and glassware and upsetting food and wine. The women screamed. One fainted and did not revive until one of the male guests proposed to dash a goblet of water in her face, and another produced a snuff-box and insisted upon giving her a pinch, while a third wanted to sever her stay laces, which were drawn quite taut, when she suddenly came to, passed a hand dreamily over her face, and after hysterically demanding to be told where she was, resumed her place at the table. Meanwhile a ring had been formed about the belligerents, and the late Ned Allen, afterwards M.P.P. for Lillooet, who

had done a little pugilism in his day in England, undertook to act as umpire. Now, as fate would have it, while nearly all the guests wore sack coats, and some who had no sacks appeared in their overcoats, those who had neither came in the miner's ordinary gray shirt with a pistol belt (minus the pistol) around their waists to keep up their trousers. One of the combatants, the Northern man, had on the only dress coat in the room. He was the pride of the occasion—the pink of fashion and the mould of form. Amid that singularly arrayed company the clawhammer coat of the Northerner stood out in bold relief like a storm-signal against a cloudy sky or a game-cock on top of a fence hurling defiance at the sultan of a neighboring barnyard. The other male guests felt that they were at a disadvantage. The wearer was the Beau Brummel of the evening. It was true that the rest of his apparel did not conform with the coat, for he wore a pair of H. B. Co.'s corduroys. He had the coat buttoned up as far as the buttons went, but peeping out from behind the lapels was the vision of a "biled" shirt! These two innovations proved his ruin. The clawhammer coat or the "biled" shirt might have been condoned had they stood alone, but the two together were a combination not to be borne by a company such as had assembled in honor of the distinguished bride and bridegroom.

That the ladies rejoiced that there was one gentleman in the room who had been well bred and had been somewhere before was evidenced by the ap-

proving glances they shot at him ever and anon. Every little while a lady would raise her glass and, calling the dress coat wearer by name, would exclaim, "I looks tovards you"; and the gentleman would rise in all the magnificence of his fashionable apparel, place his hand on his heart and reply as he drained his glass, "I likevise bows."

"The h'only person dressed like a gentleman at this table," remarked one belle, as she conveyed a piece of cold ham to her mouth on the blade of her knife; "I should like to be hintroducted."

Another fair one was heard to remark, "He puts me in mind so much of a 'andsome gentleman I met at 'ome the last time I dined at the dook's."

I was greatly amused by a colloquy between two ladies who occupied seats on opposite sides of the table. Said one, speaking across the board, and referring to him of the clawhammer:

"That's Mr. Perkins, of Barkerville, ain't it?"

"Yes," said the other, "that's him. My! Don't he look fine!"

"Indeed he do. He's quite 'caffee or lay!'"

"Wh-a-at?" returned the other. "You means 'oh! fat' (*au fait* she intended to say, I thought), don't you?"

"I means just what I said—'caffee or lay,'" glared the *vis-à-vis*. "'Oh! fat,' indeed! Do you want to insult him?"

"Why, what you said means coffee and cream."

"When I went to school it meant that a person was just the thing—that he was all there," was the scornful retort.

"Oh!" retorted the friend, sarcastically, "parley voo Frankay?"

"No, thank you," snorted the other with indignation, "I never use Chinook in company—only low people does that."

"Person!" cried the lady on the opposite side.

"Woman!" was tossed back with a hiss.

"Oh! oh!" screamed the other. "She calls me a woman! Take me away. Some one lead me off to bed. I cannot bear the sight of that hugly face no more." And she threw herself back in the chair and commenced to beat a sort of devil's tattoo on the floor with the heels of her shoes, while she wept and laughed by turns.

"Highstericks," exclaimed one of the waiters who rushed on the scene. "Here, some one take off her shoes and stockings and spank the soles of her feet hard with your bare hands. That'll bring her to. My sister used to have them fits, and that's the way we used to cure her."

Someone made a move to follow the instructions thus given and actually removed the shoes, but before the stockings could be taken off the patient sprang to her feet and walked to the door with the shoes in her hand, sobbing as she went, "She called me a wo-woman!"

Her late antagonist fanned herself violently and beamed affectionately on Mr. Perkins of Barkerville and his tail-coat.

All these things had not been lost on the other guests, who were thrown into the shade by the bril-

liant get-up of the Northerner, and I have not the slightest doubt that the fight was pre-arranged with the object of taking the beau of the evening down a peg or two. Under the guidance of Allen the parties clinched, and were struggling and panting with excitement when suddenly a tearing sound like the ripping of a crosscut saw through a thin plank was heard. The Northerner uttered a sharp cry as he dropped his antagonist and, placing his hands behind him, discovered that his precious garment had been ripped from waist to shoulders and flapped loosely on either side with naught but the collar and the arms to keep it from an absolute divorce. The sight was too funny for anything. The whole company broke into hysterics of laughter. Men threw themselves on the floor and rolled over and over in their hilarity. The Southerner jumped up and down and cracked his heels in his glee, while the wretched victim made frantic efforts to draw the tails together. All in vain, and the laughter grew louder and more pronounced when through the rent it was seen that the supposed "biled" (or dress) shirt was only a dickie or false bosom, held in position by tapes that were tied about the man's body, and that beneath the rent was revealed the victim's underwear! Like the happy man of Oriental legend, he had no shirt! The poor fellow turned round and round in pursuit of his divided skirts like a revolving lay figure in a show window, but the tails kept ever one lap ahead, until, falling behind hopelessly in the race, he paused and, glaring across at his late

antagonist, who was pounding the table in his mirth, shouted:

"Durn you, Bill Savage, if it hadn't a-been for you this ere thing wouldn't have occurred. Wait till I catch you outside!"

"Bah!" retorted Savage. "Joe Perkins, it jest serves yer right. If yer hadn't a-put on frills an' airs, and made believe yer was somebody, like the man in the Holy Scriptur', when everybody knows yer ain't nobody at all, yer wouldn't have bin rigged out like a scarecrow and come here to lord it over us fellers. It just serves yer right."

There was a murmur of approval, in which the women joined, when Savage ceased, and the other fellow, finding that he had been deposed as a swell and exposed as a fashionable fraud, broke through the yelling crowd and vanished out of the door, his split coat waving its tails in front of him as he went. The scene was the funniest I ever witnessed in real life. No comedy was ever so ludicrous, and I cannot recall in all my experience (and I have a keen sense of the ridiculous) a more laughable picture than that presented by the unfortunate man as he left the dining hall a baffled and betrayed person, and sought the silence of the streets and the midnight air to reflect upon his blighted career as a ladies' man—and to lay for Bill Savage.

The wild revel went on and the fun continued fast and furious till long after midnight. More than one of the guests disappeared under the table or left for home. Lovidge still held his own, in spite

of the expostulations and entreaties of his wife, who was rather a nice little body and hadn't touched a drop all evening. But William, who was obstinate, was not disposed to leave while there was any liquor remaining to be drunk. The St. James' people were also interested in opening as many bottles as possible, for the more wine disposed of the larger their bill would be. Among the goodies that occupied space on the bargain counter—I beg pardon, dining table—was a huge rice pudding. About one-half had been eaten and the remainder, which closely resembled a broken cart wheel thickly encrusted with mud, sat patiently awaiting events in the pan in which it had been baked. No one would have imagined that out of so innocent a thing as a rice pudding an event which wrecked a Golden Wedding would grow. About two o'clock Bill Lovidge consented to be led or dragged to the nuptial chamber. Two of his Cariboo friends took each an arm and the tearful spouse, with the crushed hat in her hand, followed. It had been arranged to speed the departing couple with a shower of rice, and many of the guests had filled their pockets with the grain and threw it in great handfuls upon the pair as they prepared to leave. One of the guests, who had failed to provide himself with rice, looked about for a substitute. It was Bill Savage. In an evil moment his eye alighted on the dish containing the remains of the rice pudding. With Savage to conceive was to execute, and in an instant he had plunged both hands into the soft, yielding mass and hurled it

straight at the receding pair. It fell in great pasty patches upon the heads and clothes of Lovidge and his bride and bedaubed their friends as well. In a moment there was great excitement. Savage was pitched upon by the indignant quartette and a number of the guests and kicked from the room, where he fell into Perkins's hands and was most unmercifully mauled. Others became entangled in the row and a free fight was in progress when the police appeared and dispersed the party.

And so ended the Golden Wedding. I know I shall be reminded that the popular idea of a golden wedding is the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the nuptials of a couple who, having passed through the joys of honeymoon and survived the storms and temptations of wedded life extending over a half century, assemble their friends about them and receive their congratulations and presents as tokens of esteem and love. The picture I have pen-painted to-day is not of the adventures of a pair who had been married for a period of fifty years, but of a couple who had been married scarcely as many minutes when their friends came together and celebrated their union in one of the maddest, wildest and funniest festivals in which it has ever been my lot to take part. Why was it called a Golden Wedding? Because Bill Lovidge was falsely represented, as "Big Larry" put it, as "rowlin' in gowld," and because his mining friends had related far and near that he was the owner of the richest claim in all Cariboo—that it had prospected as high

as $50 to the pan and that he was the wealthiest man in Cariboo. These false reports had won him a bride, and secured him unlimited credit. The claim was called the Never Sweat, and George Hunter Cary, the brilliant and gifted Attorney-General of both Colonies, had visited the property in person, had gone down the shaft and dug with his own hands a panful of the gravel, had brought it to the surface, still holding it in his hands, never once losing sight of it, and had washed the gravel himself and got a prospect of $50. Charmed with the result Cary, who had never heard of a "salted" claim—that is, a claim which had been purposely prepared with the object of deceiving the unwary tenderfoot—purchased a control in the Never Sweat. From that prospect sprang the famous Cary Castle. Upon the profits he had hoped to realize from the Never Sweat the walls of that ill-starred building were reared, and when the Never Sweat proved to be a delusion and a snare the beautiful castle in the air which the too credulous gentleman had built crumbled. There remained the castle on the rocks, to be sure, but it soon passed out of Mr. Cary's hands and into that of the Government, and from 1865 until its destruction by fire four years ago it was the residence of British Columbia's Governors.

But to return to William Lovidge and his bride. The banquet and the strange doings thereat were the gossip of the town on the next and many following days. The bills that came pouring in to the newly married man were enormous. Every one had

charged his own price for everything. I think I heard that the accounts footed up $5,000—and the strangest part of the story is that there was not a dollar available with which to discharge them. The Never Sweat was worthless, and the money paid Lovidge by Cary had been dissipated long before the feast at the St. James'. The St. James' bill was about $1,800. For quick cash the Club offered to accept $1,500. Otherwise the case must go to court. Mrs. Shoolber asked for $3,000, and the tailor's bill and a few casuals brought the total to $5,000 or thereabouts. There was imprisonment for debt here at that time, and while the creditors were preparing to take out writs Lovidge, with the assistance of some of his Cariboo friends, managed to slip away to the American side in a sloop and did not return to Victoria. His wife joined him, and Lovidge, who was a butcher by trade, got employment at San Francisco. The St. James' Club firm came to grief in consequence of the bills they had incurred on account of the Golden Wedding supper. Under the impression that Lovidge was rich they had joined with Mrs. Shoolber in making the bill as large as possible, and, in common with her, lost everything. The following week the St. James' closed its doors and a red flag betokened an auction sale. The Shoolbers suffered a similar fate, and so ends the story.

. . . . . .

Speaking of ex-Mayor Lewis, I am reminded of an amusing incident in connection with him which will be worth telling now. He was taken very ill

on one occasion and for a few days fluttered on the border of the other land. Drs. Trimble and Powell, who attended him, pronounced him convalescent after a short time, but he had made up his mind that he was going to die and die he would. No argument, no persuasion could convince him that he had yet several years of life before him. His friends pleaded with him to make an effort, but he wouldn't stir a hand or foot to save his life. "It is written," he said, "and what's written can't be blotted out. I am doomed."

The physicians were at their wits' ends. Here was a man with whom there was nothing the matter actually dying for want of pluck. Various plans to arouse the man were conceived, but they all failed in execution. One day Powell was summoned in great haste to the sick man's bedside. On his way the doctor encountered a Mr. Swigert. Now Swigert was the opposition undertaker, and there was a brisk rivalry between the two for funerals. An idea struck the doctor. He entered the sick room and after feeling Lewis' pulse said, "You're well—get up."

"No," said Lewis, "I'll never get up again."

"Very well," rejoined Powell. "Hurry up and die, then, for Swigert's waiting outside to bury you, and he says he cannot wait much longer."

In a moment Lewis sat up in bed and in another moment he was scrambling into his clothes. "He'll never bury me, by gracious, for I'll live to bury him." And he did. Swigert died of smallpox in 1868, and Lewis buried him.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

"A strong nor'wester's blowin', Bill;
Hark! don't you hear it roar now.
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!"
—*The Sailor's Consolation.*

THE unhappy tale that I have undertaken to write revives recollections which, were I to consult my own private feelings, I would gladly allow to remain undisturbed in the misty records of the past. But he who takes the role of faithful chronicler of historical events should not shrink from the performance of a task, however distasteful or painful it may be to him or to those whose reputations may suffer by the narration. Sentiment should not be allowed to interfere with the duty of the historian, even though dead and buried animosities be called back to life and old wounds opened and made to bleed afresh. I propose this morning to tell the story of the loss of the steamship *Pacific*, which occurred twenty-eight years ago. I think I can fairly claim that, with the exception of the two men who survived the wreck, there is no person now living who is in a position to give as correct a narrative of that awful tragedy and the circumstances that led to it as myself. There has never been a doubt in my

mind that those circumstances were preventible—that had the crudest precautions been adopted and the commonest decencies of life observed, the disaster would never have taken place. With this brief introduction I shall plunge at once into the task and drawing aside the veil shall proceed to tell the story of that lamentable disaster with all its tragic and heartrending details.

The steamship *Pacific* was built in New York in 1851. She was less than 900 tons burthen, and fifty years ago was considered a "crack" vessel, fitted with all the (then) modern improvements. To-day it is safe to say that no vessel of her class would receive a permit to put to sea with passengers. She might be tolerated as a freighter, but it is doubtful if a crew would be found to man her. If such was her condition when the *Pacific* first took the water, what must have been her state when, twenty-five years later, under the command of Captain Jefferson D. Howell, she left Victoria harbor on her last voyage, loaded to the gunwale with freight and so filled with passengers that all the berth room was occupied and the saloons and decks were utilized as sleeping spaces? I do not believe that anyone, not even the agents or officers of the steamer, knew the exact number of persons she carried on that fateful voyage. There was a brisk competition between the Goodall & Perkins line, to which the *Pacific* belonged, and the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., which latter company had shortly before secured a lucrative contract for carrying the mails between Victoria and

San Francisco. Fare on the *Pacific* was reduced to $5, and if a party of three or four applied for tickets they were taken at $2.50 a head.

On the morning of the 4th of November, 1875, having business with a gentleman named Conway, one of the passengers, I was on the wharf before the hour at which the steamer was advertised to sail—nine a.m. I found the boat so crowded that the crew could scarcely move about the decks in the discharge of their duties. I have always contended that the passengers numbered at least 500. This belief has been disputed; but it has never been successfully disputed. The agents' list showed that only 270 passengers were booked at Victoria, but there was a large list from Puget Sound, and it was admitted that scores took passage without having secured tickets, competition being so keen that some were carried for nothing to keep them from patronizing the opposing line. Besides, small children paid no fares, and were not counted.

The morning was dark and lowering. Heavy clouds moved slowly overhead. A fall of rain had preceded the coming of the sun, but there were no signs that indicated worse weather than is usual in this latitude in the fall of the year. I think I must have known at least one hundred of the persons who took passage that day, and who, twelve hours later, found a common grave in a

> "Dreadful and tumultuous home,
> Wide opening and loud roaring still for more."

Captain and Mrs. Otis Parsons and child, with Mrs. Thorne, a sister of Mrs. Parsons, were amongst those to whom I said farewell and wished *bon voyage*. The captain had sold his interest in Fraser River steamers for a sum exceeding $40,000 in gold, and it has always been a mystery what became of the money. After the ship had gone down, and it was known beyond doubt that Parsons and his family were lost, the most diligent enquiries by relatives failed to disclose the whereabouts of the treasure. The banks could furnish no information. Some ventured the opinion that the gold was in the stateroom and went down with him, but the hackman who took him and his baggage to the wharf said that there were no heavy packages among it. Had the gold been there its weight would have betrayed its presence, as more than one man would have been needed to lift it. Mrs. Parsons had been on the stage. She came to San Francisco in 1856 as the contralto in a troupe known as the Pennsylvanians. She had a voice of great sweetness and power and was a decided favorite with all lovers of good music. Parsons was attracted to her by her fine acting and singing, and married her while she was a member of the Fanny Morgan Phelps Company, which held the boards at the Victoria Theatre for a long time. Mrs. Phelps, who afterwards married Capt. Tompkinson of the Royal Navy, will be remembered by many Victorians. She died only about three years ago in Los Angeles, and being a most excellent woman and a model wife and mother,

her death was greatly mourned by a large circle of friends here and in California.

Having said good-bye to Parsons and his family, I reached with difficulty a spot where Miss Fannie Palmer, youngest daughter of Professor Digby Palmer, stood. This young lady was a bright and lovely member of Victoria society. She was most popular, and naturally attracted a large circle of admirers. By a number of these she was besieged when I advanced to say farewell. Her fond mother was in the group that surrounded the fair girl, whose sweet face was more than usually animated in anticipation of the round of pleasure that awaited her upon arrival at San Francisco.

There were other fair and joyous maidens on board, and there were young mothers in the first bloom of womanhood, with children at their sides or in their arms. There were matrons whose grown-up children had come to the wharf to see them safely off, and bless their departure and pray for their preservation, for no one felt any confidence in the old steamer. There was the young husband on his way to California to seek a new home, straining his dear wife to his bosom as he kissed her and asked God to keep and bless her and the baby in his absence. There was the energetic business man, in the full flush of manly strength and optimism, planning for the extension of his trade. There was the ambitious student on his way to college, and the rising professional man and the thoughtful father of a large family; the silver-haired grandfather and the

successful gold miner; the banker and the faithful Government officer who was bound, under leave of absence, for his native sod, to meet once more the friends of his childhood from whom he had long been separated, and who, at a social gathering held in his honor the evening before, had sung with much pathos—

> "Home again, home again from a far-off shore,
> And oh! it fills my heart with joy to greet my friends once more."

The fond eyes that watched for his coming to the old home grew dim and weary with that "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," for he came no more.

Every class, every nationality, every age were assembled on the deck of that doomed vessel. The last hands I grasped were those of S. P. Moody, of the Moodyville Sawmill Co., and Frank Garesche, private banker and Wells, Fargo & Co.'s agent. As I descended the gang plank I met a lady with a little boy in her arms. The way was steep, and I volunteered to carry the little fellow aboard. He was handed to me, and I toiled up the plank and delivered him to his mother when she, too, had gained the deck. The wee, blue-eyed boy put up his lips to be kissed, and waved his little hands as I turned to go, and then mother and child were swallowed up in the dense throng, and I saw them no more forever!

The ship, as I have said, was billed to sail at nine o'clock. She did not get off until nearly an hour

later. The same thing happened at Tacoma the day previous. The steamer was advertised to leave at noon. She did not leave until evening. The captain, who was in bed, had given orders that he should not be disturbed until he awoke. And so a mail-carrying vessel, with steam up and a big crowd of passengers anxious to get on, was detained because the commander had a headache and must not be disturbed! It was nearly ten o'clock when Captain Howell appeared on the bridge at Victoria and the order was given to cast off. Had that order been given at nine o'clock, in all human probability the ship would have escaped the peril which awaited her, and this dismal chapter would never have been written. Some people will persist in attributing disaster and sickness and ill-fortune to the Divine will, but if the whole world were to cry out that the *Pacific* was lost because God willed it I should say that the vessel went down because the most ordinary precautions for safety were violated by her officers. I do not think that the captain realized the importance and gravity of the duties he had undertaken to discharge. I do not believe he ever reflected that in his hands were placed the lives and property of several hundreds of his fellow-beings and that upon his judgment, sobriety and care depended their safety.

The *Pacific* was a bad ship and an unlucky one. She had been sunk once before, and for two years previous to the breaking out of the Cassiar gold fever had been laid away in the Company's

" boneyard " at San Francisco, from which she was taken and fitted up to accommodate the rush of people to the new gold-fields. She was innately rotten, but the paint and putty thickly daubed on covered much of the rottenness, as paint and powder hide the wrinkles and crow's feet of a society belle, and scarcely anyone was aware of the ship's real condition, although she was regarded as unsafe. A month after she had gone down portions of her frame that came ashore at Foul Bay were so decayed that you could pick them to pieces with your fingers. The wood about the bolt heads was gone and the bolts played loose in their sockets. The vessel was not in condition to withstand the impact of a severe shock; but had the officers discharged their duty there would have been no shock and no lost vessel, on that voyage, at least.

As the vessel swung off the multitude on the wharf gave three rousing cheers to speed departing friends on their way. The response was loud and hearty, and hands and handkerchiefs were waved and last messages exchanged until the vessel had disappeared around the first point. A belated Englishman, who had passed the previous night in a wild revel, and who had taken a ticket by the *Pacific,* was the " last man " on this occasion. As the vessel passed out the belated one appeared on the wharf with his hand-bag and a steamer trunk. He shouted and signalled, but all to no purpose. The boat kept on her way, and the man danced up and down in his rage. Then he sat down on his trunk and cursed

the boat and all its belongings. His profanity was awful to hear and quite original. As it appeared to do him good no one interrupted him. When I left he was still cursing. An hour after he was holding down a saloon bar and pouring the tale of his wrongs into the receptive ears of the barkeeper, who sympathetically listened and charged him for his sympathy at the rate of a bit per glass. When the toper's money was exhausted the barkeeper led him outside and propped him up as an example of a Moral Wreck in front of a rival saloon. If the man read the papers five days later he must have thanked his stars that the captain did not put back to take him on board, and no doubt he recalled all his naughty words.

On the corner of Government and Fort Streets, as I passed along a few minutes later, I saw Mrs. Digby Palmer standing. She was gazing with glistening eyes towards the outer harbor. Where the Rithet Wharf now stands there was on the shore quite a grove of tall forest trees. Above the tops of these trees the smoke of the departing steamer was rising in great black billows and losing itself in space. It was this smoke Mrs. Palmer was watching. As I approached she exclaimed:

"I'm seeing the last of Fannie!" Alas! how true it was. The poor mother's fond eyes had seen the last of her dear child in life. The body of that child, after being the sport of the cruel waves for ten days, was borne in the arms of the tide past her Victoria home and laid on the beach at San Juan

Island, almost within sight of the house she had left a short time before so full of life and girlish glee and happiness.

It was Thursday when the steamer sailed. On Friday, Saturday and Sunday heavy storms prevailed, and the telegraph lines went down. Until Monday afternoon there was no communication by wire with the outer world. About noon on the afternoon of the 8th of November, Mr. W. F. Archibald, who was the chief operator at Victoria, received this message from Port Townsend:

* *
* "A ship has arrived here with a man *
* named Jelly aboard, who was picked up *
* Saturday floating on a piece of wreckage *
* off the entrance to the Straits. He says *
* the steamship *Pacific* sank last Thursday *
* night, and he fears that all on board were *
* lost but himself." *
* *

Then the wires again went down, and no further information could be obtained through that medium. An hour or two later the steamer *North Pacific* came in from Puget Sound. On board of her was Henry F. Jelly, the rescued passenger. The whole town rushed to the wharf. I was fortunate in interviewing the man, and from him learned that the *Pacific* ran into a sailing ship while off Cape Flattery, about ten o'clock on the night of the day on which she sailed from Victoria, and sank in ten minutes. The

"All this time the vessel was sinking"

greatest consternation prevailed. The officers lost their presence of mind (if they ever had any), and the crew were too intent in endeavoring to ensure their own safety to pay attention to the passengers, who ran wildly about the deck and through the saloons. In the crush Mrs. Parsons' child was torn from her arms and killed, and the last that Jelly saw of the bereaved mother was when she stepped into one of the boats still pressing her dead child to her breast. This boat was swamped in lowering, and all who had entrusted themselves to it were lost at the side of the fast sinking ship. Some of the life (death?) boats were found to have been filled with water to steady the ship, and before the water could be run off the passengers and the crew crowded in and would not get out. So all attempts to lower the boats had to be abandoned. There were a number of Chinese on board. They were among the first to get into the boats, and laid themselves down on the bottom. They were pulled out and thrown screaming into the sea to make room for white passengers. There was no order, no discipline, no one to give directions. It was every man for himself. All seemed to have gone stark mad in the face of the great danger that beset them. A rush was made for life-preservers. The number available was not sufficient, but all the bodies afterwards recovered wore life-preservers. All this time the vessel was sinking, sinking, and her rail was almost even with the water when several of the male passengers leaped overboard and drowned themselves. Others shut

themselves in their cabins and awaited the grim messenger calmly. There were several trained horses on board, the property of the Rockwell & Hurlburt troupe. These animals had been exhibited at Victoria the day before the vessel sailed. They were gifted with rare intelligence. One, a large white gelding, was almost human in his knowledge. This horse was found floating in the Straits saddled and bridled some days after the wreck, and it was thought one of the troupe mounted him in the vain hope of being carried ashore on his back. The screaming and shouting of the men and women as they rushed back and forth wringing their hands and jostling and trampling down one another in their frenzy must have been terrible to hear and see. Absolutely, beyond the lowering of the one boat that was swamped at the side, nothing was done to save a single life. All was confusion and despair. The officers might as well have been ashore for all the good they did on board. As the supreme moment approached some of the unfortunates clasped hands, others sank on their knees and offered up hurried prayers. A lady passenger tore the diamonds from her ears and put them with a purse of gold into a sailor's hands, imploring him to take them and save her life. Several families gathered together and with tears and lamentations awaited the end. The people in the boats made vain efforts to swing them from the davits, in their excitement forgetting that while they remained in the boats could not be lifted from the deck. In that spirit of selfishness which

seizes upon most men in the face of extreme peril, no one would give up his place in the boats for fear some one else would occupy it, and so they remained helplessly huddled together while Death came on with ever-shortening steps. Presently the ship lurched, and every beam seemed to crack. A cry of despair ascended from the doomed company as the decks opened before the combined pressure of air and water with a great roar, as though a thousand boilers had burst simultaneously. The next moment the *Pacific* sank beneath the troubled waves and the sea was dotted with wreckage and drowning men and women, whose cries were pitiful to hear. Jelly, with three others, managed to secure a hen-coop, and floated away with the tide. In a few minutes the last

> "Solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
> Of some strong swimmer in his agony,"

died away, and Jelly and his companions were afloat and, so far as they knew, alone on that wild waste of water. The night was intensely dark and the waves frequently broke over the wreckage on which the poor men were. Before daylight two had been washed away, and when the sun came up the third man went out of his mind, and before evening leaped into the sea and disappeared. Two days after the disaster Jelly was picked up by a passing vessel and taken to Port Townsend. From that port a revenue cutter was despatched to the scene of the wreck, and on the way out of the Straits Neil Hen-

ley, a quartermaster of the wrecked vessel, was found floating on a piece of wreckage and saved. He reported that Capt. Howell, the second mate, the cook and four passengers (one a young lady) were on the wreckage with him when the ship first went down, but all perished one by one until only he remained. The young lady, from the description, was believed to be a Miss Reynolds, of San Francisco, who was returning home from a visit to friends at the dockyard, Esquimalt. Once she was washed off the raft, and the second mate plunged in and rescued her. She resumed her place on the raft, but seemed to lose all hope. Gradually her strength departed and she lay motionless on the fragment until a wave washed her away, her heroic rescuer soon following.

From Victoria a steamer was despatched to the vicinity of Cape Flattery. She returned in a few days with four bodies—three men and a woman. The men were identified. One was a merchant from Puyallup, and two were members of the *Pacific's* crew. The rescue of Henley cleared away much of the mist that had obscured Jelly's statement. Henley was asleep in the forecastle when the crash came. He said the water flowed in at the bows of the steamer with a rush. He was awake and on deck in an instant, and saw a large ship off the starboard bow. This vessel afterwards proved to be the American ship *Orpheus,* bound for Puget Sound in ballast. She was commanded by C. A. Sawyer, who made no effort to assist the *Pacific,* but stood off for Vancouver Island, and a day or two later his

vessel was hopelessly wrecked in Barclay Sound. His excuse for his inaction was that he believed his own vessel to be sinking, and he explained that he stood across the *Pacific's* bows, and so caused the collision, for the purpose of speaking to her and learning his whereabouts. He always claimed that had there been a proper lookout on the steamer there would have been no disaster. *H. M. S. Repulse* passed out of the Straits on the night of the wreck, and it was said by some of the sailors that they reported to the captain that blue lights were burning on the port side, but that no attention was paid to the report.

The woman whose body was brought in was a tourist who was returning to San Francisco. About ten days after the disaster the body of Miss Palmer was brought from San Juan Island and buried during a heavy fall of snow, which blocked with great drifts and heaps the roads leading to the cemetery—nature had sent the dead girl a winding-sheet. In spite of the storm the cortege was one of the largest ever seen in Victoria, so great was the sympathy felt for the father and mother of the bright young spirit whose light had been so untimely quenched.

As the days wore on other bodies came ashore and were either brought to Victoria or interred where found. At Beacon Hill, ten days after the wreck, I saw the body of Mr. Conway, whom I had gone to the wharf to see on the morning the steamer sailed, rolling in the surf. The body was easily re-

cognized. When the ship sailed he had a large sum of money in his possession, but when he was picked up everything of value was gone.

One day some Beechy Bay Indians arrived in the harbor in a canoe towing another canoe in which was the body of a large man. The body was recognized as the remains of J. H. Sullivan, the Cassiar Gold Commissioner, who had sailed with high hopes of soon being with his friends in Ireland, and spend the Christmas holidays with them. In his pockets were found a considerable sum in drafts and gold, a gold watch and chain, and a pocket diary. In the diary, evidently written just before the unfortunate gentleman had retired to his cabin, was this entry:

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* " Left Victoria for old Ireland on Thurs- *
* day, 4th, about noon. Passed Cape Flat- *
* tery about 4 p.m. Some of the miners *
* drunk; some ladies sick; feel sorry at tem- *
* porarily leaving a country in which I have *
* lived so long; spent last evening at dear old *
* Hillside." *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

About a month after the ship had gone down, and when the first burst of grief had been replaced by a feeling of resignation, and while the shores were still patrolled for many miles in the hope of finding more bodies, a man walking along the southern face

of Beacon Hill observed a fragment of wreckage lying high and dry on the beach. Upon examination it proved to be part of a stateroom stanchion or support, and on its white surface were written in a bold business hand, with a pencil, these words:

"S. P. MOODY. ALL LOST."

The handwriting was identified as that of S. P. Moody, the principal owner of the Moodyville Sawmills, who was a passenger. It is supposed that when he found the ship going down and no hope remained of saving his life, Mr. Moody wrote this "message from the sea" on the stanchion in the faint hope that it might some day be picked up, and his fate known. This hope was not in vain, and I believe the piece of wreckage with the inscription upon it is still cherished by the Moody family.

A remarkable instance of presence of mind in the face of death was furnished when the steamer *Brother Jonathan* was lost off the Oregon coast in 1866 or '67. On board was a Scotch gentleman named Nesbit. He was on his way to Victoria when the ship struck a rock. One boat with eighteen persons got off, but all the people who remained on board—including a major-general of the U. S. Army and his staff and the officers of the vessel—were lost. Some days after the disaster the body of Mr. Nesbit was found floating at sea. Upon searching the clothing it was ascertained that while the vessel was going

down he had actually made his will, writing it with lead pencil on the leaf of a memorandum book. Placing the book in his pocket he had buttoned up his coat and awaited his fate with the calmness of a hero.

Inquests held upon the bodies that were found placed the blame on the *Orpheus* for crossing the steamer's bows and so causing the collision. The inefficiency of the watch on the steamer was condemned, and the condition of the boats was denounced; but nothing ever came of the verdict. The owners of the boats were never prosecuted, and the officers were all dead. The families who were bereft of their bread-winners were not compensated for their loss, but after the lapse of these many years the occurrence and its accompanying horrors are still remembered by those who lost their friends or who were active participants in the after events.

How many hearts were broken in consequence of the disaster will never be known. Such unfortunates usually suffer in silence. I knew of one case where a young and industrious mechanic, whose sweetheart went down in the wreck, was never known to do a day's work afterwards. When the first paroxysm of grief had passed he was accustomed to walk listlessly along the water front and accost the master of every vessel that came in from the sea with inquiries as to whether any more of the *Pacific's* people had been rescued. The reply was always in the negative, and he would walk off with a dejected air. Finally he went away and probably died in some lunatic asy-

lum or hospital. About fifty families were broken up and scattered, and many came upon the public for maintenance. There were two suicides at San Francisco in consequence of the disaster, and there were many instances of actual distress of which the public never heard. In all their details the circumstances attending the loss of the *Pacific* are among the most heartrending that ever came under my notice.

I have often narrated the dreadful story of the loss of the *Pacific* to friends who had heard only a vague account of it, and on several occasions as I concluded the narrative I have been asked which incident of the many pathetic ones connected with the wreck dwelt most in my mind. In other words, which of the occurrences that led up (or down) to the sinking impressed me most. I have always replied that, sweeping aside every consideration of sympathetic interest in the fate of the many acquaintances who were rushed into eternity in an instant, as it were—forgetting for a time the awful sensations those on board that ship must have experienced when the truth was forced upon them that they were beyond all human help and that the sun had set forever upon their earthly careers—that in the full flush of manhood and womanhood they were booked and their berths engaged for that "bourne whence no traveller returns"—I say I have always replied that the one picture which presents itself to my mind when I recall the awful event is that of the bonnie little blue-eyed boy to whom I said farewell as the gang plank was drawn in. I had never seen him before—

he was neither kith nor kin of mine—but whenever I think of the going down of the *Pacific* his sweet face appears before me—sometimes as I last saw it, full of beauty, confidence, and mirth; and again wearing an expression of keen anguish and horror, the bright eyes filled with tears and the hands held out in a vain petition to be saved from an impending doom. Since I sat down to write this sad story he has been with me every moment of the time; and once I thought I heard him repeat what I have often in the silent hours of the day or night imagined I heard him say: "You placed me in this coffin; cannot you help me out?" Alas! if I had but known.

THE HAUNTED MAN.

"And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale."

—*Shakespeare.*

THE circumstances I am about to relate occurred in the year 1861. The facts were known to a few who lived here at the time; but I believe that with the exception of myself there is not now living a single person who was cognizant of the extraordinary combination of events which I intend now to put into print for the first time.

Nearly every old resident knew John George Taylor. He was alive as late as 1891 and his bones lie at Ross Bay. He was an Irishman, but he came here from Australia in 1859. He had been a miner, a rebel, a constable and a member of the Gold Escort in that colony, and possessed remarkable detective instincts. He was one of the most intelligent men who ever joined the Victoria police force, and being strong and fearless, resourceful, and keen-witted as a razor-blade, he was generally selected to inquire into involved cases that required a mind of more than ordinary capacity to unravel. I do not think I ever met a man whose judgment upon all matters connected with the discharge of a constable's duties

could be so implicitly relied on as Taylor's. In Australia, when he mined at Ballarat, the miners at those diggings rebelled against the imposition of an obnoxious tax and took up arms, inaugurating what was afterwards referred to as the "Ballarat War." Troops were sent to the diggings and several miners were killed; but the next Parliament removed the impost. Taylor used to relate with dramatic effect how the miners afterwards elected one of their class to represent them in Parliament, and how his constituents shod his horse with pure gold and escorted him, ten thousand strong, to the Government Buildings and placed him on the seat of the mighty amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the multitude.

Taylor brought some money here, and during the fifteen years he remained on the force added to it by means known only to detectives and their patrons, so that when he died he had the tidy sum of $30,000 to bequeath to the Protestant Orphans' Home, which placed that meritorious institution upon its financial legs.

It will be readily understood that many strange characters came to the Colony in the days of which I write. Some had been men of importance in the Old Country, but had allowed liquor, cards or some other bad habit to run away with their brains, and leave them morally and financially stranded in a community that had once conferred honors upon them. Many of these men bore assumed names. I remember one gentleman—and he was as kind and good-hearted a creature as I ever met, more sinned

against than sinning, I feel sure—who posed as Mr. L——d and who was about to offer himself as a candidate for the Legislature.

"What is the name of that party?" asked a new arrival, as he pointed to Mr. L——d on the street one day.

"L——d," was the reply.

"I'll wager you a hundred pounds that his name is P——n."

"I won't bet; but you ought to be sure before you make such an assertion."

"Well, I'll prove it," replied the other, and stepping in front of the advancing man he extended his hand and asked:

"How are you, Mr. P——n? When did you leave Manchester?"

The person thus addressed recoiled as if he had been struck a hard blow and gasped out:

"For heaven's sake, man, don't speak that name. I am L——d here."

"I know you are, but you are P——n, all the same."

"Have mercy! Have mercy! I am trying to lead a better life. Don't expose me; please don't!" he begged.

The newcomer was merciless. Addressing two or three bystanders, he pointed to the poor, shaking devil and exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, this is P——n, the great Manchester defaulter. Take a good look at him so that you'll know him again. With a Bow Street runner

at his heels he has the cheek to stand for your Parliament, I hear."

The wretched man slunk away. All his airy castles were dissolved, all his hopes to do better had been shattered, and all he had left him now was to hide—crawl into some retreat where no person who had known him in the days when he passed for an honest man and was respected and influential would ever again see him. The next day he was gone and none could ever tell whither he went. Poor fellow! —how sorry I felt for him and how I loathed the man who exposed him.

Another man had been a successful dry goods dealer in London. His store was frequented by the highest in the land. One day a shopwalker thought he detected a lady in the act of stealing an article from one of the counters and secreting it in her dress. He laid his hand on the lady's shoulder and asked her to step into a back room. She threw off the hand with indignation and bade him begone. In spite of her protestations of innocence she was forced into a room. She tendered the card of a lady of distinction. The owner of the establishment, who happened to have lunched generously that day, threw the card on the floor with the remark, "Impostor!" He ordered a female to search the lady for plunder. Nothing that belonged to the establishment was found upon her. Profuse apologies were tendered and declined. A suit for damages was instituted. The public ceased to buy at the store, trade fell off and in a year's time the man's

named appeared in the *Gazette*. He came to Victoria with an assumed name and some money and built a large wooden place on Fort Street above Douglas, which he called the "Fort Street Chambers." Few rented the rooms and in a short time he went away and was never heard of more.

There were many other characters who came here during the rush. Financial wrecks seem, like the camp-followers of an army, to join every movement which appears to offer them an opportunity for excitement. I met them in Kootenay and on Fraser River; they were seen at Cariboo and on the Yukon. Always the same—the lapse of time seemed to make no difference. The personnel, of course, had changed entirely in the half century that intervened, but the reasons that inspired the adventurers of that day to seek a change actuated their imitators of the later period.

One night Detective Taylor came to my office and told me that he had watched a strangely-acting man for some weeks, off and on, and had been unable to find out the slightest thing about him. "And yet," said he, "the man acts as if he had committed a murder some time in the past. In fact, he's haunted!"

"What!" asked I, "you surely don't believe in such things as ghosts?"

"Well, no," he replied, "I don't; but that man thinks he is haunted, and I think he is, too. He imagines that he is followed by a child. He fancies he hears the patter, patter of little feet on the side-

walk, and sometimes he thinks he hears the rustle of a dress as if some woman were walking by his side."

"Do you hear them, too?" I asked.

"No, I never hear a thing; and yet the poor soul, while I am with him, hears the fall of the feet and the swish of the dress and starts and trembles and breaks into a cold sweat. I don't believe he ever sleeps—at least not at night. I meet him at all hours walking swiftly along the street with his head bent and his eyes fixed on the ground. At first I thought he was a burglar and tracked him, but he never stopped anywhere or did anything—just walked all night. Towards morning he goes to his room in the Fort Street Chambers and does not appear again till nightfall. I often engage him in conversation. He is mighty intelligent and has been a great traveller. He'll talk until he hears the patter of little feet and the swish of the gown and then he'll start off like the wind. He's been somebody some day, but he's crazy now, or next door to it."

"I say, Taylor," I said, "I'd like to get acquainted with that man. If I can't see a ghost I'd like to do the next thing to it—talk with a man who has seen one."

There was at that time on Yates Street, where Pither & Leiser's wholesale store now stands, a place kept by a man named John C. Keenan. It was called the Fashion Hotel, and it was the resort of the young men of the day. Music as well as liquor

was dispensed there and the attendants on the tables were women—not all pretty or young, but very pleasant and, as far as I ever knew, very respectable. It was arranged that Taylor should steer the haunted man into the Fashion on a certain night, and that I should meet them there as if by accident. The arrangement was carried out. I was introduced as Mr. Smithers and the man's name as given me was Cole. He was really most presentable and chatted away like a man who had seen the world. He seemed quite sensible. We smoked and conversed for an hour on different subjects, and finally we separated without his having given the slightest evidence that he was haunted or that he was other than a staid, respectable gentleman enjoying a quiet evening with friends.

About two o'clock the next morning, when on my way to my room in Ringo's Hotel, I almost ran against my new acquaintance. He stood by the side of an awning post and I just managed to make him out by the feeble gleam thrown from a street lamp.

"Halloa!" I exclaimed, "you're out late."

"Yes," he replied, "but I'm not the only one. There are others who are out late, too."

I thought he referred to me, so I laughed as I told him that my profession required me to keep late hours.

"Oh, I don't mean you," he rejoined; "I refer to others."

Then the story Taylor had told me about the man being dogged by the sound of a child's footsteps and

the rustle of a woman's dress occurred to me. A creepy feeling began to run up my spine and my hair acted as if it were about to rise and lift my hat from my head. I wished myself safe in bed and made a sudden movement as if I was about to open the street door and ascend the stairs, when the lunatic, murderer, or whatever he was, laid a strong hand on my shoulder.

"Hold!" he said. "Stay with me—please."

"No," I replied, as calmly as I could, "I must go to bed. I am sleepy and tired."

Without noticing what I said, the man retained his hold on my arm and hoarsely whispered:

"Did you hear it?"

"Hear what?" I demanded, as I tried in vain to throw off his grip.

"That—that child walking! Listen to the patter of its footsteps! Surely you can hear it. Listen!"

I listened, but heard nothing and so told the man.

"By heavens!" he shouted. "You are deceiving me. Everyone tells me the same. You do hear it. You must hear it. You lie! Everyone lies!"

I struggled to free myself and succeeded; but he grasped me again. Then I realized that I was in the hands of a stronger man than myself. Again I struggled and again I succeeded in freeing myself. I started for the stairs, hoping to avoid him. By a strange fatality the latch of the door, which was always supposed to be held back by a catch, to allow roomers coming late to bed to enter without arousing the household, was sprung and the door was

fastened tight. I turned and faced the man, making a feint as if to draw a weapon. To my surprise he calmed down instantly, and instead of an aggressive attitude he assumed a pleading tone.

"Forgive me," he said; "I was excited. I thought you must have heard what I always hear—night and day—morning, noon and night. No matter where I am they are always with me—the soft patter, patter of a child's feet and the rustle, rustle of a woman's dress. I hear them now—I hear them always, if I lie down or stand up. I have gone a thousand feet below the earth's crust in a mine and the sounds were there. I have ascended two thousand feet in a hot-air balloon, and all the time the little feet and the gown made themselves heard and felt in the atmosphere. Sometimes I fall asleep for a few minutes and then I awake with a start and the sounds break upon my ear and I can sleep no more. It is torture, torture, and it is wearing me out. I cannot live much longer—I ought to die, anyhow. I am a lost man. I wonder," he added, with a deep touch of pathos in his voice, "if the sounds will follow me beyond the grave—if when I have departed for the Great Unknown Land they will accompany me and like accusing spirits give evidence against me!" He buried his face in his hands and seemed to weep.

I felt that I could listen no longer. The weird talk of the man, the ferocious air with which he had accosted me, the uncanny hour which he had chosen for the relation of his troubles to me, a

stranger, and the feeling that I was unarmed and entirely at the mercy of a madman, if not a murderer, who had fled from the scene of his crime, alarmed me and I knocked loudly on the door for admittance. Presently I heard a window raised and the rumble of a familiar voice broke like sweet music on my eager ear.

"Who's dar?" asked the voice.

"Ringo," I said, "come down and let me in—quick!"

"Am dat do' locked?"

"Yes."

"Ain't you got no key?"

"No."

Presently Ringo was heard descending the stairs, then the door was flung back and there stood the landlord on the lowest step. He held a lighted candle high above his head in one hand, while in the other he carried a short club. I recall that he wore a long white nightgown of tremendous proportions, for he was very tall and wide. He had an enormous mouth, around the corners of which there always played a smile, for, like Mark Tapley, he was ever good-natured, even when little Culverwell, the sheriff's deputy, dogged his heels, an often occurrence. On this occasion his head was crowned by a flaring red nightcap, tied with tape under one of his two or three chins. (Everyone wore the nightcap in those days on his head. The present fashion, I believe, is to swallow the nightcap and wear it in one's internal economy.) The grotesque figure the

poor old darkey cut as he peered into the darkness until his eyes encountered mine can never be effaced from my memory. Whenever it comes back to me I have to laugh, but at the time I felt little like laughing.

"Ringo," said I, "lend me that club."

He complied and I turned swiftly around to face my antagonist. To my surprise no one was there. The man had vanished. I listened and failed to hear the faintest sound of retreating footsteps.

"What am de mattah?" asked Ringo.

"There was a lunatic here who assaulted me."

The old man came out on the sidewalk with his candle and gazed up and down the road, shook his head, looked at me earnestly for a moment and then asked, with one of his inimitable and never-to-be-forgotten grins:

"Has you been a drinkin'?"

"No, Ringo," I replied, "not a drop."

"Well, dar ain't no loo-na-tick har."

"No," I said, "he's run off."

Ringo shook his head again, chuckled and grinned until the corners of his vast mouth lost themselves somewhere in the neighborhood of his capacious ears, then, with the air of a father admonishing a wayward child, he pointed his fat forefinger at me and said solemnly: "You was at the Fashion last night. I seen you dar. Keep dat up, young man, and 'stead of loo-na-ticks you'll see snakes nex' time. You'd best go to bed and sleep it off."

I always liked Ringo and knew that his advice, although most unnecessary on this occasion, was well meant, so I said nothing and marched off to my room. While I was in the act of disrobing a knock came at the door.

"Who's there?" I asked.

"I wants to know," said Ringo's voice, "if I shall send you up a cocktail in de mornin' to steady yer nerves?"

"No," I thundered.

Then I heard the old man laugh as he shambled off along the passage and all was still. I slept soundly and in the morning told Taylor all about my encounter, and he proposed to "run Cole in," which is police parlance for arresting a man. I begged him to wait awhile and see if we could not find out more about the stranger and his antecedents. So the hand of justice was stayed.

Several days passed and I saw nothing of Cole. Taylor told me that he met him nearly every night and that one day, under pretence of wishing to see another man, he had knocked at room No. 4, Fort Street Chambers, and the door was opened by Cole in person. The visitor was invited to enter, "and," said Taylor, "I found everything in order. He had just got out of bed, but the room was bright and all the appointments were cleanly. There were nice white sheets on the bed and there was a pretty bedroom set. In one corner a grate fire was burning and at the warm blaze the man cooked his meals. Taken altogether, he's much better fixed than I am,

and I'd hate to have him look into my sleeping quarters after seeing his."

"Did you find out anything more about him?" I asked.

"Nothing, except that I saw a daguerreotype case on the table. I took it up and opened it, and got a glimpse of a very sweet-looking young woman with a child of about three years of age at her side. I only had a glimpse, because Cole, who was busy at the grate making me a cup of tea, turned quickly around and tore the case suddenly from my hands, muttering some word that sounded much like an oath, and put it in his pocket. He apologized instantly for his rudeness, saying that he had one of his queer turns. He offered no explanation for his singular conduct, but the rest of the time that I was there he shivered like a man with the ague and kept hearing things—I am sure he did, because he often looked over his shoulder and twice got up and peered under the bed and table."

"What do you make of the fellow, anyhow?" I asked.

"I put it up that he's an escaped murderer from somewhere, that his victims were the woman and child whom I saw in the case, and that it is their ghosts that haunt him."

I met Cole frequently in the daytime, but never again at night. He seemed to avoid the settled part of the town after sundown. I was tempted to call at the Chambers, but never yielded to the temptation. To be frank, I stood in wholesome dread of

the man. I regarded him as a crazy criminal, and I had no fancy for another encounter with an irresponsible person such as he clearly was.

One day Taylor came to me. His eyes were dancing in his head with excitement, and as soon as the door was closed and the rest of the world was shut out of my room he began:

"You know that poor soul, Cole? Of course you do. Well, when I picked up the daguerreotype case in his room, as I told you, I saw "Shanklin, daguerreotypist, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.," stamped on the gilt rim that surrounded the pictures. I only caught a glimpse, but I remembered the name and address, and I wrote to Shanklin, etc., and told him about seeing the portraits with his name on as maker and asked if he knew the parties. I also described Cole as well as I could. To-day I got an answer from Mr. Shanklin telling me that my information is most valuable; that there have been anxious enquiries made for many months as to the whereabouts of one James Coleman, who disappeared two years before from Pittsburg; that the portraits are those of his wife and child and that the description I gave of the man answered the description given of James Coleman in a handbill sent out by the police and which I now have. Then," continued the detective, "I have a letter signed by one Tardell, who calls himself Chief of Police, asking me to keep a close watch on Cole and telling me that a party will leave Pittsburg immediately for Victoria to take him in charge. So I have located him

at last," concluded Taylor, "and he shan't slip through my fingers. He undoubtedly murdered his wife and child and that is why he is haunted by them. Do I believe in ghosts? Yes, from this on I am a believer in them. They have brought this wretch to justice, and he will be surely hanged for his crime. No wonder that he hears the footfalls of a child and the swish of a woman's dress. The scoundrel! I am surprised that their dying cries do not haunt him, too." And so the detective rattled on and on until, the subject being exhausted, he retired and left me to my reflections, which were not of the pleasantest. I agreed with Taylor—Cole was a cruel murderer who was about to be punished for his crime through the assistance given by agents from the spirit world. "Be sure your sin will find you out," I repeated over and over again as I awaited impatiently the coming of the day when Cole would be laid by the heels and sent back to Pittsburg for punishment.

In those days it required about six weeks for a person to reach Victoria *via* Panama and San Francisco from New York, and nearly two months fled before anything more was heard from the East. It was in the month of May that Taylor came to me with a queer look on his usually immobile face, and said:

"Those parties arrived last night!" I understood that he meant the parties in quest of Cole. "Yes," he continued, "and I have arranged to point the man out to them to-day."

"The villain'll be much surprised," I remarked.

"Yes, indeed," returned Taylor, "and he'll not be the only surprised person either. There are others who will be astonished."

"Do you mean that his crime was shared by others who are now here?"

"I mean that Cole will not be the only surprised party to-day. Good-morning," and he hurried off to keep his engagement.

About four o'clock that afternoon Fort Street was the scene of a very remarkable incident. A tall, dark man was seen to emerge from the Fort Street Chambers and walk rapidly towards Douglas Street. As he neared the Beehive, a place of business then conducted by the late W. K. Bull, and now occupied by Braden Bros., Taylor stepped out of the doorway and accosted him. The man shook the detective's hand warmly. Taylor laid a hand on the other's arm as if to detain him, and the two engaged in an animated conversation for a few minutes. The detective afterwards described the interview as follows:

"Have you heard them lately?" he asked.

"Yes, I hear them all the time. Last night and this morning they were worse than ever."

"How do you account for them?"

"Oh! I don't know. It must be nervousness."

"Did you ever do anything wrong—did you ever kill anyone, for instance?"

"No, no, thank God, no!" he returned with fervor, "at least not intentionally; but I know that

the woman and child who haunt me are dead and that I murdered them by my ill-conduct."

Still retaining his hold on the other's arm Taylor turned him slowly around till he faced the East and then beckoned to some person who stood within Bull's store.

"Do you hear anything now?" asked Taylor.

"No—yes—yes! I hear behind me a child's footsteps, and—oh! my God! the rustle of a woman's garments. Do you not hear them? You must hear them. They are clear and plain."

"Yes," returned Taylor, "I hear them distinctly now—for the first time I hear them."

"Release me!" exclaimed the man, "I must walk on until the end."

He throws off the detective's grasp and turns swiftly around, as though preparing to fly from the spot. He starts convulsively! Merciful heavens! What is the sight that meets his frenzied gaze and makes him reel like a strong man suddenly struck with death, while he clutches the thin air for support? He utters a cry like a wild animal in pain and falls backward just as a young woman and a little girl advance with streaming eyes and outstretched hands.

"They told me you and Dorothy were dead!" he gasps.

"Jem—husband—have I found you at last? Thank God, I did not die!" the woman cries in pitiful accents. "You were not to blame. It was the fault of that wicked woman who led you astray,

Jem!—dear Jem!—I forgive everything. Come home and we shall be happy once more. I was very sick, for I loved you all the time, but I felt that some day we should be brought together again. Come, dear, come!"

The man makes a motion as if he would fly; but the woman grasps his hand and implores him to hear her. He pauses ere his flight has begun and, with the ever-ready Taylor on one side and the woman and the child on the other, suffers himself to be led into the little room at the rear of the store, and there, Taylor said, he left them locked in each other's arms and shedding tears as if their overcharged hearts would break.

"Do you still believe in ghosts, Taylor?" I asked a day or two afterwards.

"Well, no; not exactly. But I believe in a conscience, although I don't know that I have got one myself. It was remorse that ailed Cole or Coleman. He had deserted his wife and child and was afraid to return home. She loved him and paid the Pittsburg police to hunt him up, for her father has heaps of money. His conscience made him a coward and made him hear things. But, by Jove! it took an Australian-Irishman to bring them together again, and my fee was $1,000, which I have got sure enough."

"Does he still hear things?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, he hears the childish footfalls and the woman's garments swishing; but he sees as well as

hears the child and the woman and does not fear them any more. They will return home. It was a lucky thing for all concerned that I picked up that daguerreotype case, wasn't it?"

I acquiesced and the incident was closed when Mr. and Mrs. Coleman and child, united and happy once more, left for home on the next steamer.

DEVILED SAUSAGES.

"O, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days."

—*Shakespeare.*

In an earlier chapter of these chronicles allusion was made to the presence of a large number of Southerners who gathered at Victoria at the outbreak of the war between the North and South and formed a numerous colony for the dissemination of Southern ideas and the adoption of plans for the destruction of American commerce in the Pacific. Among the most energetic of these colonists were a Mr. and Mrs. Pusey, who were described in the "Sweet Marie" chapter as occupying rooms at the St. Nicholas Hotel, now the Savoy, where they entertained lavishly. All whom they welcomed were friendly to the cause of the South. Mrs. Pusey was certainly a charming hostess—she was about forty—large, tall and handsome, and elegantly gowned. If the gems she wore on her fingers were real they were worth a goodly sum, while her solitaire earrings were large and apparently of the finest water. Her husband was a

cipher, a lean, meek little man, with iron-gray hair and a slinking-to-the-wall manner. He was often snubbed by his overpowering wife and was forced to take a back seat whenever a discussion arose. I have seen Mrs. Pusey, to enforce an argument, bring down her jewelled hand with a resounding smack that caused the glasses to dance and the table to tremble beneath the weight of the blow, if not the weight of her intellect, while her opponents invariably yielded the point under discussion.

On one occasion two sweet young Southern girls paid Mrs. Pusey a visit. Their names were Elsie Reynolds and Mary Eccles. They were extremely pleasant in their manners, could sing and play well and were good conversationalists. Their presence at the St. Nicholas caused quite a sensation among the young men who then resided in Victoria, and many were the plans adopted to secure introductions. It was given out that no Northerner need apply, and that any cards from gentlemen from the North would be promptly returned. There was no objection, however, to the subjects of Queen Victoria, even if they were imbued with Northern ideas, for it was hoped by Mrs. Pusey that the influence of the young ladies would be successfully exerted in bringing about a change of heart in the Britishers.

Now, among the many who called upon the girls was a Mr. Richard Lovell, who was supposed to be a Southern sympathizer, but who was really a

spy of the United States Government, detailed to watch the Southern colonists at Victoria. Lovell was received with enthusiasm by the unsuspecting girls and their friends, and presently he was to be seen escorting them along Government Street, across the old James Bay bridge, and thence over the numerous trails that led to the park, dilating as he went upon the beauties of Beacon Hill and the grandeur of the scenery that captivates the senses of visitors to that charming spot. Some days passed before I found time to wait upon the young ladies, and when I did finally call I found the small reception room of the St. Nicholas more than comfortably filled with young men. Miss Reynolds, accompanied by her friend, was in the expiring notes of "Kathleen Mavourneen." To say that she sang well would be to award her scant praise. She sang the piece divinely, in a rich, clear, delightful soprano. The windows were open, for the night was warm, and her voice as it rose and fell on the evening air attracted and charmed many passers-by, who had congregated in front of the New England on the opposite side of the street, and who clapped enthusiastically when the song was ended.

When I was presented I was made at my ease instantly by the warmth of my reception and the gracious manner with which I was told, "I have heard of you often," "So glad you have called at last," "Feared that you would never come," etc., etc., until, my vanity having been plentifully min-

istered to, I was invited to take a seat with the elect near the piano. Other songs followed. Miss Reynolds gave another solo, which having been applauded, she and Miss Eccles, accompanied by Mrs. Pusey, sang sweetly a duet which was then very popular: "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming." The company insisting upon an encore, the girls gave "Holy Mother, Guide His Footsteps," from Wallace's opera of "Maritana." It was a charming rendering of a beautiful vocal piece, and the skillful execution won the hearts of all present. I have in my possession the identical pieces of music from which they sang on that lovely evening, forty-one years ago. After the music Miss Eccles gave a recitation. It was something about a soldier's grave, but although it was very well done after the singing I had no ears for or sympathy with anything else. I just wanted to listen to more songs, but, of course, I said nothing and accepted everything with apparent satisfaction. After the recitation a waiter brought in a tray on which were cocoa and cake for the young ladies, and something stronger, with crackers, for the gentlemen and the mature ladies, of whom there were several present. I do not remember how it all came about, but before I left the room I had engaged the young ladies for a walk to Beacon Hill on the following day and a theatrical performance in the evening.

The next morning about eight o'clock a knock at the door of my room aroused me from a sound sleep.

"Who's there?" I asked.

"Mrs. Pusey," I thought a low voice replied.

I sprang out of my bed, threw a blanket about me and opened the door just a little bit.

"What do you want?" I asked in as soft and gentle a tone as I could command.

"I want to come in," said the voice in a low tone.

"But you can't. I'm not dressed. Good gracious! what would people say? I can't let you in just now! Please go away for a little while."

"But," insisted the voice in a loud whisper, "I must come in."

"Dear lady," I began—"dear madam, you must not come in—it would be awful."

"Why," said the little voice, "Who do you think I am?"

"Are you not Mrs. Pusey?"

At this moment the little opening in the door was filled with the small, shrinking figure of a man, and I now discovered that I had made a funny error. Instead of it being the overpowering Mrs. Pusey the small voice belonged to her tiny spouse. I was greatly relieved, and throwing the door open invited him to enter.

"I hear, er—er—er—" he began in a hesitating, stammering manner, "that you have made an engagement with one or both of the young ladies who are under our care?"

Having thus delivered himself he gazed at the ceiling and seemed to wish he was a mile or two away.

A vision of a suit for breach of promise floated before my eyes. Had I got drunk overnight and proposed to both girls and been accepted? With a feeling of great anxiety I asked, "What do you mean?"

"I er—er mean that I—that is, we— can't permit any such thing to be carried out. I —we object."

"Object to what?" I interrupted.

"Well we—er—er—object as strongly as we can to your proposal to ——"

"My good sir," I cried, "I have not proposed to anyone! Are you mad, or am I? I wish you would stop stammering and tell me what you mean or leave the room."

"Well, if you will let me tell you, I will. We—that is, Mrs. Pusey objects to your proposal to take the young ladies to the theatre without a er—er—er, you know. What do you call it?—er—chaperone."

"Oh," I said, much relieved. "Thank goodness it's no worse. What do you want me to do?"

"I think you had better call on Mrs. Pusey after breakfast," he said. "She arranges all such matters."

This I agreed to do. Ten o'clock found me tapping on the Pusey door. It was opened by a little colored girl, who, after admitting me, discreetly withdrew. After a few minutes' desultory conversation the lady said:

"I have sent for you to suggest that as we are in an English country, where it is usual to have a

chaperone accompany young ladies to places of amusement, I must decline to let my young ladies go to the theatre to-night unless there is a mature person to look after them."

"Very well," I replied, "suppose I ask Mr. Pusey to go with us?"

"No," she said, "he wouldn't do at all—he would be worse than no one. He's half blind, anyhow."

"Well, how would Mrs. Clinton" (another guest at the hotel) "answer?"

"Wha—at! A woman who has had three husbands and two of them living! A nice example for my dear girls. No, indeed!"

"How would Mrs. 'Jim' Curtis, my best friend's wife, do?"

"Not at all. Her husband's against our cause."

"Well, then, tell me what I am to do. Would you act as chaperone?"

A pleasant look stole into the woman's face and displaced the severe, judicial aspect with which she had regarded me. She said: "It would be a great sacrifice on my part. Let me see. Have I any other engagements? Yes, several; but I must set them all aside for duty's sake. I will go, only do not keep me too late."

The girls and I had a delightful stroll to the park and back to town. They were very engaging in their manners and were very sweet and intelligent, but could talk of little else than the war that was then raging between the North and the South; and

no wonder, for Miss Reynolds had three brothers in the Southern army, and Miss Eccles's father's plantation had been destroyed and all the slaves freed by the Union army.

The company at the theatre was very inferior and there was not a redeeming feature in the play. When the curtain fell at eleven o'clock we walked towards the hotel. Our way led past two restaurants. Mrs. Pusey seized my arm with a firm clutch as if she imagined I was about to bolt; but she needn't have feared. I had no such intention, and like a brave little soldier I marched my contingent of ladies right into the first restaurant, and before they were well aware of my intention had ordered the best supper that could be had. I was afraid that Mrs. Pusey would object, but she didn't, and I am glad to say that she and all of us made a very hearty meal. I have reason to remember that one of the dishes was deviled sausages.

At the hotel I said good night to the ladies and went to the newspaper office. Having performed certain duties there I returned to the hotel and sought my couch. I call to mind that a few days before I had bought Macaulay's History of England, and as I didn't feel disposed to slumber I read several chapters of that most engaging work. Finally I fell into the arms of the drowsy god. I might have been asleep an hour, perhaps less, when I was awakened by a fierce knocking at the door of my chamber.

"Who's there?" I cried.

"Get up; the hotel's all on fire," was the alarming reply.

I leaped out of bed. Through the transom I could see reflected a red gleam and there was much smoke in the room. I seized my clothes and rushed into the passage. It was filled with smoke, through which ever and anon a burst of flame forced its way, illumined the corridor for a moment, and then died off. I tried to find the stairs. I groped along the side of the passage, feeling the walls as I proceeded. The walls were already hot. The air was suffocating, and I could scarcely breathe. I cried "Fire! Fire!" with difficulty. Presently I came to a door and pushed. It yielded and I fell into a room. I leaped to my feet and pressed toward a window. As I did so I saw a white figure lying on the floor. I stooped and felt with my hands in the semi-darkness and then—oh! horror!—I touched a human face. "My God!" I cried in agony, "Is this you, Elsie?" I had not dared to call Miss Reynolds by her Christian name before, and how I knew in the imperfect light that it was she who lay at my feet I was never able to say.

A voice in agonizing, stifling accents responded: "Yes. Oh, save me, save me!"

Evidently the girl had risen to fly, and, overpowered by the smoke, had fallen where I found her. I raised her in my arms. She was by no means a lightweight, but I was young and strong, and the excitement added to my strength. A fitful flash of light illumined the room for a moment and

"Drop her! she's dead"

I saw that she was clad in her nightrobes. Her face was pale as death and her long hair streamed over my chest. I staggered towards the door. The light failed me again, but I reached the door at last. The smoke was denser than before, but as it lifted occasionally I could see weird figures clad in white tottering along the corridor, apparently searching for something. All tried to articulate the one word, "Fire!" I passed into the corridor with my load and waited for another flash to illumine the hall before resuming my search for the stairs. At this moment a large figure loomed out of the gloom. It spoke to me. The voice was that of a woman, but it was deep and sepulchral.

"Drop her!" it said; "she's dead. Carry me out." Then I saw that the newcomer was Mrs. Pusey.

I obeyed. I cast the poor girl's body to the floor, upon which it fell with a crash and seized the other woman. She was of huge weight, too big and heavy for me to lift. I did my best. I tried till my sinews cracked with the exertion, but she was like a mountain of lead. I could not budge her.

"I can't lift you," I told her at last; "you're too old and fat."

"How dare you insult me!" she screamed. "If Mr. Pusey were here you would not dare call me old and fat. Take that!—and that!—and that!" She struck me three times across the face with the back of her jewelled hand. I felt the stones as they cut into my flesh and then the hot blood coursed

down my face from the wounds she had made.

"Ha! ha!" she laughed insanely. "You think you're good-looking. You pride yourself on your manly beauty. Old and fat, am I? I've marked you for life. I've branded you, set my seal on you, and forever after you'll be referred to as the 'Scar-faced Man.'"

"Wretched woman," I cried with difficulty, "don't think you can treat me as you do your little Pusey. Give me that hand." I seized her hand in spite of her resistance, buried my teeth in it until they met and shook it as a dog would have shaken a bone, for I was beside myself with rage. "I'll eat you!" I cried. "I'll begin at your hand."

The woman was so frightened she fainted dead away. I dropped her and prepared to save myself by flight. I passed along the hall, as I went shouting "Fire! help! murder!" as loudly as the stifling smoke would permit. Presently I heard hoarse voices as if in response to my cries. Then there was borne to my ears the noise of many feet hurrying along the corridor. The footsteps stopped suddenly. "It's in here," I heard a man say. Then there came a crash as if something had given way —a rending of wood and iron. Next a bright light flashed in my eyes. I opened them wide, and wider still, for what I saw overwhelmed me with surprise. I was lying on my bed, and in the room were the night-watchman, the hotel proprietors and several male guests. Some bore lighted candles and others coal oil lamps. Two or three had sticks and others

carried revolvers, while the porter had a pail of water prepared to dash it upon a conflagration. Near the door I saw the two young ladies and Mrs. Pusey in night attire, very pale and trembling, tip-toeing to look over the heads of the gentlemen, with alarm on their faces.

"Who saved me?" I asked.

"Saved you?" said the watchman. "You ought to be hashamed of yerself for makin' all this yere bobbery about nothin'. You don't want no savin'. You want a poundin'; that's what you want."

"Has not the hotel been on fire? and is not Elsie dead and Mrs. Pusey, is she——?" I felt my face. There were no wounds there. "What does it all mean?" I asked.

"It means," said the watchman, "that there hain't been no fire, and that you'll have to treat the 'ole 'ouse for 'aving 'ad the nightmare."

The intruders turned away with expressions of disgust, and Dr. Powell, who had an office in the hotel and who had been hastily summoned, came forward and felt my pulse. Next he raised one of my lids and looked long and anxiously into my eyes.

"Open your mouth," he said. "Wide, wider. Put out your tongue. Further! There, that'll do. What did you have for supper?"

"Deviled sausages," I replied.

"Humph!" said the Doctor. "Good-night," and he left me alone to my reflections.

JEM McLAUGHLIN'S REGENERATION.

"And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?"

—*Scott.*

WITH the permission of the reader I will give another turn to the kaleidoscope and ask him to allow his mental vision to again accompany me along the course of Fraser River to the town of Yale.

There was much that transpired at Yale and, indeed, throughout the colony, that created a deep impression upon my young and ardent mind. Many things happened that cannot be written, that were of too horrifying a nature to be recalled now; but there is a great wealth of reminiscent lore that can be and ought to be unearthed for the information, if not the instruction, of the present generation of men and women. This wealth of incident remains to be developed, and no one who wishes to be regarded as a faithful historian can afford to disregard it.

Nearly every early resident of Yale, Vancouver and Victoria will readily recall the personality of Captain William Power, who, having amassed a

fortune during the land boom at Vancouver, died a few years later in the Eastern States, or England, I am not sure which. The Captain, who was an Irishman, was a splendid specimen of manhood and was an accomplished athlete. I first met him early one sunny morning in the month of August, 1858, on the saloon deck of Captain Thomas Wright's stern-wheel steamer *Enterprise,* as she ploughed slowly against the current on her way to Hope. I had risen early and was reading a book when I saw approaching me a tall, fair young man. He held in one hand what seemed to be a China mug. As he drew near he said: "I've been all over this precious craft looking for the steward. Do you know where he is to be found?"

I replied in the negative, adding that I was, like himself, a stranger on board.

"I want some hot water," he said. "I've travelled all over Europe and the Holy Land and have been on the Nile, but this is the first time I have found it impossible to get a cup of hot water to shave with. What do you use?"

I told him I used cold water.

"If I've got to use cold water," he replied, "I'll not shave at all," and he didn't for several years.

In the course of the day he introduced me to Mrs. Power, a bright young German lady, and we three became fast friends. Our friendship was maintained for many years, for they were an estimable couple.

We pitched our tents at Yale and Mr. and Mrs.

Power opened an hotel on the flat. It was speedily regarded as the very best in town, and the couple soon had a full house. There was but one butcher shop in the town at that time. It was owned by a man named Carlyle. One Jem McLaughlin officiated at the block. He was a most desperate blackguard, both in appearance and action. He was a huge, bloated specimen of humanity and was generally filled to the throat with drink. When in that condition he was most abusive to his customers and took a delight in placing before them portions that they did not desire or order, generally with the remark, "Take it or leave it," showing that he was aware that he possessed a monopoly of the meat business. I had two or three tilts with the fellow, and every time was worsted because he held the key to my stomach. He insulted and bullied everyone, including Power, whose restaurant was at the mercy of the bloated butcher. He could cut off the supply of meat at any moment and put Power out of business. The language he used was fearful. He browbeat women as well as men. He hated children and would often turn them crying away without the food they had been sent by their parents to buy. A poor dog that strayed into the shop afforded him the greatest joy and satisfaction, for if he could not reach him with his foot he would hurl a cleaver at him, once or twice with deadly effect. A Scotchman named McDermott was the owner of a beautiful little terrier, his constant companion in all his prospecting tours. The little fellow ventured into

McLaughlin's shop one morning to pick up scraps when the wretch struck him with his great cutting knife across the back, inflicting a wound that maimed the dog for life. The owner of the animal was furious. He seized his revolver and started for the shop to shoot the butcher. Friends intervened and induced him to give up his weapon, but he went to the shop and, addressing McLaughlin, said:

"If I ever catch you on the other side of the line I'll kill you—kill you!"

"Go on out of this," shouted the butcher, "or I'll serve you as I did the dog."

"Very well," said McDermott, "I'll go; but remember, you will be my meat if I ever catch you on the American side."

McLaughlin fired a volley of words in defiance and the Scotchman went away.

How we submitted patiently to the tyrannous conduct of the ruffian, even at the risk of losing our meat supply, I cannot imagine now; but we did, and most humbly. He led us captives to the block and decapitated us morally, if not physically. For a long time he ruled supreme. Like Alexander Selkirk he was monarch of all he surveyed and keenly enjoyed his regal position. But one day he struck a snag, or, rather, a snag struck him. "The worm turned," and although worms are not generally supposed to have teeth, this particular worm had a good sharp set and bit the oppressor till he howled.

Down on the bar there lived a little English-

woman named Burroughs. She had two dear little children, a boy and girl, who were noted for their neat appearance on all occasions. The husband and father had gone up the canyons in quest of gold, leaving his wife and children in a small tent. A scanty supply of groceries and money which he left behind for their sustenance was exhausted and the family were reduced to great straits. The neighbors on the waterfront did all they could to help the woman, but they were generally poor, too. It was understood that Mrs. Burroughs was too proud to appeal for help. Winter was approaching and the discomfort of occupying a tent in cold weather will be understood by those who have passed through that experience. The little woman had been a frequent customer at the butcher shop and had paid for what she got so long as her purse held out. Lately she had fallen in arrears. One morning, when she asked to have an order filled, McLaughlin was in one of his worst moods. He had been revelling over night and had lost heavily at the faro table. So when Mrs. Burroughs lined up with others in front of the block His Majesty addressed her in language something like this:

"What do you want?"

"I should like to get a little more meat on credit for a few days. Mr. Burroughs will be here soon and he will pay you," she timidly said.

The wretch leaned on his cutting-knife and regarded the woman with a diabolical leer as he said: "Is there a Mr. Burroughs? Was there ever a Mr. Burroughs? I doubt it."

The hot blood mounted to the woman's face and painted it crimson. She fixed her eyes in a terrified stare on McLaughlin and her lips moved as if in remonstrance; but no words came from them. She leant forward on the block and then sank to the floor. She had fainted dead away. Strong hands raised the thin, wasted figure (for it turned out afterwards that for some weeks she had systematically lived on the shortest of short allowance so that her children might have enough to sustain them), and a low murmur of indignation ran through the line of McLaughlin's subjects who awaited their turn to be served.

"Come on, now," roared McLaughlin, "and give your orders quick. I can't stand here all day. What do you want?" he asked, addressing the next customer, who by a strange fatality happened to be William Power.

An eye-witness told me afterwards that Power turned as white as a corpse when the wretch insulted Mrs. Burroughs, but he said nothing.

In response to the ruffian's question, he gave his order.

"You can't get what you want; you'll have to take what I'll give you. Do you hear that? Here's a piece of meat that's good enough for the Queen."

"It's not good enough for my table, anyhow, and I'll not take it," said Power.

"Then go without. Who's the next?" shouted the butcher. "Stand aside, will you, and give place to a gentleman?"

"McLaughlin," said Power in slow, measured

words, "every time that I come to your shop I am insulted. This thing has got to stop. I don't care so much for myself and I could have stood it, but I do care for that poor little woman" (pointing to Mrs. Burroughs, who, supported by a couple of miners, was walking slowly away, having partly recovered).

With a roar as of a wild beast McLaughlin threw down his knife and, divesting himself of his apron, rushed from behind the block and made a pass at Power. The latter stepped quickly aside and as McLaughlin lurched heavily forward with the force of his own ineffective blow Power floored him with a powerful stroke delivered full on the ruffian's face. McLaughlin scrambled to his feet, but before he could put himself in position Power was upon him, raining blow after blow with smashing effect upon his antagonist's face and body until the latter sank insensible to the floor and stayed there, the bad blood and bad whiskey flowing from numerous wounds. Power then walked behind the block, selected a piece of meat, weighed it, calculated its value at 60 cents a pound, and placing the sum on the table walked leisurely away.

"I think the man's dead, Power," called out a bystander.

"Well," said Power, "if he is dead you know where to find me," and he walked to the hotel as cool and calm as if nothing unusual had occurred.

But Jem did not die. He did not belong to that class of whom it is said they die young because the

gods love them. In the course of an hour or two he awoke from his drunken stupor, and although weak and groggy on his pins, as he himself expressed it, and bruised and battered about the face, and with both eyes nearly closed, he resumed his duties. Strange as it may appear, he emerged from the ordeal a changed man. From the hour that Power administered the drubbing a great reformation set in. Every trace of ruffianism had oozed out through his wounds, and in place of the bully whom everyone feared and hated, there stood a polite and decent man whose manners were almost obsequious and who never again was known to browbeat or insult a customer. Women, children and dogs were the especial objects of his kind attentions. When he weighed a piece of meat he did not follow his former practice of weighing his heavy hand with it, but gave good measure, heaped up and running over. To Mrs. Burroughs he was more than kind, sending her the choicest bits and forgetting to charge them on the books. As for McDermott, he sent for him and told him that his dog would be fed daily if he would only let him come to the shop. People who used to address him as "Mister" McLaughlin, got to addressing him as McLaughlin, and finally they lapsed into the greater familiarity of "Mac" and "Jem." He received all these attentions with smiles of approval and happiness; but the strangest part of the affair was that he never by any chance referred to the pounding he had received at the hands of Power. Asked as

to how he received the injuries on the face he would attribute them to running against a side of beef in the dark. His memory of that event ever seemed a blank. All that he knew was that he had been hurt, he believed, by accident, and that was all there was to be said. But the reformation was most marked, and so long as I knew him afterwards he continued a steady and exemplary member of the community. He neither drank, gambled nor swore. "Boys," he remarked to one of his old companions, "I've drunk my last drink and I'm going to save my money from this time on forevermore till Kingdom come—so don't tempt me, for I won't go." He was suspected of harboring matrimonial designs toward a Mrs. Weaver, who kept a restaurant on the flat, but as she had the inconvenient encumbrance of a husband still living, and told him so, the courtship came to naught. When Rev. Ebenezer Robson, the first Methodist missionary, paddled and poled his way in a canoe to Yale in 1859, McLaughlin gave him the glad hand, and attended his first sermon on a Sunday morning and joined in singing the hymns, "For you know," he explained, "I used to belong to a choir when I was a young fellow back in Maine."

There were sad days in store for the little Englishwoman in the tent down on the bar. She was destined to have a great heart trouble, and looking back as I write through all the years that have lapsed since then I conjure up her frail figure as I last saw it, with her dear little ones close pressed

to her breast and calling on God to protect and buoy them up in their great sorrow. That picture is one I never can forget. But I must not anticipate.

One stormy afternoon a miner came into town. He had travelled rapidly over the trail from a bar where his company were located in quest of a surgeon. The story he told was that a stranger on his way down the river trail had shot himself in the thigh while climbing over a tree that had fallen across the path. The trigger caught on a twig and the charge exploded. A doctor was procured and accompanied the man back to Sailor Bar. When they reached there the stranger was dead—having bled to death. The doctor, after pronouncing the man to be dead, asked if he had any effects. Some letters and a bag of gold dust weighing over $700 were handed to him. Every miner's cabin was provided with a pair of gold scales for weighing dust, and from the purse the doctor weighed out $150 as his fee and handed the bag back to the miners. The latter brought the letters and the balance remaining in the bag to Yale, and handed them to the authorities. The letters were addressed to "Charles Burroughs, Lytton," and bore the Yale postmark. Did anyone know Charles Burroughs? No one knew such a person; but Jem McLaughlin, who joined a group that had gathered to discuss the tragedy, suggested that Mrs. Burroughs might know the dead stranger.

"Gad!" exclaimed one of the group, "I'll bet any money that he's her husband."

"Go and ask her," suggested another.

"Not if I know myself," cried a third man. "I don't carry no bad news to no one, and could no more ask that poor thing if it's her husband than I could fly."

And so it came about that in all that crowd of rough and uncouth men, who were accustomed to brave danger in every form, not one could be found with sufficient nerve to ask the little woman, "Was he your husband?"

The task was assigned to Mrs. Power and Mrs. Felker. The latter was the wife of Henry Felker of the Blue Tent. She died only the other day at an advanced age. The ladies went to the tent. Mrs. Burroughs was sewing. We may be sure that they performed the duty gently and after the manner of their noble and self-denying sex. The surmise proved correct. The dead man was the woman's husband, who was on his way back to make her happy with his purse of gold when the accident occurred that took away his precious life. A man who was on the trail with him when the gun went off told me that he was whistling and singing alternately as he walked along in anticipation of a reunion before nightfall with his loved ones, of whom he often spoke. "He was singing," said the man, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and using his loaded gun as a staff, when the death-blow came."

Little more remains to be told. Mrs. Burroughs had the body brought to Yale and interred in the little cemetery. Dear old John Kurtz read the

funeral service, and Hugh Nelson, William Power, Jem McLaughlin and I led the pallbearers. At the grave the widow knelt, and with her children pressed to her bosom engaged in silent prayer, while we all drew back and gazed reverently at the affecting scene. When she rose Jem McLaughlin respectfully and humbly came forward and took a child in each hand, while Power offered his arm to the afflicted woman. We then formed a little procession and marched down the hill to Mrs. Felker's, where comfortable quarters had been prepared for the family. The following week they went away to their friends in California, and Yale knew them no more.

Was the regeneration of Jem McLaughlin permanent? I do not know. I hope that it was, for at the bottom he was a good sort and was capable of noble actions. Let us trust that he never relapsed into evil courses, and that, as he must have long since gone the way of all flesh, he continued to grow in grace until when the end came he won a starry crown.

THE MAYORAL DINNER.

"Hey diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such sport
And the dish ran away with the spoon."

—*Nursery Rhyme.*

One morning in the month of February, 1860, there appeared in a Victoria paper's advertising columns a notice which ran thus:

"At the instance of Mr. John Colber a writ was yesterday issued from the Supreme Court against Dr. Balfour of this city. The writ alleges slander on the part of the defendant and the damages asked are heavy."

The appearance of the advertisement set all tongues wagging. Every man and woman and, for the matter of that, every child who was old enough to understand what a suit at law meant, was anxious to know just what it was all about. Colber was a sturdy Scotch Writer to the Signet (which, I believe, means the same as barrister here) of about forty years and had a wife some ten years his senior. When asked for an explanation he shook his head, and said, "Go and ask the doctor

—he knows." The doctor, when appealed to, professed ignorance of having given cause for the action and appeared to be as much puzzled as the community in general. In the burning desire for information Mrs. Colber was asked. She was a little Englishwoman, of quick, nervous action, black snappy eyes, and a tongue—as old Willis Bond, the famed colored orator, who once came under its lash, expressed it—"dat cuts bof ways like a knife." Mr. and Mrs. Colber had arrived at Victoria by ship from Australia in 1859. They had some money and built themselves a small shack on Langley Street, which answered the double purpose of a law office and a residence. Mrs. Colber immediately began to assert herself as a social leader. She gave little teas (then quite an innovation—and tea was not the only beverage served) which the "best" people attended, and at one of which it was decided to form a sort of social guild for the purpose of ascertaining who was who—dividing the sheep from the goats, weeding the society list, so to speak—and admitting only those whose records were unimpeachable to the circle. It was felt that in the hurry and bustle of strangers arriving and settling here some very undesirable persons had succeeded in imposing themselves upon society and were carrying their heads high, when, were the truth known, they should hang them very low. About this time a ball was arranged to be held at the Hudson's Bay Company's warehouse, which then stood at the foot of Yates Street, just behind

the present premises of Findlay, Durham & Brodie. It was used for the storage of salmon in barrels pending the annual sailing of a Company's packet for London. When the ball was arranged the packet *Princess Royal* had taken all the salmon on board and the warehouse was empty. After liberal applications of soft soap and water to destroy the ancient and fishlike smell that hung about the place, and the draping about the walls of sails and flags from the ships, the room was made presentable and a goodly number of invitations were sent out. There were very few ladies then resident in Victoria. Families were scarce, and a child of tender years was regarded as a *rara avis*. Now it happened that to the social club of which our friend, Mrs. John Colber, was the self-elected leader was assigned the task of selecting the ladies who should be invited to attend the ball. The guild met and appointed a secretary to whom was given the duty of writing the invitations, and an executive committee to check the list was also appointed. In due course the cards were issued, and to the surprise of many the names of Mr. and Mrs. John Colber were not among the elect. A day passed, two, three days, and still no cards for the Colbers. Then arm-in-arm (which was the way married and engaged persons walked at that time) the Colbers proceeded to investigate. They were very wroth and the sharp tongue of the lady cut like a two-edged sword. The unfortunate secretary was the first object of the slighted woman's wrath, and after much persuasion

and many threats the secretary explained that she had been instructed by the committee not to issue an invitation to Mr. and Mrs. Colber. To the president of the committee the pair next proceeded, and in that lady they encountered a foewoman who was worthy of the visiting lady's tongue. The word-battle must have been interesting. It was said that Mrs. Colber, like the fishwoman whom Dan O'Connell vanquished in the Dublin market, got the worst of the combat, for she left the place supported by her husband, and in an hysterical condition.

The outcome of the visit was the issue of a writ for heavy damages, as I have explained, against the husband of the president of the Executive of the Social Guild. What provoked the action I never knew positively; but it was reported that a gentleman from Australia had known Mrs. Colber while there and said that she had a Past. Now to say that a person has had a Past is not actionable in itself. We have all had Pasts. Some of us would gladly erase the record from the slate and think of it no more if we could. But to say that Mrs. Colber had a Past and to strike her name from the list of eligibles because of that Past was decidedly actionable.

The ball came off and proved very successful. There were ladies present, but the gentlemen outnumbered them in the ratio of six to one. The moment a lady entered the dancing apartment she was pounced upon, so to speak, and her "card,"

which was written upon a half-sheet of note paper, was filled almost at once. A young American who accompanied me to the ball got one dance the whole evening and I fared little better, the naval officers bearing off all the honors. The costumes were rich and varied. Of course, the enormous crinoline was much in evidence, and in sympathy with hoops the gentlemen wore baggy trousers, wide from the hips to the ankles, where they suddenly narrowed and were drawn closely in. There was about as much fit in trousers then as there is in pyjamas now. Looking back I can recall nothing so grotesque as the male and female costumes of that day—and yet we thought them graceful and fetching and altogether lovely! "What fools we mortals be" to allow ourselves to be dragged to such ridiculous ends by the dictates of Dame Fashion. The supper was all that could be desired. I remember that Governor Douglas, Captain James Reid and other heads of families, with their lovely young daughters, were present, and that the Governor and other gentlemen made very pretty speeches, in which they referred to the company in a pleasant manner. Admiral Baynes, then in command on the station, and his staff were also present, and he, too, made some appropriate remarks—the San Juan war having just been settled everybody was feeling happy. The affair passed off pleasantly and the cocks were crowing their welcome to the rising sun before the company dispersed.

"Do you intend to push the case against the

doctor?" I asked Colber one morning.

"Yes," he exclaimed with emphasis, "to the bitter end—to the death, if necessary."

"Won't you accept an apology?" I continued.

"No," chimed in his wife, and her eyes snapped with excitement. "Never—never! If he lay dying and asked me to forgive him I never would."

Within two weeks from the date of that conversation Dr. Balfour was dead. His death was encompassed in this way. It seemed that he worried much over the action and saw no way out of the suit except by flight. A little Chilian brig called the *Florencia* was loading for Chili. On this brig Dr. Balfour, to escape the action, secretly took passage. Off Cape Flattery the brig encountered a fearful gale and went over on her beam ends. Amongst those who were swept off and never seen more was poor Dr. Balfour. He was truly followed to the bitter end—to death.

The passing of Dr. Balfour gave quite a shock to the little colony, for the deceased was well liked, and the social position of the Colbers was rather lowered than heightened by it. Shortly after the sad event the couple became involved in a bitter warfare with W. B. Smith, owner of the brick building on Government Street, where the well-known firm of Hall & Goepel have long carried on business. The Smith lot on Government Street extended to the line of Colber's lot on Langley Street. The latter always insisted that the Smith fence encroached three or four inches on their lot, and the

wordy wars were many and numerous. The active spirit in the Smith establishment was a young clerk named Hicks. After the passage of numerous fiery epistles Mrs. Colber cowhided Hicks on Yates Street and was fined £5. Next Hicks and Colber met and Hicks pulled his antagonist's nose, for which luxury he paid £5. Then Colber printed a card in which he referred to Hicks as a man who had been publicly cowhided. Hicks retorted with a letter in which he referred to Colber's nose as having been tweaked on the public street. In the absence of a theatre the controversy created the keenest amusement to the residents, and while one party would pat Hicks on the back and advise him to keep it up, another section would tell the Colbers to give it to Hicks. On one occasion Hicks found a dead cat in Smith's back-yard. Naturally supposing that his enemy had thrown it there he hurled it over the fence into Colber's yard. Now it chanced that the little woman with the fiery temper and snappy eyes was engaged with a tape-line and an Indian boy in measuring the ground to find how many inches of land had been taken possession of by Smith, and the defunct feline landed full on her head, giving her a severe shock, and causing her to imagine that a wild animal had leaped upon and was about to devour her. Loud screams brought the husband to the spot, and after he had soothed his wife he seized the dead cat by the tail and darted round the corner to Smith's store. Hicks was standing in the doorway. He was a bit of a dandy and very vain.

As Colber, carrying the cat, approached Hicks tried to escape; but he was overtaken, and Colber nearly wore the animal out on the head and shoulders of his enemy. The town went wild with delight. They had watched the clash between the two forces for some weeks. The comic side of a controversy always appeals most strongly to the popular mind, so the funny incident of the cat and the use that was made of it took the public by storm. Nothing else was talked of for many days and the "Tsick him, boy!" tactics were continued by the friends of both.

The boom consequent on the discovery of gold in Cariboo struck Victoria in 1862. The buildings were of insufficient capacity to accommodate one-tenth of the people who came to Victoria to make this the starting-point for their long journey to the mines. Hundreds of the newcomers pitched tents on vacant lots, and the streets were crowded with people from every part of the world. Goods were in such demand that the steamers from San Francisco could not carry one-half the freight that offered. Real estate in Victoria rose rapidly in value, and nearly everyone became a speculator. The Colbers bought two lots on Pandora Avenue and sold one of the two immediately afterwards for a sum equal to that which they had paid for both.

In the summer of 1862 the city of Victoria was incorporated, and Mr. Thomas Harris, a leading business man and a generous, public-spirited citizen, was unanimously chosen mayor. Amongst the town councillors elected was John Colber, who, in

spite of his unpopularity, received the highest number of votes and consequently became senior councillor. The Prince of Wales (now King Edward) attained his majority on the 9th of November, 1862, and a public holiday was proclaimed here. A procession was formed and headed by a band marched through the streets. In the afternoon there were races at Beacon Hill Park, and in the evening an illumination of the public buildings, the mayor's and several other private residences. For the evening a banquet had been arranged at the Lyceum, a hall that stood on part of the site now occupied by Spencer's store. About two hundred guests appeared at the table, over which Mayor Harris presided. On his right was Sir James Douglas, the Governor, Capt. Richards (afterwards Admiral), of H.M.S. *Hecate*; Capt. Pike, of H.M.S. *Devastation;* and Chief Justice Cameron. On his left the Lord Bishop of Columbia, Rt. Rev. Bishop Demers, M. Mene, French Consul; Hon. Henry Rhodes, Hawaiian Consul; Colonial Secretary Young, and Attorney-General Cary. In the gallery were a number of ladies who had assembled to "see the lions feed," and who were served with wine and sweets. Full justice was done to the excellent menu provided by Sere & Manciot, of the Hotel de France, and the usual patriotic toasts were drunk with enthusiasm. Then followed a number of toasts of a local character and all went pleasantly. There was not the slightest reason to suspect that a storm-cloud lurked in the air—that the peaceful scene, almost pastoral

in its serenity and calmness, was soon to be changed into a roaring, seething maelstrom of disorder and confusion where men would lose their heads and shout and strike out wildly, and fair women's screams would add to the din. Yet so it was. The red rag of the occasion was a toast to "The Mayor and City Council." The Attorney-General having proposed it, the Mayor responded for his office in a pretty little speech which was applauded. When Councillor McKay rose to respond for the City Council he found himself forestalled. There was "another Richmond" already on his feet who had begun a reply. The usurper was John Colber.

"Mr. Mayor," he began, "as senior councillor the duty devolves on me to reply to the toast of the City Council."

"You are out of order, Councillor Colber," said the Mayor.

"Oh, no, I'm just in order as senior councillor."

"But you are not down for this toast. Councillor McKay is, and I can only hear him."

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Mayor," replied the senior councillor, while a sweet smile swept over his broad face, "The duty devolves on me to answer, and I'll not shirk my duty. It is a source of great gratification—"

Cries of "Order," "Order," "Sit down," "Chair," arose. The glasses danced and jingled in response to vociferous thumping on the table and the fireworks began. The noise was deafening, but high above the din could be heard the tempestuous voice

of sturdy John Colber as he repeated over and over again the words, "Mr. Mayor, Mr. Mayor," and rising higher still the shrill soprano of an excited female rent the disturbed air as it called out, "Stand your ground, John! Don't be put down, John! Fight for your rights, John!" Guests who turned their heads in the direction whence the female voice came saw a little woman with a very pale face and snappy black eyes leaning half over the front of the gallery and swinging her arms frantically as she called to her husband at the top of her voice. The woman was Mrs. John Colber.

On the floor of the hall the disturbance grew more and more pronounced. One man, a little fellow named Briggs, managed to burst through the throng and reach Colber.

"John Colber," shouted he, "you're a hass—a feckless hass!"

"A little louder, Mr. Briggs," cried John, with a seductive smile.

"I say you are a feckless hass, John Colber."

"Actionable, Mr. Briggs, actionable. You hear him, gentlemen? I'll make a note of those words."

"Look out, Billy!" cried a voice from the crowd, "He'll sue you and get them three lots of yours."

Billy turned as white as a ghost and shot out of sight.

The cries of "Sit down" and "order" continued to resound through the room, but Colber refused to sit down or be sat upon.

The Mayor at last lost patience, for the Governor

and his staff, the naval officers and the consuls had left the room. His Worship cried out, pointing to Colber, "Will no one remove that nuisance?"

At this a rush was made for the senior councillor. A dozen hands were laid upon him and a mob of thirty men closed in upon the "nuisance" and threw him bodily out of the hall. As he struggled to release himself the high soprano of his wife was again heard as she rained an orange, an apple, a cake and a plate upon the guests below, and then dashed down the stairs and, throwing her arms about her husband, led him towards their home, calling down heaven's maledictions on his assailants as she went.

The Colbers decided to erect a brick dwelling on their remaining lot on Pandora Avenue. It was to be a double house and two stories in height. When the walls were nearly up a difficulty presented itself. The Jewish community resolved to build a synagogue next adjoining the Colber lot on the west. The synagogue was to be bigger and higher than the Colber mansion and would throw it into the shade. The Colbers would not submit to be overshadowed in that way, so they added another story to their structure, "from the roof of which," said the lady, "I can always command a fine view." During the progress of construction Mrs. Colber was frequently present, and one day as she was climbing up a ladder "to get a view" from the unfinished roof, a little unslacked lime fell from above and entered her eyes. The pain was excruciating.

She walked home and means were employed to remove the stuff. But relief came too late. The lime had slacked in her eyes and the light had gone out from those snappy organs forever. From that day till the day of her death the unfortunate woman was totally blind! The building, which was erected at a greater elevation than had been originally intended, still stands. Other eyes have feasted on the view to be had from the roof, but the lady for whose pleasure the elevation was increased never saw again!

The devotion of John Colber to his blind wife was marked and touching. Her temper, never of the sweetest, grew worse under her great misfortune; but Colber put up with everything and was accustomed to lead her with exemplary tenderness and patience through the streets for an airing or to and from church.

The last time the couple came before the public was in the summer of 1867. As a barrister Colber had sued Dr. John Ash on behalf of John Nicholson, a well-known contractor, for work done at or near Sooke. Judgment was rendered for about $1,500. The money was paid into the barrister's hands on Saturday, too late to be deposited in the bank, so Colber put it into a sort of apology for a safe, which was in reality only a wooden box enclosed in sheet iron of about one-fourth of an inch in thickness. On Sunday evening the pair went out for a stroll and were absent about an hour. On their return they found that the iron and wood

box had been cut through with a cold-chisel and every dollar was gone. No trace of the thieves was ever discovered, and thus Mr. Nicholson after winning his case lost his money.

A little later Mr. and Mrs. John Colber's names appeared in the passenger list of an ocean-bound vessel, and I heard that she died in Australia and that he went back to Scotland.

THE STRANGE STORY OF JAMES MOORE, DRUGGIST.

"O earth, so full of dreary noise!
O men with wailing in your voice!
O delved gold the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And 'giveth His beloved sleep.'"

—*Elizabeth Browning.*

THE early servants of the Hudson's Bay Company resided behind the palisades and within the fort, or clustered in one-story cabins of hewn logs, whitewashed inside and out, and built without the slightest regard to architectural effect or sanitation. The men who came here in pursuit of gold in 1858 erected their places of business along the line of Yates and Wharf Streets, and disposed of their goods on a strictly cash basis. The thoroughfares, which were wagon tracks in summer, in winter became quagmires in which horses and drays often stuck and men sank to their knees. The navigation of what are now our chief business streets forty-five years ago required a man who was able to "take the sun," as they say at sea, to cross them dry-shod and mud-free. Above Broad Street, as

late as the winter of 1861-62, the roads were absolutely impassable. There were no street lights, sewers, water or cabs—none of the conveniences that now contribute to make life without the business centre enjoyable. Many of the heaviest merchants occupied rooms above or behind their warehouses and raised families of children blooming with health and vigor. The first gas was made on Wharf Street by J. Calvert and John T. Little, both Americans. Mr. Little's house stood on the west side of Wharf Street, directly opposite the Royal Hotel, which was the first brick building erected in Victoria, the foundation being laid by James Wilcox in the summer of 1858. The Little house was the first building lighted by gas in the city, a small retort having been erected for its supply. From that effort sprang the present Victoria Gas Works. Calvert and Little secured a charter from the Colonial Legislature that permitted them to charge $7.50 per thousand cubic feet, and had they had a sufficient number of customers, would have made speedy fortunes, although it must be remembered that coal at that time was $12.50 a ton, and lime and wages were correspondingly high. Bachelor merchants not only slept in their offices, but cooked there as well. On one occasion I went into a Wharf Street store to buy a flask of quicksilver, which was sold wholesale at $2.00 a pound. The merchant and I had a long conversation as to prices. He made several attempts to cut the argument short by manifesting a desire to retire to the

room in the rear, which served in the treble capacity of office, bedroom and kitchen. Each time I detained him by raising some new point and presently my nostrils were assailed with the odor of something burning. The merchant took the scent at the same moment and, cutting a sentence short, made a wild rush to the kitchen. In a moment he emerged holding a frying pan in his hands.

"There!" he exclaimed, as he gave me a malignant look, "while I've wasted my time talking to you my sausages have been burned to a crisp!" He threw four blackened sausages into the street, following them to their muddy resting-place with a word that begins with a big "D," as they say in "Pinafore."

One of the most picturesque characters in the down-town district at that time was James Moore, a druggist, who dispensed drugs and chemicals at A. J. Langley & Co.'s, at the corner of Boomerang Alley and Yates Street. Mr. Moore was an Englishman of rather retiring manners. He was amiable and good-natured to a fault, and was never known to turn his back upon a glass of good brandy or rum; in which genial habit he was not alone. To his intimates he was known as "Jem" Moore; to mere acquaintances as Moore; to the general public as Dr. Moore. As a druggist he had few equals, and as prescriptions were charged at the rate of from $2 to $5, it will be understood that the profits were large and that Moore earned the liberal salary that was paid him. Moore did not live at or

near his place of business. Early in 1859 he had married a Mrs. Dewig, the widow of a German grocer, whose husband had left her a tidy little fortune, out of which she built a brick dwelling which still stands on Gordon Street on the opposite side of the road from the Badminton club-house, then the family residence of Senator Macdonald. After the marriage Mrs. Moore hyphenated her name and had her cards printed "Mrs. Dewig-Moore." Several of Moore's friends ventured to address him as "Dewig-Moore," but the manner in which he received the innovation caused them to refrain from repeating the liberty, and so they returned to the more familiar if less musical appellation of "Jem" Moore.

"I want to be something more in the world than Mrs. Dewig's husband," Moore was accustomed to say. "I want to be known and appreciated for myself alone. I don't propose to have my personality buried in the Dewig grave and Dewig dug up and put in the front rank. Dewig is dead; let him rest. Moore's alive; let him live. If the widow of the defunct wants to carry the dead man's name on her card, well and good. It pleases her and does me no harm. But, by the gods of war, I refuse to be addressed in her dead husband's name, so don't call me by that any more." And they didn't.

Moore, as I have said, was a kind-hearted man and performed many acts of goodness which, no doubt, stand recorded to his credit in the Better

Land. He was a most careful druggist, and no mistake was ever traced to him. With all his amiability he could be very firm when occasion required, as the tale I am about to relate will show.

One dark and dismal night the rain fell in great sheets and the wind roared over sea and land. It was December of 1861. The hour was 10.30; the store was deserted by customers, and Moore was on the point of closing for the night when the door swung back with a bang and a female figure was blown in. She was closely muffled up to protect her from the fury of the gale, and the lower part of the face was hidden behind a red shawl. In spite of the shawl Moore could see that the woman was nice-looking, and that she had coal-black eyes that sparkled with what seemed to be an unnatural fire. Approaching the counter the woman hesitated for a moment and then, allowing her eyes to fall, said in a faltering voice:

"I want two bits' worth of laudanum."

Moore regarded her face for a moment with a suspicious air and asked:

"What do you want it for?"

"I want it for the toothache."

"It wouldn't require so large a quantity as that. A few drops on cotton wool will do. Here, I'll put a few drops in the tooth."

"No, no, no," said the woman, shrinking away. "I must have two bits' worth. All my teeth are aching. Give it me and let me go."

Moore considered a moment. He felt certain

the woman before him meant to commit suicide. If he refused to sell her the poison someone else might.

"Well," he said, "you may have the poison if you will promise to be careful in its use."

"Yes, yes," cried the woman, eagerly. "I promise."

Moore filled a small phial with a dark fluid, labelled it "Laudanum, Poison," and handed it to the customer. She almost snatched it from his hand. She threw down the coin, and with a smothered "Thank you" left the store as rapidly as she had entered it.

Moore gazed after her with a queer look in his eye, while a smile played about the corners of his mouth. Then he lighted a little candle and placing it within a tin lantern (coal oil was not then used in lanterns), banked the fire, closed and locked the safe (that was before combinations were invented), fastened the doors and sallied forth into the night. The feeble rays shed by the candle guided his footsteps along the muddy footpath (no boarded sidewalks then existed). He walked along Yates through the slop until he reached Government Street. The wind was holding high revel. Signboards creaked and buildings groaned and trembled before heavy blasts that tore fiercely through the little town as if anxious to sweep the place clean off the map. Moore's hat blew off, but he did not stop to recover it. His course led past the corner of Bastion and Government Streets.

The guns frowned down upon him as if they were preparing to go off on their own accord and contest with the elements a right to a monopoly of the noise. The lonely wayfarer continued to pick his path slowly and was passing the palisades of the fort when the feeble rays cast by his lantern disclosed something that gave him a start and caused his kind heart to beat with alarm. In an instant he had recovered himself and, bending down, saw that the figure of a woman lay extended on the walk. A glance showed that the prostrate woman was the one who had asked for the laudanum a short time before. He placed his hand on her shoulder and shook her gently. The woman moaned and, drawing the red shawl over her face, turned her back to the light.

"Come," said Moore. "Get up. This is no place for a human being on such a night; and a woman, too," he added.

"Oh! go away and let me die," the woman replied, in pitiful accents.

"Let you die! No, indeed," said the druggist. "Why should you die? What have you done to make you wish to die?"

"Oh! I've taken poison—laudanum," she said. "In a few minutes I shall be dead."

"But you have not taken poison," persisted Moore.

"I have, indeed. I bought it at Langley's—two bits' worth. I swallowed it all and have laid down here to sleep. Oh! go away and let me die in peace," she moaned.

"Woman," said Moore, "I am the druggist who filled your order. I did not give you laudanum. I gave you a small phial of weak paregoric, with a dash of ipecac to act as an emetic. If you wait till that kills you will live forever."

The woman sat up and in imploring tones begged Moore to assure her that he had spoken the truth. No reply was necessary, for at that moment the ipecac made its presence manifest in no uncertain way. When the woman had sufficiently recovered Moore assisted her to her feet. Her clothes were wringing wet and she trembled with cold and weakness.

"Have you told me the truth?" she again asked the druggist.

"Yes," replied Moore. "As God is my judge, I gave you nothing that would harm you. Now come with me to my home like a good girl and my wife will look after you."

He half led, half carried the forlorn creature, who was too weak to resist, to his door. A blazing fire filled the hearth; a cold grouse flanked with a bottle of Pyramid beer and another of brandy stood on the dining-room table, set there for Mr. Moore's supper. In less time than it has taken to write it Moore led the woman to an easy chair before the fire and poured out a generous jorum of brandy, which he almost forced down her throat. Then he ran out of the room and aroused his wife. She soon came bustling in, clad in a wrapper. Mrs. Dewig-Moore was a German and spoke broken English. She was eccentric, vain and silly on most

subjects, but when it came to helping a woman in distress she was the best-hearted creature in the world. She almost dragged the stranger off to her room, where she gave her a hot bath, hung up her wet raiment to dry, and then put her to bed between blankets with a bottle filled with hot water at her feet. In the morning early the stranger awoke, arrayed herself in her garments, and would have left the house by stealth after penning a short note of thanks to her host and hostess. But they were on the alert and barred her egress. They made her partake of breakfast, which she did while grateful tears chased each other down her face. Mr. and Mrs. Moore made no effort to gain her confidence and the woman left after telling Mrs. Moore that her name was Wilmer, that she was married and resided with her husband on or near the present line of lower Pandora Street. Some days later the Moores inquired and found that the Wilmers had left Pandora Avenue and gone whither no one knew. They heard no more of the woman for a long time—nearly a year.

One bright afternoon in 1862 Mrs. Moore was called into her drawing-room ("parlor" in those days) by a message brought by the servant that a lady wished to see her. Upon entering the room the visitor rose. She was tall and graceful, and was well dressed in clothes of fashionable make and fine texture. Mrs. Moore paused in the act of extending her hand, for the lady seemed an entire stranger.

"You do not recognize me?" asked the visitor.

"No, I cannot remember to have seen you before."

"And yet," returned the lady with a smile, "you have met me before and have entertained me."

Mrs. Moore studied the face carefully and then shook her head. She did not recognize a line of the features.

"You do not recall my face?" the lady asked.

"No, I cannot call it to mind."

"Well, then, I am Mrs. Wilmer, whom your husband found lying on the street and brought here, and to whom you were so good. I have come to tell you that fortune has smiled upon me. My husband has made much gold at Cariboo. He is interested in one of the richest claims on William Creek, and I have brought you this nugget as a gift to show how much we appreciate your great goodness to me when I needed your help." She handed Mrs. Moore a large lump of pure gold. Mrs. Moore at first declined the gift; but the lady insisted, and she finally yielded.

"Now," said Mrs. Wilmer, "you are entitled to an explanation of my strange conduct a year ago. My husband and I are English born. He is one of the best men alive when he refrains from the use of drink, but under that blasting influence he is a demon. On the night that I bought the laudanum he came home in a state of intoxication and struck me. I ran into the street and made my way to Mr. Moore's place. I fully intended to kill myself.

When my husband found that I had gone he searched at once, for he really loves me. He searched for me all through that bitter night and when he got back to the house at noon he found me there. He took me in his arms and knelt at my feet. He asked my forgiveness a thousand times. He made a solemn vow on his mother's Bible to drink no more. He has kept his oath. I went with him to Cariboo. I cooked and baked and washed and kept boarders while he worked in the mine, of which he is part owner. Providence blessed our efforts. We came down a week ago with nearly $5,000, and there is plenty of gold awaiting our return in the spring. We have sent $3,000 to relatives in England and have given $100 to the Royal Hospital. We have enough left to keep us through the winter. I am a very happy woman, Mrs. Moore, and whenever I ask God to forgive my great sin, from the consequences of which the wisdom and foresight of your husband saved me, I always ask Him to bless you both."

Mrs. Moore was delighted to find that her visitor was the woman whom she had helped in an hour of deep distress, and the women embraced with expressions of happiness and pleasure. Mrs. Wilmer then blushingly said to Mrs. Moore:

"We have been blessed in another way," and she whispered something in her hostess's ear.

"No!" exclaimed Mrs. Moore, who was pleased, as ladies always are, to be made the repository of the most interesting secret that one woman can impart to another. "When?"

"In about a fortnight," returned Mrs. Wilmer. "Are you a mother?" she asked.

"No," said Mrs. Moore, "I am not so fortunate."

As Mrs. Wilmer rose to go Mrs. Moore promised to call upon her soon.

Then the ladies parted never to meet again on this earth.

A fortnight flew by, during which Mrs. Moore entered upon a round of frivolity and pleasure, and had almost forgotten the visitor and her strange story, when one morning a paragraph in the *Colonist* brought the incident back to her mind with startling vividness.

The paragraph went on to relate that a Mrs. Wilmer, residing on North Park Street, had died under most painful and extraordinary circumstances. It was stated that she awoke in the middle of the night and found herself in immediate need of a doctor and nurse. She aroused her husband and he, dressing quickly, departed in search of both, whose services had been bespoken some weeks before. I cannot recall the doctor's name, but Mrs. Charles Moss, a noted midwife, was the nurse. The doctor was not at home and the unfortunate man visited a saloon, hoping to find him there. In the saloon he encountered a number of lucky Cariboo miners who were celebrating their good fortune. Wilmer, after much persuasion, was induced to take "just one drink." He took another and another and was soon in a state of intoxication. He forgot his sick wife and the errand

upon which he had gone forth. Two days passed and on the evening of the third day he staggered homeward. He found the door locked, as he had left it. No smoke ascended from the chimney and no sound was heard from within. He knocked. There was no response. He opened the door and entered. In the uncertain light he stumbled over a prostrate form. He stooped, and with a cry of anguish and guilty despair he saw the body of his wife, clad in her night-garments—cold as ice and stilled in death. The wretched man rushed from the house and aroused the neighbors with loud cries of horror and remorse. Lights were brought and then was revealed a sight that would melt a heart of stone. The poor woman had fallen from her bed to the floor and she and her babe had died for want of those attentions her husband had been sent to procure. The dead woman's hands were battered and bruised as if she had pounded in vain on the floor to attract the attention of neighbors, one of whom remembered that he had heard cries two nights before but thought they came from the street.

. . . . . .

As I bring this mournful chapter to a close the day is spent and the sun has sunk to rest behind a glorious halo of golden mist. Twilight has deepened into darkness and night has draped its sable curtain over earth and sky. I lay down my pen and seem to see the figures I have sketched glide by in ghostly procession. The miserable conscience-

stricken husband who totters and shakes like one suddenly stricken with palsy; the kind neighbors who wring their hands and sob, "If we had but known!" the strong men who bear the remains of mother and child to the Quadra Street Cemetery, and the young curate who breaks down and weeps in the midst of the funeral service. Then I hear the dull clods fall on the coffin that holds the remains of the dead woman with her tiny babe close-pressed to her heart and happily oblivious forevermore to worldly wretchedness, poverty, neglect and inhumanity. I hear the solemn words: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust" echoing through the churchyard. Then the ghosts flit away into the dim Past, and are seen no more. I awake from my long reverie, and find myself seated in the gloom with only memory and this poor little story for my companions.